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To

By

19



UP! AND SMITE THE
SHIPS OF SPAIN

LIKE DEMONS OUT OF HELL
THE BATTERIES ROAR AND YELL



O YE GODS! SHUT OUT
THE SIGHT

THERE THE STARS AND
STRIPE ARE WAVING HIGH

IN MANILA BAY



COMIN' THRO' THE RYE



NANE THEY SAY HA'E I



YET ALL THE LADS THEY SMILE AT ME



AMANG THE TRAIN THERE IS A SWAIN
I DEARLY LOVE MYSEL'

COMIN' THRO' THE RYE

YOUNG PEOPLE'S FAVORITE SPEAKER

BEING

A CHOICE TREASURY OF NEW AND POPULAR RECITATIONS,
READINGS, DIALOGUES, ORIGINAL AND ADAPTED
COMEDIES, TABLEAUX, ETC., COMPRISING
THE BEST SELECTIONS FROM

The Most Celebrated Authors and Composers

INCLUDING

DESCRIPTIVE, DRAMATIC, PATHETIC, HUMOROUS RECITALS AND
READINGS WITH MUSIC, FOR SCHOOLS, LODGES, PUBLIC
ENTERTAINMENTS, ANNIVERSARIES,
SUNDAY-SCHOOLS, ETC., ETC.

COMPILED AND EDITED BY

HENRY DAVENPORT NORTHROP

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Richly Embellished with Full-Page Phototype Engravings

NATIONAL PUBLISHING COMPANY
239 SOUTH AMERICAN STREET,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

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IMPORTANT RULES.



RATORY in all its refinement, belongs to no particular people, to the exclusion of others ; nor is it the gift of nature alone ; but, like other acquirements, it is the reward of arduous efforts, under the guidance of consummate skill. Perfection, in this art, as well as in all others, is the work of time and labor, prompted by true feeling, and guided by correct thought.

Elocution is not, as some erroneously suppose, something artificial in tones, looks and gestures, that may be learned by imitation. The principles teach us—to exhibit truth and nature dressed to advantage ; its objects are, to enable the reader, and speaker to manifest his thoughts, and feelings, in the most pleasing, perspicuous and forcible manner, so as to charm the affections, enlighten the understanding, and leave the deepest, and most permanent impression, on the mind of the attentive hearer.

Elocution is an art that teaches you how to manifest your feelings and thoughts to others, in such a way as to give them a true idea, and expression of how, and what, you feel and think ; and, in so doing, to make them feel and think as you do. Its object is, to enable you to communicate to the hearers, the whole truth, just as it is ; in other words, to give you the ability to do perfect justice to the subject, to them, and to yourself.

Reading should be a perfect facsimile of correct speaking ; and both exact copies of real life ; hence, read just as you would naturally speak on the same subject, and under similar circumstances ; so that, if any one should hear you, without seeing you, he could not tell whether you were reading or speaking. Remember that nothing is denied to industry and perseverance ; and that nothing valuable can be obtained without them.

Curran, a celebrated Irish orator, presents us with a signal instance of what can be accomplished by assiduity and perseverance ; his enunciation was so precipitate and confused, that he was called “stuttering Jack Curran.” To overcome his numerous defects, he devoted a portion

of every day to reading and reciting aloud, slowly and distinctly, some of the most eloquent extracts in our language ; and his success was so complete, that among his excellencies as a speaker, was the clearness of his articulation, and an appropriate intonation, that melodized every sentence.

Let the position be erect, and the body balanced on the foot upon which you stand ; banish all care and anxiety from the mind ; let the forehead be perfectly smooth, the lungs entirely quiescent, and make every effort from the abdominal region. To expand the thorax and become straight, strike the palms of the hands together before, and the backs of them behind, turning the thumbs upward ; do all with a united action of the body and mind ; be in earnest, but husband your breath and strength ; breathe often, and be perfectly free, easy, independent, and natural.

Do not hurry your enunciation of words, precipitating syllable over syllable, and word over word ; nor melt them together into a mass of confusion, in pronouncing them ; do not abridge or prolong them too much, nor swallow nor force them ; but deliver them from your vocal and articulating organs, as golden coins from the mint, accurately impressed, perfectly finished, neatly and elegantly struck, distinct, in due succession, and of full weight.

Speak with your face. You know from observation how persons look when surprised, angered, grieved, terror-stricken, happy, courageous, resolute, etc. Let every emotion be portrayed by your face and features according as the thought and sentiment require it.

Speak with your arms, hands, eyes, and in short, with your whole body. Gesture aids expression ; it should be graceful ; emphatic when required ; preceding slightly the sentiment you are to express ; and given only when it will add to the effect.

Cultivate and strengthen your voice by the constant practice of reading aloud, prolonging the vowel sounds, and taking in full breaths, thus expanding the lungs.

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THE DELSARTE SYSTEM

OF

PHYSICAL CULTURE ^{AND} EXPRESSION

EASE and naturalness are among the chief requisites for effective reading and reciting. There is a natural way of expressing every thought and emotion. Mind and body should work together in perfect harmony. Delsarte aims to show how this can be done.

To the uninformed, his name stands hazily for some kind of mysticism. The simple fact is, that there is no more mysticism connected with his teachings and philosophy than there is about any philosophy which has to do with mind rather than with matter.

It would be impracticable here to give an exhaustive account of Delsarte's life and philosophy, even were that possible. The object will be simply to state such facts as will enable the young student of the art of expression to understand why "Delsarteism," popularly so-called, exercises the authority it does.

In his particular field Delsarte was the greatest teacher of modern times, and the only one who can be said to have attained to a philosophy of expression. He did not leave, nor did he even formulate, a pedagogical method, but he did formulate and leave rules and principles that are fundamental.

Early Life of Delsarte.

François Delsarte was born November 11, 1811, at Solesmes, France. Early orphaned and impoverished, he drifted like many another waif to Paris, where in the bitter winter of 1821 he lived in a loft with his younger brother. As morning dawned after one awful night, he woke

to find he clasped a lifeless body in his arms. Hunger and exposure had proved fatal to the younger child. As François lay weeping on the grave of the brother just buried in the potter's field, a ragpicker, pursuing his calling, was attracted by what appeared to be a bundle of rags. He found the object to be a half-starved child. Moved with compassion, he took the lad to his own miserable abode, and from this squalor the future teacher and philosopher began his career as a ragpicker.

For two years he followed his wretched avocation, but within his soul burned the passion for music, and in his daily wanderings he gratified his passion as best he could, drinking in the ditties of itinerant vocalists, the playing of military bands, snatches of songs, or instrumental performances that floated truant to his hungry ear.

The Boy Finds a Friend.

At twelve, attracted by music in the garden of the Tuilleries, he was observed tracing some curious marks in the sand by one of the musical masters of the time—Bambini. At the request of the professor, the boy translated his hieroglyphics into song. To the question as to where he learned them, he replied, "Nobody taught me, sir, I found it out myself." Bambini recognized genius. He took the lad to his home and began his education in music. During two years such was the progress of the boy that "Bambini became the pupil, Delsarte the teacher."

Just then came a great misfortune—the death of his kind protector. Fortunately Bambini had

secured Delsarte's admission to the Conservatory. Again, poor and friendless, he had to face the world. He was not a favorite at the Conservatory, because he dared to question the methods of the professors, reputed as they were. In after life he proved their methods incorrect and injurious.

In consequence of what they termed his audacity, he was given little opportunity for public singing, and when occasion was afforded, his style and manner were so essentially unlike the methods of the Conservatory, that the public were not prepared for approval. We are told that only two persons of the vast audience comprehended and appreciated, but the opinion of those two overbalanced all the rest—Marie Malebran, the "queen of song," and Adolphe Nourrit, "the king of tenors."

In due time he left the Conservatory. Failing to obtain a position, he was forced to subject himself to the humiliation of asking the directors for a diploma that he might secure a position in a lyric theatre. He was scornfully refused and told that "such genius should have gravitated to its proper sphere without difficulty or without assistance."

A Brilliant Triumph.

Then he sought opportunity to sing at the Opera House, begging the manager for just one chance. When the latter eyed him contemptuously, Delsarte, sensitive and keenly observant, said, "Monsieur, though my clothes are poor my art is genuine."

The manager, tired of his persistence and anxious to be rid of him, ushered him upon the stage between the acts of an opera and roughly addressed him: "Sing, Delsarte! In five minutes the curtain will rise. Show the stuff you are made of, or if you ever appear here again I will have you arrested as a vagrant."

And we are told that the "beggar with the manners of a prince" walked to the piano amid the jeers of the audience, and with tears in his eyes and his heart on his lips, sang. But what singing! "The long pent-up fires of his genius burst forth. The people were electrified; the

house rang with ~~bravo~~ Again and again he was recalled, and every heartstring was made to vibrate in unison with his soulful utterances. He left the theatre the first singer of Paris."

The Lad Becomes Famous.

Soon after this, neatly attired and bearing his appointment at the Opera Comique, he made a brief call at the Conservatory to confirm the directors in their judgment that "true genius should find its proper sphere." He gave tangible proof of it in his commission, and smiling, pointedly observed, "Gentlemen, you would not give me a recommendation as a chorister, but the public have awarded me this." This occurred in 1830

He soon won a European reputation. But his voice, injured by incorrect methods of training and the physical strain of years of hardship, lost its power, and he left the lyric stage at the age of twenty-three. In spite of this, every inducement was given him to appear in tragedy with Rachel at the Theatre Français, the belief prevailing that his vocal difficulties were but temporary. He believed them incurable, and turned his attention to acting, because deeply interested in expression as an art. He determined to search the laws of an art hitherto left to the "caprice of mediocrity or the inspiration of genius." He found little to aid him in the accepted teachings of the time and was left to pursue his investigations according to his own independent methods.

The true genius of the man led him to the right fountain—nature, the only fundamental source. He studied life and its natural expression in all its manifestations, in all conditions, and such a course of study took him everywhere—"through hospitals, morgues, asylums, prisons, patiently unearthing the sentiments of past genius. He studied children at their play, weighing humanity everywhere and in every way. He studied years in medical colleges to understand the construction of the human body. He studied a lifetime to formulate its expression, to convey through the body, beautifully and

rythmically, the sentiments of the soul." He was a keen observer and a careful thinker and reasoner. After years of observation of the manifestations of the mind through the body, he sought for the underlying philosophy of these manifestations.

Great Success As a Teacher.

All this time he was teaching, and among his pupils were Rachel, Carvalto, Macready, Pasca, Sontag and Barbot. Jenny Lind consulted him. Pere Hyacinth and Pere Lacordaire, of pulpit fame, were also among his pupils.

He became so great a teacher that he won a recognition that would have brought him wealth and a fame more widely understood and recognized, had not death cut short his career. He was offered an annual salary of \$20,000 to found a conservatory in the United States. The King of Hanover, recognizing him as an artist, sent him the Guelph cross. A street in his native town, Solesmes, was named in his honor.

His last public appearance was in 1865, at the Sorbonne, where the lectures of the Philotechnique Society were given.

His Own Words.

It is recorded that during the evening he remarked: "Many persons feel confident they are to hear me recite or sing. Nothing of the sort, gentlemen; I shall not recite and I shall not sing, because I desire less to show you what I can do than to tell you what I know. I count on the novelty—the absolute novelty—of the things I shall teach you. Art is the subject of this conversation, Art is divine in its principle, divine in its essence, divine in its action, divine in its aim. Ah! gentlemen, there are no pleasures more lasting, more noble, and more sacred than those of art. Let us glance around us. There is not a pleasure which is not followed by disappointment or satiety; not a joy which does not entail some trouble; not an affection which does not conceal some bitterness, some grief, and often some remorse. Everything is disappointing to man. Everything about him

changes and passes away. Everything betrays him. Even his senses, so closely allied to his being and to which he sacrifices everything like faithless servants betray him in their turn."

His Marriage.

Delsarte married, in 1833, Rosina Adrien, the daughter of the director of the Grand Opera House—a beautiful young girl of only fifteen years, whose talent as a pianist had already won her a first prize at the Conservatory. Seven children were born to them. His son Gustave died prematurely. It is said of him that, although not approaching his father as a dramatist, he had a most marvellous quality of voice, and when you had once heard that voice, which was developed by his father's grand method, you never forgot its sincerity and melancholy. It haunted you and left you longing to hear it again.

Closing Days of His Life.

Delsarte left Paris with his family in 1870, taking refuge until the close of the war in his native town of Solesmes. Already ill, he was disheartened and crushed by the misfortunes of his country. He worked steadily on, however, his intellect having lost none of its vigor, though his nature had become more or less shadowed. After his voluntary exile he returned to Paris in March, 1871.

"After Delsarte had gathered so abundant a harvest of laurels, fate decreed he had lived long enough. When he reached his sixtieth year he was attacked by hypertrophy of the heart, which left his rich organization in ruins. He was no longer the artist of graceful, supple expression and harmonious movements, no longer the thinker with profound and luminous ideas; but in the midst of this physical and intellectual ruin, the Christian's sentiment retained its strong, sweet energy.

"After lingering for months in a state that was neither life nor death, surrounded by his pious wife and weeping, praying children, he surrendered his soul to God on the 20th of July, 1871."

Delsarte's Philosophy.

Delsarte was a man of religious feeling and knew religious books better than other books. He was acquainted with the lore of the priests, to which he was indebted for his philosophy. Tradition affirms that he was much interested in, and studied Swedenborg. This theory is confirmed by the fact that certain fundamental ideas in his philosophy and the expression of them are intrinsically Swedenborgian.

One of the fundamental principles of Delsarte's philosophy is the law of correspondence, which was discovered by Swedenborg, who held that the material world corresponds to the spiritual world and is the manifestation of man's mental being. In other words, that the spiritual world is symbolized in the physical world. Applied to expression, the interpretation of this law is: "Every expression of the face, every posture of the body, corresponds to, or is but an outward expression of, an inner emotion or condition of the mind."

Law of Correspondence.

In the correspondence of the different parts of the body, Delsarte's idea was not that mental and moral attributes dwell in these parts, but that certain parts best represent, best express, certain attributes. For example, the head in its poise, etc., represents intellect better than any other part of the body; the trunk, affection; the limbs, power. Each part can represent a certain attribute better than it can represent other attributes.

For proof of the fundamental truth of this principle we need appeal only to our intuition, that highest of all the powers of judgment, exercising it upon the familiar illustration of everyday life and expression. The mother presses her child to her breast in token of affection, not to her head or to her arms. The head is bent in thought. We encircle a friend with the forearm in friendly demonstration, not with the upper arm; with that we push aside. In this short discussion only the merest index to lines of thought can be suggested to the student.

Laws of Movement.

Delsarte held that in gesture or movement of the body, the parts should move in opposition. In proof of the correctness of his theory he appealed, as before, to the intuition, judging by common observation. When walking normally, the right arm goes forward with the left foot. Parallelism offends our idea of fitness and grace. Opposition of movement marks not only beauty but sincerity, according to his ideas, and these things prove themselves by their appeal to our observation. The workings of this law can be demonstrated and proven through all parts of the body—there is opposition everywhere.

Another law of movement which claims the student's attention is that of

Succession.

"If two parts are used at the *same time*, they move in opposition; but, if moved successively, as to time, they move in the same direction—parallel directions." For example, if a cultivated person hears something when listening, the eye is turned away from the ear; when he turns toward the direction of the sound to examine, the eye is turned first, then the head, then the body. The uncultivated person turns all at once—has no parts. The uncultivated body moves in the mass, is lumbering, stiff, in one word, awkward. The cultivated body is supple and responsive to mental impulses, in one word, graceful. Thus ease and naturalness always exhibit themselves in persons who have all their powers under control, and have reached the highest point of mental and physical training.

Another law relating to movement involves this idea: "Every gesture takes its value from the point of departure—it is mental, moral or vital, according to its point of departure."

A gesture of mentality takes its point of departure from the head. A gesture takes its moral value from the chest as a point of departure. The gesture of vitality is from the vital part of the body. If the emotion be anger, and intellectual anger, because of opposition to truth, the finger will come up to the head—"I

declare this to be so and so." If the anger involve the sense of right, the point of departure will be the region of the heart. If the offence be physical, the gesture will be low, in the region of the hips. Then there is the law of

Unity of Movement.

No part acts alone. The parts assist one another, and thus in the matter of gesture confirm one another; otherwise, there would be discord and lack of symmetry.

In this line Delsarte did a great deal of pioneer work, and those who have followed his methods have had much work to do properly and thoroughly to insist upon this law of action, obvious as it is.

Should any agent of the body make a gesture which the other parts of the body seem to deny, there is evident mental disagreement and physical awkwardness. The gesture will seem not suitable to the thought, although upon close discrimination the leading agent will be found to be responding correctly.

Many an actor and public reader has been termed untrue and justly termed awkward because of a lack of unity in all the parts taken together.

The Law of Economy.

This is the fundamental law of all grace and beauty in nature. "No part of the body is used without a definite purpose in view, and no part is used more than is absolutely necessary to the end sought."

This law, as do all these fundamental laws of nature, appeals to our intuition for proof. The awkward, clumsy person moves parts not necessary to the action, indulges in superfluous movements and finds himself in his own way.

Following close in logical sequence and inseparable in action, is the law of *centers*, radically involving the preceding law. "The center seems to impel all the other parts. That which impels the whole body is the center of the chest," Note that the upright, easy, graceful walker seems impelled by the chest. Should the head lead, we have a mincing, weak walk. If the

hips lead, there is an appearance of vulgarity. Obedience to this law secures grace.

These laws, as has been indicated, prove themselves, and their collaboration and application in the art of expression show the careful and extensive observation and philosophical generalization of Delsarte's thought and work. These are the laws underlying his philosophy.

Highest Law of Art.

"Art rests right upon that law of spontaneity." Nature is spontaneous in action, by means of that secret spring of reflex action.

One of the truest of his followers, commenting upon this very point, has put and answered these most pertinent questions; "How did Delsarte learn his various principles were true? How did he learn what gestures mean? By watching what people did when excited by their emotions. What did these spring from? From the spontaneity of the mind." Thus all expression should come from an inward impulse, and where mind and body are in perfect harmony the expression will be exactly suited to the thought and emotion—nothing forced about it, nothing mechanical, but rather the free act of a living being in distinction from a mere machine.

Necessity for Especial Training of Mind and Body for Expression.

It goes without saying, that both the voice and the ability to express thought and feeling must be developed and cultivated. But it is not so quickly and generally recognized that physical culture is a necessary concomitant of education in expression. Be the mind never so well trained, profound and agile in thought, if the body, its medium of manifestation, be uncultivated, muscles stiff or inert, and unable to respond quickly and intelligently to the mental impulses, the result must be awkwardness, weakness and inaccuracy of gesture.

Cultivate the muscles, rendering the whole physique in every part pliable and quick to respond to the emotions, and there will be naturally the conformity to the laws which

Delsarte primarily deduced from nature. That a student may effectively render a selection, it is not necessary that he should carefully and mechanically formulate what emotions are appropriate to the thoughts expressed in it, and then select and learn the gestures appropriate to such states of mind. Let him work upon the selection, calling upon the imagination until he can live those scenes and have those states of mind described, and the body will respond.

The formula is simple! "Objects appeal to the mind, the mind acts, the body expresses."

Does this need proof? "Give a dog something he wants; some secret spring will move his eyes and wriggle his tail just right." It will not be necessary to look up the proper rules first and then instruct him to place and move his parts to correspond. Children act naturally, and their actions are spontaneous. They have no rules for expression, yet in the main no expression is more effective. They are natural in all things.

Use of Gestures.

Gesture is the delineation in the air, by the physical agents of the body, of mental conceptions. "The basis of oratory is to get the body to respond to the thought." In every act of the human being we have to recognize the close and subtle relation of body and soul. The mind is the divine in man, the only source of instruction to the body. "Gesture is in the soul."

Gesture was, undoubtedly, man's first and only language. Gesture includes more than the movements of the hands and arms, or the body as a whole. It necessarily includes all the physical agents, all parts of the body, the most subtle of all being the eye and mouth. In reference to the mouth, this does not mean its action in speech. There is a subtle movement of the mouth accompanying both speech and silence that is most significant.

Culture of the Body.

Now, how can we cultivate the responsive power of the body to enable the body to be a more ready, more transparent medium for the

mind? Obviously, the first essential condition is a healthy body, and physical culture aids in effecting this as powerfully as in rendering the muscles elastic. Exercising any groups of muscles impels, physically, to the instinctive adjustment of all the muscles to effect unity with the group exercised.

To sum up in a few words, the trend of these statements concerning gesture is only to say to the sincere student, let nature work in her own divine way. Cultivate the mind to comprehend, the body to respond, and your gestures will take care of themselves, as have always the gestures of every God-inspired orator and reader.

Yet, to have some practical instruction, based on the principles already stated, will aid the young student.

Gestures of the Hand.

Delsarte taught his criteria of gesture of the hand with a cube. Holding the hand out straight, palm up, so that the cube can rest on it, signifies upholding, sustaining. Delsarte adds, "giving," "receiving;" but it will be observed the action of the hand is the same for both. The hand passed to the side gives the position of separation, which Delsarte calls "definition." If the hand be raised to attract attention, the forefinger will be inclined to act, thus separating the person desired from others. The hand passed to the top of the cube covers it, protects; thus held flat, signifies protection; curved, implies something more tender—a caress.

The same gesture is a true one when describing certain actions, as of animals running—they cover so much ground. The term "cover" is considered by one of our own great teachers a more generic term than "protect." The hand passed to the opposite side gives the attitude of rejection, a familiar gesture. The hand passed to the outer end, palm toward the cube, signifies limitation; passed to the end next the person, back of hand to cube, fingers pointing up, signifies revelation. The palm may mean repulsion or attraction, depending on the sentiment.

A person of great responsiveness is apt to use both hands and also both arms. The whole personality is interested. In merely mental activity—reasoning—one hand, one finger will be employed. The gestures of the arm enforce those of the hand.

The “perpendicular” movements of the arm are those of appellation, salutation, affirmation. The “lateral” movements are those of declaration, negation, rejection. The “forward” movements are those of repulsion, attraction, supplication.

The altitude of gestures depends somewhat on the position of the object of thought. The hand will move in curves—nature’s own lines. All gestures are affected by the altitude which indicates the moral plane. Greater intellectuality gives higher gestures. The more vividly the imagination works, rendering the thought brilliant, the higher the gestures.

It must be remembered that we have spoken of the gestures of only one agent, the hand. The nobler and subtler gestures are of the face and chest. The eye has a language of its own; it is a wonderful agent of expression. Look your thought; speak it with your eyes. All the features of your face were made to talk. Let your face speak all emotions—surprise, joy, fear, hope, expectancy, anguish, in short, every mood of the inner being. Feel the emotions; make them your own, and then express them naturally.

Exercises for the Body.

1. With body erect and hands at sides, move the head to right and left, and forward and backward; cultivates the muscles of the neck.

2. With hands on the hips, move the upper part of the body to right and left, and forward and backward; this cultivates the muscles of the chest and back.

3. Close the hands, extend the arms in front, and bring the hands together behind the back; repeat at least twenty times.

4. Stand erect, with arms straight at the sides; move the arms outward from the sides, and

elevate them, bringing the hands above the head; repeat at least twenty times.

5. Hold the right arm out horizontally, palm of hand upward; double the left arm, the tips of the fingers resting on the shoulder; then stretch out the left arm, at the same time doubling the right arm and placing the tips of the fingers on the right shoulder; repeat, and then make the movements with both arms simultaneously.

6. Holding the arms straight, swing them with a rotary motion, thrusting them forward as they are elevated and backward as they are lowered, bringing them to the sides, and then repeat.

7. Lift the hands from the sides to the shoulders, then raise the arms at full length above the head, and also extend them horizontally, dropping them at the sides; repeat.

The Lower Limbs.

8. Standing erect, with the hands on the hips, lower the body, bending the knees, the weight resting on the toes, and rise; repeat at least fifteen times, but not too fast.

9. Placing the hands on the hips, right leg forward and left leg slightly bent; thrust the body forward, thus straightening the left leg and bending the right; then placing the left leg forward, repeat movements.

10. With the body bent forward, closed hands between the knees, raise the body and elevate the hands above the head, taking care to keep the arms straight; repeat.

11. Place the hands on the front side of the hips, bend the body forward, and then rise to an erect position, at the same time throwing the head backward; repeat.

12. Steady yourself with one hand on a chair, place the other hand on the hip and swing the leg forward across the other; then backward; repeat, and then swing the other leg in like manner.

13. Steady yourself with one hand on a chair, place the other hand on the hip, and swing the leg forward and backward; repeat, and then swing the other leg in like manner.

14. Stretch the body forward, placing the hands on the bottom of a chair; then straighten the arms and raise the body. This must not be repeated so many times as to render the muscles sore and stiff.

15. Extend the arms forward at full length, palms downward; then move the hands backward and forward as far as possible; this renders the fingers and muscles of the wrist pliant.

16. Stand erect with hands on the hips and light weight on the head; then rise on the toes and fall.

17. Extend the arms slightly from the sides, close the hands and then rotate them; this cultivates the muscles of the arms.

18. With body erect and hands on the hips, fill the lungs to their utmost capacity; then slowly emit the breath. Fill the lungs again, and emit more rapidly; again, and emit with a quick, explosive force.

Cultivation and Use of the Voice.

The parts primarily and directly concerned in the production of the human voice in speech and song are the articulating organs and chambers of resonants, the vocal cords, the lungs, and the muscles of respiration. We cannot, however, separate the voice from any of the vital parts of the body. It is connected with the whole being, not only physically, but mentally and morally.

Muscles and organs are all governed by nerves; the nerves are controlled by the brain. Thus, physiologically, the voice is vitally connected with the unity of man's being. In no sense and in no way whatever is it a thing by itself to be cultivated alone.

The prime physical aid to the cultivation of the voice is a healthy body. All the vocal organs should respond quickly and easily to mind and will, to the thought and emotion, and the mental effort employed in expressing them.

There should be training of the mind and ear to conceive beautiful tones, and also cultivation of the facial muscles to permit firm and definite moulding. People mumble their speech,

not only because they have incorrect ideas of sound, but also because the muscles do not take definite action—they are flaccid and are not keyed up and trained to the point of properly doing their work.

Suggestions to Readers.

The reader must always remember that his work is distinctly and wholly for others. Keep ever in mind that you read your selection to please, to instruct, to inspire your fellow-beings, and not to exhibit yourself and your powers; then there will be no danger of self-consciousness.

Then be thoroughly and entirely alive. No perfection of manner can atone for lack of life. Again, although there is no human device by which to measure it, time is necessary for the transmission of thought. It takes time for your voice to reach the physical ear of the listener, then time for the thought to reach his consciousness and produce its effect. Give time for the thought to implant itself. In addition to this there is no more suggestive emphasis than a pause.

Take care not to do all your thinking beforehand; cultivate the power to think on your feet, at the time you are speaking, otherwise your reading will indeed be a recitation—a mere mechanical recapitulation of past thinking—and it will lack the fire of the soul's present action, which alone touches and inflames the hearts of others. A selection just committed, on the other hand, without having had time to be well-grounded and analyzed, will be given in a mass—all alike.

Talk with your audience, not at them or over their heads. Cultivate a conversational style. It has been said of one of the greatest of our orators—Wendell Phillips—that his oratory was that of "a gentleman talking."

Remember the greatest thing you bring to an audience is your own personality. Would you succeed in your art, cultivate all that goes to make up the great artist—body, heart and soul.

RECITATIONS WITH LESSON TALKS

"FLAG THE TRAIN."

[The last words of Engineer Edward Kennar, who died in a railroad accident near St. Johnsville, N. Y.]

1. **G**O, flag the train, boys, flag the train!
Nor waste the time on me;
But leave me by my shattered cab;
'Tis better thus to be!
It was an awful leap, boys,
But the worst of it is o'er;
I hear the Great Conductor's call
Sound from the farther shore.

2. I hear sweet notes of angels, boys,
That seem to say: "Well done!"
I see a golden city there,
Bathed in a deathless sun;
There is no night, nor sorrow, boys,
No wounds nor bruises there;
The way is clear—the engineer
Rests from his life's long care.

3. Ah! 'twas a fearful plunge, my lads;
I saw, as in a dream,
Those dear, dear faces, looming up
In yonder snowy stream;
Down in the Mohawk's peaceful depths
Their image rose and smiled,
E'en as we took the fatal leap;
Oh God—my wife! my child!

4. Well, never mind! I ne'er shall see
That wife and child again;
But hasten, hasten, leave me, boys!
For God's sake, flag the train!
Farewell, bright Mohawk! and farewell
My cab, my comrades all;
I'm done for, boys, but hasten on,
And sound the warning call!

5. Oh, what a strange, strange tremor this
That steals unceasing on!
Will those dear ones I've cherished so
Be cared for when I'm gone!
Farewell, ye best beloved, farewell!
I've died not all in vain—
Thank God! The other lives are saved;
Thank God! They've flagged the train!

WILLIAM B. CHISHOLM.

LESSON TALK.

In reciting this piece your manner should be animated; no dragging, no drawing. You are to put yourself in the place of the engineer, who nobly stood to his post and lost his life. At the same time remember it is a dying man who is speaking and you must not be boisterous. Subdued, animated, intense expression is required.

1. The first part of this verse has the force of command, with rapid utterance. Extend the right arm, with the palm of the hand outward. Lower the voice on the third line, relax the muscles and express submission by tone and look. Assume a listening attitude in the last two lines.

2. Continue the expression of the last two lines of the preceding verse through this verse. The main feeling is that of triumph. Lift the eyes and hands on the lines beginning, "I see a golden city," etc. Drop the eyes and hands on the last two lines and assume an easy, natural attitude.

3. Begin this verse in a tone only a little above a whisper, with face and manner expressing horror. Point to "those dear, dear faces looming up." This is all vivid description. You see the faces in imagination, and what you see and realize should be made real to your audience. This is the only successful reading. On the last line of the verse raise the voice to high pitch, clasp the hands convulsively and let the tone and manner express anguish. The delivery should be intense, rapid, and here, as always, showing an absence of all self-consciousness.

4. The first two lines require an easy, subdued manner, expressive of resignation. Suddenly the manner changes and the utterance grows quick and

intense The manner suddenly changes again on the fifth line and the tone becomes plaintive. Anxiety for the safety of the train comes out strongly in the last two lines.

5. The tremor of death now comes creeping on, and the first two lines may appropriately be spoken in a whisper. With a wave of the hand deliver the "farewell." Then in a tone of exultation exclaim, "I've died," etc.

This is an excellent selection for rapid changes of tone and expression, and for dramatic effect. The success of the rendering will depend upon your power to picture the scene vividly.

THE MISSING SHIP.

1. It was long before the cable stretched across the ocean, when the steamers did not make such rapid runs from continent to continent, that the ship *Atlantic* was missing. She had been due in New York for some days, and the people began to despair. "The *Atlantic* has not been heard from yet!" "What news from the *Atlantic* on Exchange?"

2. "None." Telegraph dispatches come in from all quarters. "Any news from the *Atlantic*?" And the word thrilled along the wires to the hearts of those who had no friends on board. "No."

Day after day passed, and people began to be excited when the booming of the guns told that a ship was coming up the Narrows. People went out upon the Battery and Castle Garden with their spy-glasses; but it was a British ship, the Union Jack was flying; they watched her come to her moorings and their hearts sank within them.

3. "Any news from the *Atlantic*?" "Has not the *Atlantic* arrived?" "No!" "She sailed fifteen days before we did, and we have heard nothing from her," and the people said, "there is no use hoping against hope, she has gone. She has made her last port."

4. At length one bright and beautiful morning the guns boomed across the bay, and a ship was seen coming into port. Down went the people to the Battery and Castle Garden. It was a British ship again, and their hearts seemed to die within them. But up she came, making

a ridge of white foam before her, and you could hear a heavy sigh from that crowd, as if it were the last hope dying out.

5. Then they wiped away the dimness of grief and watched the vessel. Round she came most gallantly, and as she passed the immense crowds on the wharves and at Castle Garden, the crew hoisted flags from trucks to mainchains. An officer leaped upon the paddle-box, put his trumpet to his lips, and cried out, "The *Atlantic* is safe. She has put into port for repairs!"

6. Then such a shout! Oh, now they shouted! Shout! shout! shout! "The *Atlantic* is safe!"

Bands of music paraded the streets, telegraph wires worked all night long, "The *Atlantic* is safe," bringing joy to millions of hearts, and yet not one in a hundred thousand of those who rejoiced had a friend or relative on board that steamer. It was sympathy with the sorrows of others, with whom they had no tie in common save that which God created when he made of one blood all the nations of the earth, and permitted us, as brethren, to call him the common Father of us all.

JOHN B. GOUGH.

LESSON TALK.

In the first verse you have an easy description until you come to the last lines. Raise the voice and express anxiety by rapid, intense utterance. In the second verse the same intense expression should appear. The first part of the second paragraph contains a joyous announcement. Point to the ship coming up the Narrows. Drop the hand to the side and express disappointment as you say, "it was a British ship."

Let your animated manner show the excitement of the people, who, in verse 3, are inquiring about the "*Atlantic*." End the verse in deep, subdued tones.

In verse 4 the manner suddenly changes, and ringing tones of joy announce the arrival of a ship. In verse 5 there is a vivid description; picture the scene to your own mind, and with eyes fixed, and outstretched hand, depict it. Imitate by a loud, ringing call, the officer on the paddle-box.

The last verse requires an elevated pitch. Shout on the word "shout." With your most rapid utterance depict the despatches flying in all directions, announcing that the "*Atlantic*" is safe.



REMINISCENCES OF CHARLES DICKENS

1. THE BIRTHPLACE OF CHARLES DICKENS, COMMERCIAL ROAD, PORTSEA.
2. THE "DARK COURT" IN FLEET STREET, (JOHNSON'S COURT) WHERE DICKENS POSTED HIS FIRST SKETCH.
3. THE HOUSE IN FURNIVAL'S INN WHERE "PICKWICK" WAS WRITTEN.
4. CHARLES DICKENS EDITING "HOUSEHOLD WORDS."
5. THE CHURCH IN WHICH DICKENS WAS MARRIED, ST. LUKE'S, CHELSEA.
6. GAD'S HILL PLACE, ROCHESTER, THE NOVELISTS' LAST HOME.
7. THE MCAT, ROCHESTER CASTLE, WHERE DICKENS DESIRED TO BE BURIED.



FRANCIS WILSON

"It was all about a--ha! ha! and a--ho! ho! ho!--well really;
It is--he! he! he!--I never could begin to tell you."

(A Fine Study of Mirth)



FIG. 1.—DECLARING.
This rock shall fly as soon as I.



FIG. 2.—ANNOUNCING.
We hold these truths to be self-evident.



FIG. 3.—REVEALING.

Wait a moment; you shall know the whole story.



FIG. 4.—DENYING—REJECTING.

A proposition so infamous should instantly be voted down.



FIG. 5.—DEFENDING.
Brave was Eudora to defend her child.



FIG. 6.—PROTECTING—SOOTHING.

It is not the part of strength to crush, but to shelter and defend



FIG. 7.—PRESENTING OR RECEIVING.
Give thy heart's best treasures ; wait not a return.



FIG. 8.—SIGNALLING.
This way, this way! and step lively, too.



FIG. 9.—DESIGNATING.

Look! Do you think my eyes deceive me?



FIG. 10.—SILENCE.
Hush, hark! That sound breaks in once more.



FIG. II.—SECRECY.

Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon.

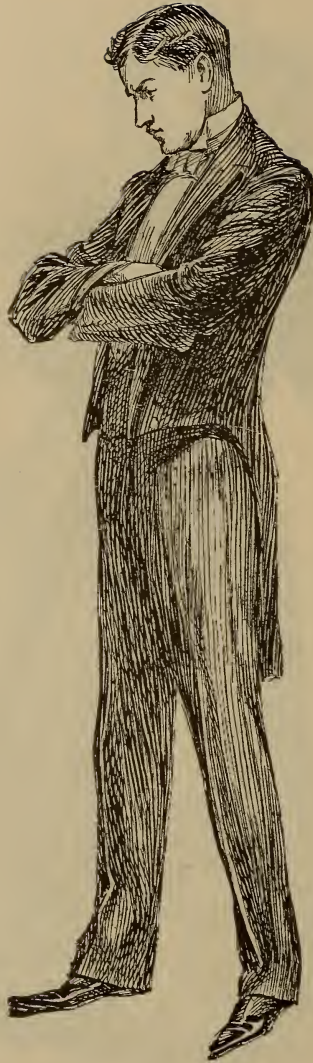


FIG. 12.—MEDITATION.
In thought profound Adelbert stood.



FIG. 13.—INDECISION.
The road forks—now, which shall it be?

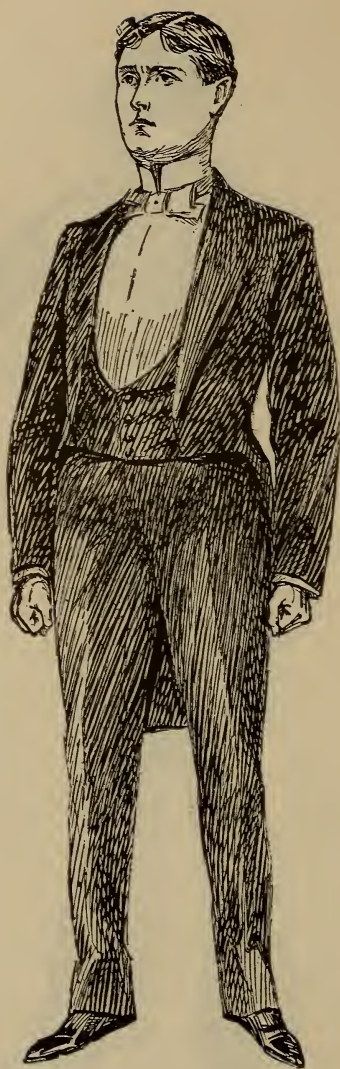


FIG. 14.—DEFIANCE.
Again to the battle, Achaians!
Our hearts bid the tyrants defiance



FIG. 15.—REPULSION.
Avaunt ! Richard's himself again.



FIG. 16.—EXALTATION.

And leaving in battle no blot on his name,
Look proudly to heaven from the death-bed of fame.



FIG. 17.—WONDERMENT.
Sure enough, Santa Claus had come down the chimney.



FIG. 18.—GLADNESS.
A mother's pride, a father's joy.



FIG. 19.—ANGUISH.

Oh! how should I pour out my bleeding heart in anguish, new as deep!



FIG. 20.—REMORSE.

Oh, wretched state! Oh, bosom black as death!



FIG. 21.—AWE—APPEAL.

The spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.



FIG. 22.--HORROR.
Thin, airy shoals of visionary ghosts!



FIG. 23.—DISPERSION.
Scatter and disperse the giddy Goths!



FIG. 24.—DISCERNING.
"Land, ho!" cried the man at the masthead.



FIG. 25.—TENDER REJECTION.
Pain barbs the word; yet I must say, Depart!



FIG. 26.—SELF-REPROACH.
Alas! the soul-bird sings no longer.



FIG. 27.—GRIEF.

Stricken, I fell beneath that weight of woe.

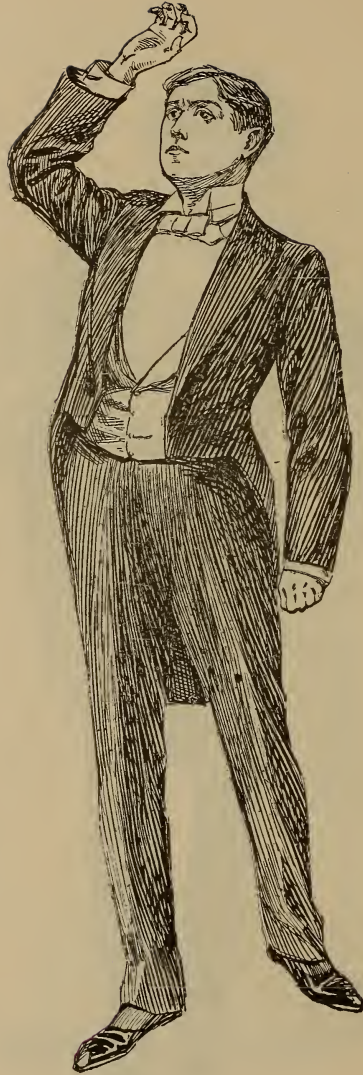


FIG. 28.—MALEDICTION.
Curse all his intrigues ! they've undone his country.



FIG. 29.—ACCUSATION.
Thou art the man.



FIG. 30.—EASY REPOSE.

Her manners had not that repose which stamps the cast of
Vere de Vere



FIG. 31.—INVOCATION.
Angel of mercy! grant a pitying sigh.

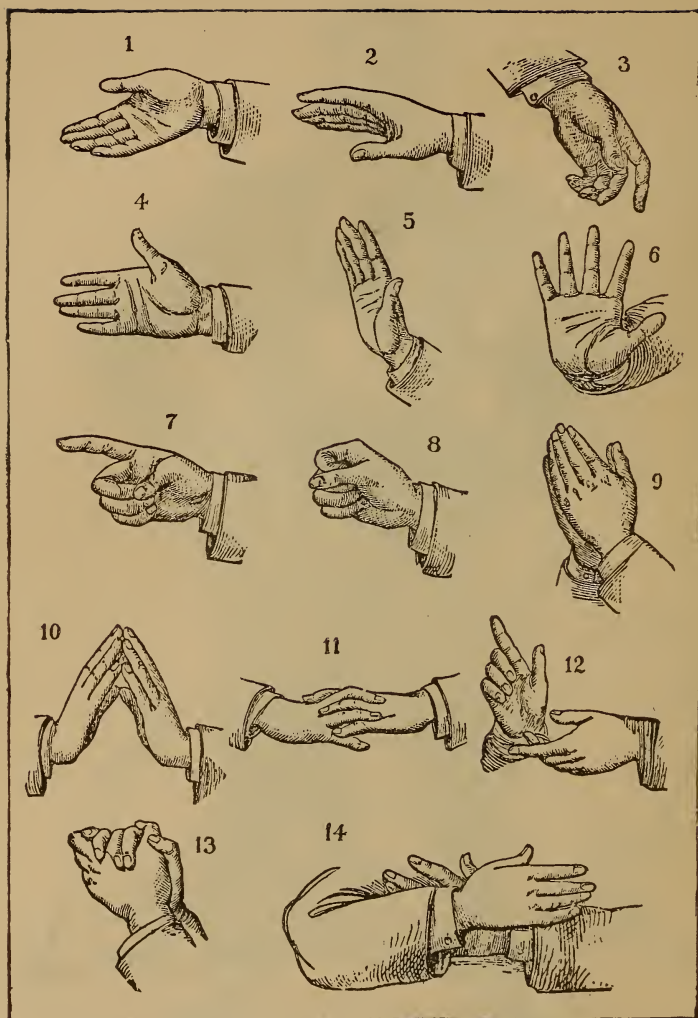


FIG. 32.—CORRECT POSITIONS OF THE HANDS.

1. Simple affirmation. 2. Emphatic declaration. 3. Apathy or prostration. 4. Energetic appeal. 5. Negation or denial. 6. Violent repulsion. 7. Indexing or cautioning. 8. Determination or anger. 9. Supplication. 10. Gentle entreaty. 11. Carelessness. 12. Argumentation. 13. Earnest entreaty. 14. Resignation.

DESCRIPTIVE RECITATIONS.

THE RED JACKET.

THIS is a cold, bleak night! with angry roar
The north winds beat and clamor at the
door;

The drifted snow lies heaped along the street,
Swept by a blinding storm of hail and sleet;
The clouded heavens no guiding starlight lend,
But o'er the earth in gloom and darkness bend;
Gigantic shadows, by the night lamps thrown,
Dance their weird revels fitfully alone.

In lofty halls, where fortune takes its ease,
Sunk in the treasures of all lands and seas;
In happy homes, where warmth and comfort meet,
The weary traveler with their smiles to greet;
In lowly dwellings, where the needy swarm
Round starving embers, ch'ling limbs to warm,
Rises the prayer that makes the sad heart light—
“Thank God for home, this bitter, bitter night!”

But hark! above the beating of the storm
Peals on the startled ear the fire alarm!
Yon gloomy heaven's aflame with sudden light,
And heart-beats quicken with a strange affright;
From tranquil slumbers springs, at duty's call,
The ready friend no danger can appall;
Force for the conflict, sturdy, true, and brave,
He hurries forth to battle and to save.

From yonder dwelling, fiercely shooting out,
Devouring all they coil themselves about,
The flaming furies, mounting high and higher,
Wrap the frail structure in a cloak of fire.
Strong arms are battling with the stubborn foe
In vain attempts his power to overthrow;
With mocking glee he revels with his prey,
Defying human skill to check his way.

And see! far up above the flame's not breath,
Something that's human waits a horrid death;
A little child, with waving golden hair,
Stands, like a phantom, 'mid the horrid glare,
Her pale, sweet face against the window pressed,
While sobs of terror shake her tender breast.
And from the crowd beneath, in accents wild,
A mother screams, “O God! my child my
child!”

Up goes a ladder. Through the startled throng
A hardy fireman swiftly moves along;
Mounts sure and fast along the slender way,
Fearing no danger, dreading but delay.
The stifling smoke-clouds lower in his path,
Sharp tongues of flame assail him in their wrath;
But up, still up he goes! the goal is won!
His strong arm beats the sash, and he is gone!

Gone to his death. The wily flames surround
And burn and beat his ladder to the ground,
In flaming columns move with quickened beat
To rear a massive wall 'gainst his retreat.
Courageous heart, thy mission was so pure,
Suffering humanity must thy loss deplore;
Henceforth with martyred heroes thou shalt live,
Crowned with all honors nobleness can give.

Nay, not so fast; subdue these gloomy fears;
Behold! he quickly on the roof appears,
Bearing the tender child, his jacket warm
Flung round her shrinking form to guard from
harm.

Up with your ladders! Quick! 'tis but a chance!
Behold. how fast the roaring flames advance!

Quick! quick! brave spirits, to his rescue fly;
Up! up! by heavens! this hero must not die!

Silence! he comes along the burning road,
Bearing, with tender care, his living load;
Aha! he totters! Heaven in mercy save
The good, true heart that can so nobly brave.

He's up again! and now he's coming fast!
One moment, and the fiery ordeal's passed!
And now he's safe! Bold flames, ye fought in
vain!

A happy mother clasps her child again!

GEORGE M. BAKER.

SISTER'S CAKE.

I'D NOT complain of Sister Jane, for she was
good and kind,

Combining with rare comeliness distinctive
gifts of mind;

Nay, I'll admit it were most fit that worn by
social cares,

She'd crave a change from parlor life to that
below the stairs,

And that, eschewing needlework and music she
should take

Herself to the substantial art of manufacturing
cake.

At breakfast, then, it would befall that sister Jane
would say;

"Mother, if you have got the things, I'll make
some cake to-day!"

Poor mother'd cast a timid glance at father, like
as not—

For father hinted sister's cooking cost a frightful
lot—

But neither he or she presumed to signify dissent,
Accepting it for gospel truth that what she
wanted went!

No matter what the rest of 'em might chance to
have in hand,

The whole machinery of the house came to a
sudden stand;

The pots were hustled off the stove, the fire built
up anew,

With every damper set just so to heat the oven
through;

The kitchen-table was relieved of everything, to
make

The ample space which Jane required when she
compounded cake.

And, oh! the bustling here and there, the flying
to and fro:

The clicks of forks that whipped the eggs to
lather white as snow—

And what a wealth of sugar melted swiftly out of
sight—

And butter? Mother said such waste would
ruin father, quite!

But Sister Jane preserved a mien no pleading
could confound,

As she utilized the raisins and citron by the pound.

Oh, hours of chaos, tumult, heat, vexatious din
and whirl!

Of deep humiliation for the sullen hired girl;
Of grief for mother, hating to see things wasted so,
And of fortune for the little boy who pined to
taste that dough!

It looked so sweet and yellow—sure, to taste it
were no sin—

But, oh! how sister scolded if he stuck his
fingers in!

The chances were as ten to one, before the job
was through,

That sister'd think of something else she'd a
great deal rather do!

So, then, she'd softly steal away, as Arabs in the
night,

Leaving the girl and ma to finish up as best they
might;

These tactics (artful Sister Jane) enabled her to
take

Or shift the credit or the blame on that too-
treacherous cake!

And yet, unhappy is the man who has no sister
Jane—

For he who has no sister seems to me to live in
vain.

I've never had a sister—maybe that is why to-day
I'm wizened and dyspeptic, instead of blithe
and gay;

A boy who's only forty should be full of romp
and mirth,

But I (because I'm sisterless) am the oldest man
on earth!

Had I a little sister—oh, how happy I should be!
I'd never let her cast her eyes on any chap but me;
I'd love her and I'd cherish her for better and for
worse—

I'd buy her gowns and bonnets, and sing her
praise in verse;

And—yes, what's more and vastly more— I tell
you what I'd do;

I'd let her make her wondrous cake and I would
eat it, too!

I have a high opinion of the sisters, as you see—
Another fellow's sister is so very dear to me!

I love to work anear her when she's making over
frocks,

When she patches little trousers or darns prosaic
socks;

But I draw the line at one thing—yes I don my
hat and take

A three-hours' walk when she is moved to try
her hand at cake!

EUGENE FIELD.

BRACE UP.

“**B**RACE up!” We like that slang phrase.
We like it because there is lots of soul
in it. You never knew a mean, stingy,
snivel-souled man to walk up to an afflicted
neighbor, slap him on the shoulder and tell him
to brace up. It is a big hearted, open-handed,
whole souled fellow that comes along when you
are cast down and squares off in front of you and
tells you: “That won't do, old fellow, brace up!”
It is he that tells you a good story and makes
you laugh in spite of yourself. He lifts the cur-
tain that darkens your soul and lets in the cheer-
ing sunlight. It is he that reminds you there
never was a brilliant sunset without clouds. He
may not tell you so in just such words, but he
will make you “brace up” and see the silver
lining for yourself.

Have you been engaged in risky speculation,
and just when you expected to gather in your
golden gains, stocks fell and you found yourself
a bankrupt? Don't get discouraged, take to
drink to drown your troubles, or commit any
other rash act prompted by force of adverse cir-
cumstances; brace up! You have gained wisdom
from experience, strength from the struggle,
brace up and go ahead!

There is no tonic like this to restore the dor-
mant energies, no course of gymnastics equal to
it for strengthening nerve and muscle; don't
drug the system with patent nostrums, don't
fool away time with dumb-bells, brace up!
brace up! and health, strength and enthusiasm
will urge you on to still greater achievements
and to ultimate success.

“Look up—not down! The mists that chill and
blind thee

Strive with pale wings to take a sunward flight;
Upward the green boughs reach; the face of
nature,

Watchful and glad, is lifted to the light.
The strength that saves comes never from the
ground

But from the mountain-tops that shine around.

Look forward, and not back! Each lost endeavor

May be a step upon thy chosen path;

All that the past withheld, in larger measure,

Somewhere, in willing trust, the future hath—

Near and more near the ideal stoops to meet

The steadfast coming of unfaltering feet.”

Brace up! Brace up!

THE FACE ON THE FLOOR.

‘T WAS a balmy summer evening, and a
 goodly crowd was there
 That well nigh filled Joe’s barroom on the
 corner of the square,
 And as songs and witty stories came through the
 open door;
 A vagabond crept slowly in and posed upon the
 floor.

“Where did it come from?” some one said;
 “The wind has blown it in.”
 “What does it want?” another cried, “Some
 whiskey, beer, or gin?”
 “Here, Toby, seek him, if your stomach’s equal
 to the work,
 I wouldn’t touch him with a fork, he’s as filthy
 as a Turk.”

This badinage the poor wretch took with stoical
 good grace,
 In fact, he smiled as if he thought he’d struck
 the proper place;
 “Come, boys, I know there’s kindly hearts
 among so good a crowd;
 To be in such good company would make a
 deacon proud.

“Give me a drink! That’s what I want, I’m
 out of funds, you know,
 When I had cash to treat the gang, this hand
 was never slow;
 What? You laugh as if you thought this pocket
 never held a sou;
 I once was fixed as well, my boys, as any one
 of you.

“There, thanks, that braced me nicely, God
 bless you, one and all,
 Next time I pass this good saloon I’ll make
 another call;
 Give you a song? No, I can’t do that, my singing
 days are past,
 My voice is cracked, my throat’s worn out and
 my lungs are going fast.

“Say, give me another whiskey and I’ll tell you
 what I’ll do—
 I’ll tell you a funny story, and a fact, I promise,
 too;
 That I was ever a decent man, not one of you
 would think,
 But I was, some four or five years back, say,
 give us another drink.

“Fill her up, Joe, I want to put some life into
 my frame—
 Such little drinks to a bum like me are miserably
 tame;
 Five fingers—there, that’s the scheme—and cork-
 ing whiskey, too,
 Well, boys, here’s luck, and landlord, my best
 regards to you.

“You’ve treated me pretty kindly and I’d like
 to tell you how
 I came to be the dirty sot you see before you now;
 As I told you, once I was a man, with muscle,
 frame and health,
 And, but for a blunder, ought to have made
 considerable wealth.

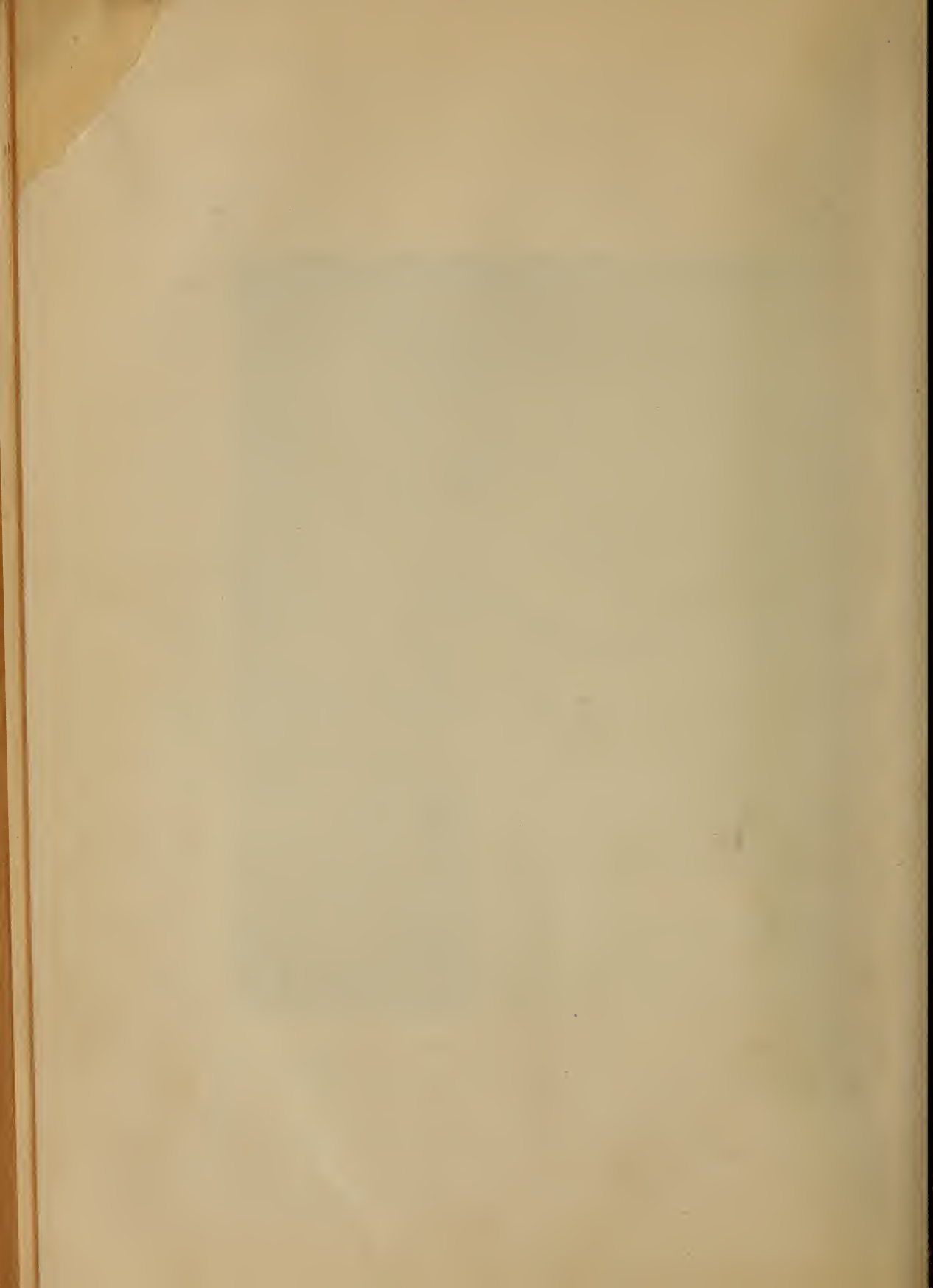
“I was a painter—not one that daubed on bricks
 and wood,
 But an artist, and, for my age, was rated pretty
 good;
 I worked hard at my canvas, and was bidding
 fair to rise;
 For gradually I saw the star of fame before my
 eyes.

“I made a picture, perhaps you’ve seen, ’tis
 called the Chase of Fame;
 It brought me fifteen hundred pounds. and added
 to my name;
 And then, I met a woman—now comes the funny
 part—
 With eyes that petrified my brain, and sunk into
 my heart.



PHOTO. BY MORRISON, CHICAGO

THE MASK REMOVED



"Why don't you laugh? 'Tis funny that the
vagabond you see
Could ever love a woman and expect her love
for me;
But 'twas so, and for a month or two her smile
was freely given;
And when her loving lips touched mine, it
carried my to heaven.

"Boys, did you ever see a girl for whom your
soul you'd give,
With a form like the Milo Venus, too beautiful to
live,
With eyes that would beat the Kohinoor and a
wealth of chestnut hair?
If so, 'twas she, for there never was another half
so fair.

"I was working on a portrait one afternoon in
May,
Of a fair-haired boy, a friend of mine who lived
across the way,
And Madeline admired it, and much to my
surprise,
Said that she'd like to know the man that had
such dreamy eyes.

"It didn't take long to know him, and before
the month had flown,
My friend had stole my darling, and I was left
alone;

And ere a year of misery had passed above my
head,
The jewel I had treasured so had tarnished and
was dead.

"That's why I took to drink, boys. Why, I
never saw you smile,
I thought you'd be amused and laughing all the
while;

Why, what's the matter, friend? There's a tear-
drop in your eye,
Come, laugh like me, 'tis only babes and women
that should cry.

"Say, boys, if you'll give me another whiskey,
I'll be glad,
And I'll draw right here, the picture of the face
that drove me mad;
Give me that piece of chalk with which you mark
the base-ball score—
And you shall see the lovely Madeline upon the
barroom floor."

Another drink, and with chalk in hand, the
vagabond began
To sketch a face that well might buy the soul of
any man,
Then, as he placed another lock upon the shapely
head,
With a fearful shriek he leaped and fell across
the picture—*dead*.

H. ANTOINE D'ARCY.

BRAVE KATE SHELLEY.

"How far that little candle throws its beams,
So shines a good deed in a naughty world."

THROUGH the whirl of wind and water,
Parted by the rushing steel,
Flashed the white glare of the headlight,
Flew the swift revolving wheel,
As the midnight train swept onward,
Bearing on its iron wings,
Through the gloom of night and tempest
Freightage of most precious things.

Little children by their mothers
Nestle in unbroken rest,

Stalwart men are dreaming softly
Of their journey's finished quest,
While the men who watch and guard them,
Sleepless stand at post and brake;
Close the throttle! draw the lever!
Safe for wife and sweetheart's sake.

Sleep and dream, unheeding danger;
In the valley yonder lies
Death's debris in weird confusion,
Altar fit for sacrifice!

Dark and grim the shadows settle
Where the hidden perils wait;
Swift the train, with dear lives laden,
Rushes to its deadly fate.

Still they sleep and dream unheeding.
Oh, Thou watchful One above,
Save Thy people in this hour!
Save the ransomed of Thy love!
Send an angel from Thy heaven
Who shall calm the troubled air,
And reveal the powers of evil
Hidden in the darkness there.

Saved! ere yet they know their peril,
Comes a warning to alarm;
Saved! the precious train is resting
On the brink of deadly harm.
God has sent his angel to them,
Brave Kate Shelley, hero-child!

Struggling on, alone, unaided,
Through that night of tempest wild.

Brave Kate Shelley! tender maiden,
Baby hands, with splinters torn,
Saved the lives of sleeping travellers
Swiftly to death's journey borne.
Mothers wept and clasped their darlings,
Breathing words of grateful prayer;
Men, with faces blanched and tearful,
Thanked God for Kate Shelley there.

Greater love than this hath no man,
When the heavens shall unfold,
And the judgment books are opened,
There, in characters of gold,
Brave Kate Shelley's name shall center,
'Mid the pure, the brave, the good,
That of one who crowned with glory
Her heroic womanhood.

Mrs. M. L. RAYNE.

NATHAN HALE.

"**S**PEED, speed thee forth," said Washing-
ton,
On Harlem's battle plain,
"For yonder lies the British foe,
Bring back *his* plans of battle, Go!"
The volunteer of twenty-one,
Whose heart was never known to quail,
Bowed—heard his orders,—bowed again,
'Twas Captain Nathan Hale.

One night when shone the harvest moon,
His boat shot thro' the spray,
Blithely across the starlit sound
To where upon Manhattan's ground
The British were encamped, and soon
The soldier-boy was on their trail—
Captured their plans,—“Now for the fray,”
Cried fearless Nathan Hale.

But e'er his noble task was done
Within the foeman's bounds,
A yell came up from Briton throats,
He saw their shining scarlet coats—

“What, ho! a spy from Washington,”
Ah, Heaven then was he doomed to fail;
As round a hare spring famished hounds,
They close round Nathan Hale.

Condemned to death the hero lay
With shackles on his limbs,
And mem'ry brought New London town,
His sweetheart with her curls of brown,
His anxious mother old and gray,
Alas, how will they hear the tale.
A welcome tear the blue eye dims
Of valiant Nathan Hale.

They led him forth 'mid gibes and jeers
To meet the patriot's fate,
The solace of God's Holy Word
He asked, but ne'er a Briton stirred,
Their oaths still fell upon his ears,
Their robber flag waved in the gale,
Their eyes fired by revenge and hate
Were fixed on Nathan Hale.

Like bloodhounds eager for his gore
 They cried out, "Hang the spy."
 Undaunted there the hero stands,
 And lifting up his shackled hands,
 The while his captors raved and swore,
 A flush came o'er his cheek so pale
 "Back, cowards, I'll show you how to die,"
 Cried noble Nathan Hale.

"A hundred lives, ye knaves accurst
 I'd yield, and bliss were crowned,
 To burn that blood-stained ray o'erhead,
 And raise the Stars and Stripes instead.
 I'm ready now, fiends, do your worst,

To Freedom's glorious dawn all hail!"
 The hangman's rope is thrown around
 The neck of Nathan Hale.

Forgotten? ne'er while Freedom's stars
 Shine forth in deathless light,
 From out the flag he loved so well,
 For which he lived and fought and fell.
 His guerdon was the soldier's scars.
 And death, far from his native vale—
 Brave heart, that throbbed for love and right,
 Brave soldier, Nathan Hale.

EUGENE GEARY.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

[The most ample opportunity is here afforded for the practice of the aspirated and pectoral voices.]

SOME dreams we have are nothing else but
 dreams,
 Unnatural, and full of contradiction;
 Yet others of our most romantic schemes
 Are something more than fiction

It might be only on enchanted ground,
 It might be merely by a thought's expansion,
 But in the spirit or the flesh, I found
 An old deserted mansion.

A residence for woman, child, and man,
 A dwelling-place and yet no habitation,
 A house—but under some prodigious ban
 Of excommunication.

No dog was at the threshold, great or small,
 No pigeon on the roof, no household creature—
 No cat demurely dozing on the wall—
 Not one domestic feature.

No human figure stirred to go or come;
 No face looked forth from shut or open case-
 ment;
 No chimney smoked—there was no sign of home
 From parapet to basement.

O'er all there hung a shadow and a fear;
 A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,

And said as plain as whisper in the ear—
 The place is haunted.

No sound was heard except from far away
 The ringing of the whitewall's shrilly laughter,
 Or now and then the chatter of the jay,
 That Echo murmured after.

The beds were all untouched by hand or tool;
 No footsteps marked the green and mossy gravel,
 Each walk as green as is the mantled pool
 For want of human travel.

Over all there hung a shadow and a fear;
 A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,
 And said as plain as whisper in the ear—
 The place is haunted.

The fountain was a-dry; neglect and time
 Had marred the work of artisan and mason,
 And efts and croaking frogs begot of slime
 Sprawled in the ruined basin.

On every side the aspect was the same,
 All ruined, desolate, forlorn and savage;
 No hand or foot within the precinct came
 To rectify the ravage.

For over all there hung a shadow and a fear;
 A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,

And said as plain as whisper in the ear—
The place is haunted.

Howbeit, the door I pushed—or so I dreamed—
Which slowly, slowly gaped; the hinges creaking
With such a rusty eloquence, it seemed
That Time himself was speaking.

The startled bats flew out; bird after bird;
The screech-owl overhead began to flutter,
And seemed to mock the cry that she had heard
Some dying victim utter!

The very stairs and pictures on the wall,
Assuming features horrid and terrific,
Hinted some tragedy in that old hall,
Locked up in hieroglyphic.

For over all there hung a shadow and a fear;
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,
And said as plain as whisper in the ear—
The place is haunted.

Huge drops rolled down the wall as if they wept;
And where the cricket used to chirp so shrilly
The toad was squatting and the lizard crept
On that damp hearth so chilly.

There was so foul a rumor in the air,
The shadow of a presence so atrocious,
No human creature could have feasted there,
Even the most ferocious.

For over all there hung a shadow and a fear;
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,
And said as plain as whisper in the ear—
The place is haunted.

The death-watch ticked behind the paneled oak,
Inexplicable tremors shook the arras,
And echoes strange and mystical awoke
The fancy to embarrass.

Prophetic hints that filled the soul with dread,
But through one gloomy entrance mostly,
The while some secret inspiration said—
That chamber is the ghostly!

One lonely ray that glanced upon the bed
As if with awful aim, direct and certain,
To show the Bloody Hand in burning red,
Embroidered on the curtain!

What shrieking spirit in that bloody room
Its mortal frame had violently quitted!
Across the sunbeam with a sudden gloom
A ghostly shadow flitted.

O'er all there hung a shadow and a fear;
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,
And said as plain as whisper in the ear—
The place is haunted!

THOMAS HOOD.

OVER THE CROSSIN'.

“SHINE?—shine, sor? Ye see I’m just a
dyin’
Ter turn yer two boots inter glass,
Where ye’ll see all the sights in the winders
’Ithout lookin’ up as yer pass—
Seen me before? I’ve no doubt, sor;
I’m punctooal haar, yer know,
Waitin’ along the crossin’
Fur a little un, name o’ Joe;
My brother, sor, an’ a cute un,
Ba’ly turned seven, an’ small,
But gettin’ his livin’ grad’ely
Tendin’ a bit uv a stall

Fur Millerkins, down the ev’nue,
Yer kin bet that young un’s smart—
Worked right in like a vet’run
Since th’ old un gin ’im a start.

“Folks say he’s a picter o’ father,
Once mate o’ the Lucy Lee—
Lost when Joe wor a baby,
Way off in some furrin sea.
Then mother kep’ us together,
Though nobody thought she would,
An’ worked an’ slaved an’ froze an’ starved
Uz long uz ever she could.

An' since she died an' left us,
 A couple o' year ago,
 We've kep' right on in Cragg alley
 A housekeepin'—I an' Joe.
 I'd just got my kit when she went, sor,
 An' people helped us a bit,
 So we managed to get on somehow;
 Joe wus allus a brave little chit—
 An' since he's got inter bisness,
 Though we don't ape princes an' sich,
 'Taint of'n we git right hungry,
 An' we feel pretty tol'able rich.


"I used to wait at the corner,
 Jest over th' other side,
 But the notion o' bein' tended
 Sort o' ruffled the youngster's pride,
 So now I only watches
 To see that he's safe across—
 Sometimes it's a bit o' waitin',
 But, bless yer, 'tain't no loss!
 Look! there he is now, the rascal!
 Dodgin' across the street,
 Ter s'prise me—an'—look! I'm goin'—
 He's down by the horses' feet!"

Suddenly all had happened—
 The look, the cry, the spring,
 The shielding Joe as a bird shields
 Its young with sheltering wing;

Then up the full street of the city
 A pause of the coming rush,
 And through all the din and the tumult
 A painful minute of hush;
 A tumble of scattered brushes,
 As they lifted him up to the walk,
 A gath'ring of curious faces,
 And snatches of whispered talk;
 Little Joe all trembling beside him
 On the flagging, with gentle grace
 Pushing the tangled, soft brown hair
 Away from the still, white face.

At his touch the shut lids lifted,
 And swift over lip and eye
 Came a glow as when the morning
 Flushes the eastern sky;
 And a hand reached out to his brother,
 As the words came low but clear:
 "Joe, I reckon ye mind our mother—
 A minute back she wor here,
 Smilin' an' callin' me to her!
 I tell ye, I'm powerful glad
 Yer such a brave, smart youngster,
 The leavin' yer ain't so bad;
 Hold hard to the right things she learnt us,
 An' allus keep honest an' true;
 Good-by, Joe—but mind, I'll be watchin'
 Just—over—the crossin'—fur you!"

DON'T BE IN A HURRY.

 DON'T be in a hurry to answer yes or no;
 Nothing's lost by being reasonably slow,
 In a hasty moment you may give consent,
 And through years of torment leisurely repent.

If a lover seeks you to become his wife,
 Happiness or misery may be yours for life:
 Don't be in a hurry your feelings to confess,
 But think the matter over before you answer yes.

Should one ask forgiveness for a grave offence,
 Honest tears betraying earnest penitence,
 Pity and console him and his fears allay,
 And don't be in a hurry to drive the child away.

Hurry brings us worry; worry wears us out,
 Easy going people know what they're about,
 Heedless haste will bring us surely to the ditch,
 And trouble overwhelm us if we hurry to be rich.

Don't be in a hurry to throw yourself away;
 By the side of wisdom for a wild delay,
 Make your life worth living; nobly act your part;
 And don't be in a hurry to spoil it at the start.

Don't be in a hurry to speak an angry word;
 Don't be in a hurry to spread the tale you've heard.
 Don't be in a hurry with evil ones to go;
 And don't be in a hurry to answer yes or no.

DON'T.

I BELIEVE, if there is one word that grown-up folks are more fond of using to us little folks, than any other word in the big dictionary, it is the word d-o-n-t. It is all the time "Don't do this," and "Don't do that," and "Don't do the other," until I am sometimes afraid there will be nothing left that we can do.

Why, for years and years and years, ever since I was a tiny little tot, this word "Don't" has been my torment. It's "Lizzie, don't make a noise, you disturb me," and "Lizzie, don't eat so much candy, it will make you sick," and "Lizzie, don't be so idle," and "Don't talk so much," and "don't soil your clothes," and "Don't everything else." One day I thought I'd count how many times I was told not to do things! Just think! I counted twenty-three "don'ts," and I think I missed two or three little ones besides.

But now it is my turn. I have got a chance to talk, and I'm going to tell some of the big people when to Don't! That is what my piece is about. First, I shall tell the papas and mammas—Don't scold the children, just because you have been at a party the night before, and so feel cross and tired. Second, Don't fret and make wrinkles in your faces, over things that cannot be helped. I think fretting spoils big folks just as much as it does us little people. Third, Don't forget where you put your scissors, and then say you s'pose the children have taken them. Oh! I could tell you ever so many "don'ts," but I think I'll only say one more, and that is—Don't think I mean to be saucy, because all these don'ts are in my piece, and I had to say them. I could say a good many more if I were not so bashful.

E. C. ROOK.

THE TELEGRAM.

[Imitate the child's voice reciting.]

"IS THIS the tel'graph office?"
 Asked a childish voice one day,
 As I noted the click of my instrument
 With its message from far away.
 As it ceased I turned; at my elbow
 Stood the merest scrap of a boy,
 Whose childish face was all aglow
 With the light of a hidden joy.

The golden curls on his forehead
 Shaded eyes of the deepest blue,
 As if a bit of the summer sky
 Had lost in them its hue.
 They scanned my office rapidly
 From ceiling down to floor,
 They turned on mine their eager gaze,
 And he asked the question o'er.

"Is this the tel'graph office?"
 "It is, my little man,"

I said, "pray tell me what you want
 And I'll help you if I can."
 Then the blue eyes grew more eager,
 And the breath came thick and fast,
 And I saw within the chubby hands
 A folded paper grasped.

"Nurse told me," he said, "that the lightning
 Came down on the wires, some day;
 And my mamma has gone to heaven,
 And I'm lonely since she is away,
 For my papa is very busy
 And hasn't much time for me,
 So I fought I'd write her a letter,
 And I've brought it for you to see.

"I've printed it big, so the angels
 Could read out quick the name,
 And carry it straight to my mamma
 And tell her how it came;

And now, won't you please to take it
And frow it up good and strong
Against the wires in a funder shower?
And the lightning will take it along."

Ah! What could I tell the darling?
For my eyes were filling fast;
I turned away to hide the tears,
But I cheerfully spoke at last.
"I'll do the best I can, my child,"
'Twas all that I could say;

"Fank you," he said, then scanned the sky,
"Do you fink it will funder to-day?"

But the blue sky smiled in answer,
And the sun shone dazzling bright,
And his face, as he slowly turned away,
Lost some of its gladsome light.
"But nurse," he said, "if I stay so long
Won't let me come any more;
So good-bye, I'll come and see you again
Right after a funder shower."

CROSSING THE CARRY.

[SCENE.—The Adirondacks during a shower. A pleasure-seeker and his guide on the road.]

"JOHN," said I, as we stood looking at each other across the boat, "this rain is wet."

"It generally is, up in this region, I believe," he responded, as he wiped the water out of his eyes with the back of his hand, and shook the accumulating drops from nose and chin; "but the waterproof I have on has lasted me some thirty-eight years, and I don't think it will wet through to-day."

"Well!" I exclaimed, "there is no use of standing here in this marsh-grass any longer; help me to load up. I'll take the baggage, and you the boat."

"You'll never get through with it, if you try to take it all at once. Better load light and I'll come back after what's left," was the answer. "I tell you," he continued, "the swamp is full of water, and soft as muck."

"John," said I, "that baggage is going over at one load, sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish. I'll make the attempt, swamp or no swamp. My life is assured against accidents by fire, water, and mud; so here goes. What's life to glory!" I exclaimed, as I seized the pork-bag, and dragged it from under the boat; "stand by and see me put my armor on."

Over my back I slung the provision basket, made like a fisherman's creel, thirty inches by forty, filled with plates, coffee, salt, and all the *impedimenta* of camp and cooking utensils. This

was held in its place by straps passing over the shoulders and under the arms, like a Jew-peddler's pack. There might have been eighty pounds' weight in it. Upon the top of the basket, John lashed my knapsack, full of bullets, powder, and clothing. My rubber suit and heavy blanket, slung around my neck by a leather thong, hung down in front across my chest. On one shoulder the oars and paddles were balanced, with a frying pan and gridiron swinging from the blades, on the other was my rifle, from which were suspended a pair of boots, my creel, a coffee-pot, and a bag of flour.

Taking up the bag of pork in one hand, and seizing the stock of the rifle with the other, from two fingers of which hung a tin kettle of prepared trout, which we were loth to throw away, I started. Picture a man so loaded, forcing his way through a hemlock swamp, through whose floor of thin moss he sank to his knees; or picking his way across oozy sloughs on old roots, often covered with mud and water, and slippery beyond description, and you have me daguerretyped in your mind. Well, as I said, I started.

For some dozen rods I got on famously, and was congratulating myself with the thought of an easy transit, when a root upon which I had put my right foot gave way, and, plunging headlong into the mud, I struck an attitude of petition; while the frying-pan and gridiron, flung off the oars and, forward by the movement,

alighted upon my prostrated head. An ejaculation, not exactly religious, escaped me, and with a few desperate flounces I assumed once more the perpendicular. Fishing the frying-pan from the mud, and lashing the gridiron to my belt, I made another start. It was hard work.

The most unnatural adjustment of weight upon my back made it difficult to ascertain just how far behind me lay the center of equilibrium. I found where it did not lie several times. Before I had gone fifty rods the camp-basket weighed one hundred and twenty pounds. The pork-bag felt as if it had several shoats in it, and the oar-blades stuck out in the exact form of an X. If I went one side of a tree, the oars would go the other side. If I backed up, they would manage to get entangled amid the brush. If I stumbled and fell, the confounded things would come like a goose-yoke athwart my neck, pinning me down.

As I proceeded, the mud grew deeper, the roots farther apart, and the blazed trees less frequent. Never before did I so truly realize the aspiration of the old hymn,—

“O, had I the wings of a dove!”

At last I reached what seemed impossible to pass,—an oozy slough, crossed here and there by cedar roots, smooth and slippery, lay before me. From a high stump which I had climbed upon I gave a desperate leap. I struck where I expected, and a little farther. The weight of the basket, which was now something over two hundred pounds, was too much for me to check at once. It pressed me forward. I recovered myself, and the abominable oars carried me as far the other way. The moccasins of wet leather began to slip along the roots. They began to slip very often and at bad times. I found it necessary to change my position suddenly. I changed it. It wasn't a perfect success. I tried again. It seemed necessary to keep on trying.

I suspect I did not effect the changes very steadily, for the trout began to jump about in the pail and fly out into the mud. The gridiron got uneasy, and played against my side like a steam-flapper. In fact, the whole baggage

seemed endowed with supernatural powers of motion. The excitement was contagious. In a moment, every article was jumping about like mad. I, in the meantime continued to dance a hornpipe on the slippery roots.

Now, I am conscientiously opposed to dancing. I never danced. I didn't want to learn. I felt it was wicked for me to be hopping around on that root so. What an example, I thought, if John should see me. What would my wife say? What would my deacons say? I tried to stop. I couldn't. I had an astonishing dislike to sit down. I thought I would dance there forever, rather than sit down,—deacons or no deacons.

The basket now weighed any imaginable number of pounds. The trout were leaping about my head, as if in their native element. The gridiron was in such rapid motion that it was impossible to distinguish the bars. There was, apparently, a whole litter of pigs in the pork-bag. I could not stand it longer. I concluded to rest awhile, I wanted to do the thing gracefully. I looked around for a soft spot, and seeing one just behind me, I checked myself. My feet flew out from under me. They appeared to be unusually light. I don't remember that I ever sat down quicker. The motion was very decided. The only difficulty I observed was, that the seat I had gracefully settled into had no bottom.

The position of things was extremely picturesque. The oars were astride my neck, as usual. The trout-pail was bottom up, and the contents lying about almost anywhere. The boots were hanging on a dry limb overhead. A capital idea. I thought of it as I was in the act of sitting down. One piece of pork lay at my feet, and another was sticking up, some ten feet off in the mud. It looked very queer,—slightly out of place. With the same motion with which I hung my boots on a limb, as I seated myself, I stuck my rifle carefully into the mud, muzzle downward. I never saw a gun in that position before. It struck me as being a good thing. There was no danger of its falling over and breaking the stock.

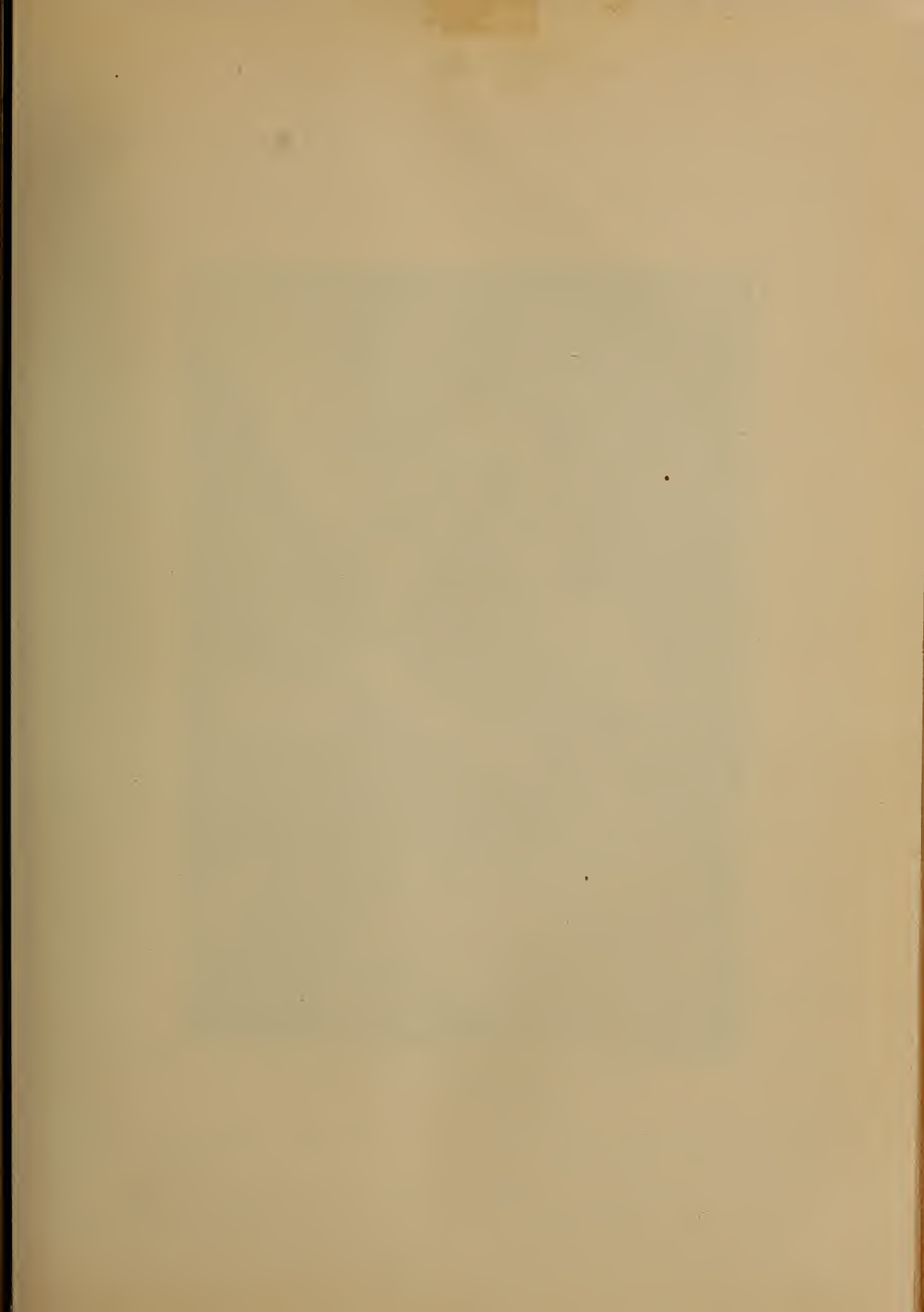




PHOTO. BY MORRISON, CHICAGO

RECITAL, WITH HARP ACCOMPANIMENT

The first thing I did was to pass the gridiron under me. When that feat had been accomplished, I felt more composed. It's pleasant for a man in the position I was in to feel that he has something under him. Even a chip or a small stump would have felt comfortable. As I sat thinking how many uses a gridiron could be put to, and estimating where I should then have been if I hadn't got it under me, I heard John forcing his way with the boat on his back, through the thick undergrowth.

"It won't do to let John see me in this position," I said; and so, with a mighty effort, I disengaged myself from the pack, flung off the blanket from around my neck, and seizing hold of a spruce limb, which I could fortunately reach, drew myself slowly up. I had just time to jerk the rifle out of the mud, and fish up about half of the trout, when John came struggling along.

"John," said I, leaning unconcernedly against a tree, as if nothing had happened,—"John, put down the boat, here's a splendid spot to rest."

"Well, Mr. Murray," queried John, as he emerged from under the boat, "how are you getting along?"

"Capitally?" said I; "the carry is very level when you once get down to it. I felt a little out of breath, and thought I would wait for you a few moments."

"What's your boots doing up there in that tree?" exclaimed John, as he pointed up to where they hung dangling from the limb, about fifteen feet above our heads.

"Boots doing!" said I, "why, they are hanging there, don't you see? You didn't suppose I'd drop them into this mud, did you?"

"Why, no," replied John, "I don't suppose you would, but how about this?" continued he, as he stooped down and pulled a big trout, tail

foremost, out of the soft muck; "how did that trout come there?"

"It must have got out of the pail somehow," I responded. "I thought I heard something drop just as I sat down."

"What in thunder is that, out there?" exclaimed John, pointing to a piece of pork, one end of which was sticking about four inches out of the water; "is that pork?"

"Well, the fact is, John," returned I, speaking with the utmost gravity, and in a tone intended to suggest a mystery,—the fact is, John, I don't quite understand it. This carry seems to be all covered over with pork. I wouldn't be surprised to find a piece anywhere. There is another junk now," I exclaimed, as I plunged my moccasin into the mud and kicked a two-pound bit toward him; "it's lying all round here loose."

I thought John would split with laughter, but my time came, for as in one of his paroxysms he turned partly around, I saw that his back was covered with mud clear up to his hat.

"Do you always sit down on your coat, John," I inquired, "when you cross a carry like this?"

"Come, come," rejoined he, ceasing to laugh from very exhaustion, "take a knife or tin plate, and scrape the muck from my back. I always tell my wife to make my clothes a ground color, but the color is laid on a little too thick this time, any way."

"John," said I, after having scraped him down, "take the paddle and spear my boots off from that limb up there, while I tread out this pork."

Weary and hot, we reached at length the margin of the swamp, and our feet stood once more upon solid ground.

W. H. H. MURRAY.

TO THOSE WHO FAIL.

COURAGE, brave heart, nor in thy purpose
falter;

Go on and win the fight at any cost,
Though sick and weary after conflict,
Rejoice to know the battle is not lost.

The field is open still to those brave spirits
Who nobly struggle till the strife is done,
Through sun and storm with courage all un-
daunted
Working and waiting till the battle's won.

The fairest pearls are found in deepest waters,
 The brightest jewels in the darkest mine;
 And through the very blackest hour of midnight
 The star of Hope doth ever brightly shine.

Press on! press on! the path is steep and rugged,
 The storm clouds almost hide Hope's light
 from view;

But you can pass where other feet have trodden;—
 A few more steps may bring you safely through

The battle o'er, a victor crowned with honors,—
 By patient toil each difficulty past,
 You then may see these days of bitter failure
 But spurred you on to greater deeds at last
 NELLIE BARLOW.

NIAGARA.

MONARCH of floods! How shall I approach thee?—how speak of thy glory?
 —how extol thy beauty and grandeur?
 Ages have seen thy awful majesty; earth has paid tribute to thy greatness; the best and wisest among men have bent the knee at thy footstool! but none have described—none can describe thee! Alone thou standest among the wonders of Nature, unshaken by the shock of contending elements, flinging back the flash of the lightning, and outroaring the thunder of the tempest! Allied to the everlasting hills,—claiming kindred with the eternal flood, thou art pillared upon the one, the other supplies thy surge. Primeval rocks environ, clouds cover, and the rainbow crowns thee. A divine sublimity rests on thy fearful brow, an awful beauty is revealed

in thy terrific countenance, the earth is shaken by thy tremendous voice.

Born in the dark past and alive to the distant future, what to thee are the paltry concerns of man's ambitions?—the rise and fall of empires and dynasties, the contests of kings or the crash of thrones? Thou art unmoved by the fate of nations, and the revolutions of the earth are to thee but the pulses of time. Kings before thee are but men, and man, a type of insignificance.

“Thou dost make the soul
 A wondering witness of thy majesty;
 And while it rushes with delirious joy
 To tread thy vestibule, dost chain its steps
 And check its rapture, with the humbling view
 Of its own nothingness.”

KATIE LEE AND WILLIE GRAY.

TWO brown heads with tossing curls,
 Red lips shutting over pearls,
 Bare feet, white and wet with dew,
 Two eyes black and two eyes blue—
 Little boy and girl were they
 Katie Lee and Willie Gray.

They were standing where a brook,
 Bending like a shepherd's crook,
 Flashed its silver, and thick ranks
 Of willow fringed its mossy banks—
 Half in thought and half in play,
 Katie Lee and Willie Gray.

They had cheeks like cherry red,
 He was taller, 'most a head;

She with arms like wreaths of snow
 Swung a basket to and fro,
 As they loitered, half in play,
 Katie Lee and Willie Gray.

“Pretty Katie,” Willie said,
 And there came a dash of red
 Through the brownness of the cheek,
 “Boys are strong and girls are weak,
 And I'll carry, so I will,
 Katie's basket up the hill.”

Katie answered with a laugh,
 “You shall only carry half;”
 Then said, tossing back her curls,
 “Boys are weak as well as girls.”

Do you think that Katie guessed
Half the wisdom she expressed?

Men are only boys grown tall;
Hearts don't change much, after all;
And when, long years from that day,
Katie Lee and Willie Gray
Stood again beside the brook
Bending like a shepherd's crook—

Is it strange that Willie said,
While again a dash of red
Crowned the brownness of his cheek,
I am strong and you are weak;
Life is but a slippery steep,
Hung with shadows cold and deep.

"Will you trust me, Katie dear?
Walk beside me without fear?"

May I carry, if I will,
All your burdens up the hill?"
And she answered, with a laugh,
"No, but you may carry half."

Close beside the little brook
Bending like a shepherd's crook,
Working with its silver hands
Late and early at the sands,
Stands a cottage, where, to-day,
Katie lives with Willie Gray.

In the porch she sits, and lo!
Swinging a basket to and fro,
Vastly different from the one
That she swung in years ago;
This is long, and deep, and wide,
And 'has rockers at the side.

MY MOTHER.

THE feast was o'er. Now brimming wine,
In lordly cup, was seen to shine
Before each eager guest;
And silence filled the crowded hall
As deep as when the herald's call
Thrills in the loyal breast.

Then up arose the noble host
And, smiling cried: "A toast! a toast!
To all our ladies fair;
Here, before all, I pledge the name
Of Stanton's proud and beauteous dame,
The Lady Gundamere."

Quick to his feet each gallant sprang
And joyous was the shout that rang
As Stanley gave the word;
And every cup was raised on high,
Nor ceased the loud and gladsome cry
Till Stanley's voice was heard.

"Enough, enough," he, smiling, said,
And lowly bent his haughty head;
"That all may have their due,
Now each, in turn, must play his part

And pledge the lady of his heart,
Like a gallant knight and true."

Then, one by one, each guest sprang up
And drained in turn the brimming cup
And named the loved one's name;
And each, as hand on high he raised,
His lady's grace and beauty praised,
Her constancy and fame.

'Tis now St. Leon's turn to rise;
On him are fixed these countless eyes;
A gallant knight is he;
Envied by some, admired by all,
Far famed in lady's bower and hall,
The flower of chivalry.

St. Leon raised his kindling eye,
And held the sparkling cup on high,
"I drink to one," he said,
"Whose image never may depart,
Deep graven on this grateful heart
Till memory be dead;

To one whose love for me shall last
When lighter passions long have past,

So deep it is, and pure;
Whose love hath longer dwelt, I ween,
Than any yet that pledged hath been
By these brave knights before."

Each guest up started at the word
And laid a hand upon his sword
With fury-flashing eye;
And Stanley said: "We crave the name,

Proud knight, of this most peerless dame,
Whose love you count so high."

St. Leon paused, as if he would
Not breathe her name in careless mood
Thus lightly to another;
Then bent his noble head, as though
To give that word the reverence due,
And gently said, "My mother."
SIR WALTER SCOTT.

WHICH LOVED BEST.

"**I** LOVE you, mother," said little Ben,
Then forgetting his work, his cap went on.
And he was off to the garden swing,
And left her the water and wood to bring.

"I love you, mother," said rosy Nell—
"I love you better than tongue can tell;"
Then she teased and pouted full half the day,
Till her mother rejoiced when she went to play.

"I love you, mother," said little Fan,
"To-day I'll help you all I can;

How glad I am school doesn't keep;"
So she rocked the babe till it fell asleep.

Then, stepping softly, she fetched the broom,
And swept the floor and tidied the room;
Busy and happy all day was she,
Helpful and happy as child could be.
"I love you, mother," again they said
Three little children going to bed;
How do you think that mother guessed
Which of them really loved her best?

THE BEST SEWING-MACHINE.

"**G**OT one? Don't say so! Which did
you get?
One of the kind to open and shut?
Own it or hire it? How much did you pay?
Does it go with a crank or a treadle? S-a-y.
I'm a single man, and somewhat green;
Tell me about your sewing-machine."

"Listen, my boy, and hear all about it:
I don't know what I could do without it;
I've owned one now for more than a year,
And like it so well that I call it 'my dear;'
'Tis the cleverest thing that ever was seen,
This wonderful family sewing-machine.

"It's none of your angular Wheeler things,
With steel-shod back and cast-iron wings;
Its work would bother a hundred of his,
And worth a thousand! Indeed it is;

And has a way—you need not stare—
Of combing and braiding its own back hair!

"Mine is not one of those stupid affairs
That stands in a corner with what-nots and chairs
And makes that dismal, neadachy noise
Which all the comfort of sewing destroys;
No rigid contrivance of lumber and steel,
But one with a natural spring in the heel.

"Mine is one of the kind to love,
And wears a shawl and a soft kid glove;
Has the merriest eyes and the daintiest foot,
And sports the charmingest gaiter-boot,
And a bonnet with feathers, and ribbons, and loops,
With any indefinite number of hoops.

"None of your patent machines for me,
Unless Dame Nature's the patentee;

I like the sort that can laugh and talk,
And take my arm for an evening walk;
That will do whatever the owner may choose,
With the slightest perceptible turn of the screws;

“One that can dance, and—possibly—flirt;
And make a pudding as well as a shirt;
One that can sing without dropping a stitch,
And play the housewife, lady, or witch;
Ready to give the sagest advice,
Or to do up your collars and things so nice.

“What do you think of my machine?

A’n’t it the best that ever was seen?
’Tisn’t a clumsy, mechanical toy,
But flesh and blood! Hear that, my boy?
With a turn for gossip, and household affairs,
Which include, you know, the sewing of tears.

“Tut, tut, don’t talk. I see it all—
You needn’t keep winking so hard at the wall
I know what your fidgety fumbings mean;
You would like, yourself a sewing-machine!
Well, get one, then,—of the same design,—
‘There were plenty left where I got mine!’”

“KILLED!”

“**K**ILLED at——” What matters where?
He is dead, and that is enough!
“Killed!” It is written there
In letters that stare and stare!
What though the telling may be rough?
He is dead, and that is enough!

“Died with his face to the foe,
Trying another to save!”
How else, how else should he die?
I could not have loved him so
If he had not been bravest of brave!
Dead, and no word of good-bye!
No whisper of love from afar!
O star! star! star!
I looked in your eyes last night,

And I saw his eyes in your light;
And I knew, I knew he would die,
For that was his last good-bye!

Get you gone! Get you gone from my sight!
Why do you stand and stare?
He is dead! It is written there!
And it’s late—so late to-night!
There! there! forgive me, but go!
You mean to be kind, I know,
But leave me to God and to him!
“Killed, with his face to the foe!”
Leave me awhile! The light—
The light—is—getting—dim!—
Leave me—to God—and—to him!—

GEORGE WEATHERLY.

THE THREE BELLS.

[This poem refers to the well-known rescue of the crew of an American vessel, sinking in mid-ocean, by Captain Leighton of the English ship Three Bells. Unable to take them off, in the night and the storm, he stayed by them until morning, shouting to them from time to time through his trumpet, “Never fear, hold on, I’ll stand by you.”]

“**B**ENEATH the low-hung night cloud
That raked her splintering mast,
The good ship settled slowly,
The cruel leak gained fast.

Over the awful ocean
Her signal guns pealed out;
Dear God! was that thy answer,
From the horror round about?

A voice came down the wild wind,—
“Ho! ship ahoy!” its cry:
“Our stout Three Bells of Glasgow
Shall stand till daylight by!”

Hour after hour crept slowly,
Yet on the heaving swells
Tossed up and down the ship-lights,
The lights of the Three Bells.

And ship to ship made signals;
 Man answered back to man;
 While oft, to cheer and hearten,
 The Three Bells nearer ran.

And the captain from her taffrail
 Sent down his hopeful cry:
 "Take heart! hold on!" he shouted,
 "The Three Bells shall stand by!"

All night across the waters
 The tossing lights shone clear;
 All night from reeling taffrail
 The Three Bells sent her cheer.

And when the dreary watches
 Of storm and darkness passed,
 Just as the wreck lurched under,
 All souls were saved at last.

Sail on, Three Bells, forever,
 In grateful memory sail!
 Ring on, Three Bells of rescue,
 Above the wave and gale!

As thine, in night and tempest,
 I hear the Master's cry,
 And, tossing through the darkness,
 The lights of God draw nigh.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

PITCHER OR JUG.

THEY toiled together side by side,
 In the field where the corn was growing;
 They paused awhile to quench their thirst,
 Grown weary with the hoeing.

"I fear, my friend," I said to one,
 That you will ne'er be richer;
 You drink, I see, from the little brown jug,
 Whilst your friend drinks from the pitcher.

"One is filled with alcohol,
 The fiery drink from the still;
 The other with water clear and cool
 From the spring at the foot of the hill.

"In all of life's best gifts, my friend,
 I fear you will ne'er be richer,
 Unless you leave the little brown jug,
 And drink, like your friend, from the pitcher.

My words have proved a prophecy,
 For years have passed away;
 How do you think have fared our friends.
 That toiled in the fields that day?

One is a reeling, drunken sot,
 Grown poorer instead of richer;
 The other has won both wealth and fame,
 And he always drank from the pitcher.

M. P. CHICE

GUILD'S SIGNAL.

TWO low whistles, quaint and clear,
 That was the signal of the engineer—
 That was the signal that Guild, 'tis said—
 Gave to his wife at Providence,
 As through the sleeping town, and thence
 Out in the night,
 On to the light,
 Down past the farms, lying white, he sped!

As a husband's greeting, scant, no doubt,
 Yet to the woman looking out,

Watching and waiting, no serenade,
 Love-song, or midnight roundelay,
 Said what that whistle seemed to say:
 "To my trust true,
 So love to you!
 Working or waiting, good night!" it said.

Brisk young bagmen, tourists fine,
 Old commuters along the line,
 Brakemen and porters glanced ahead,
 Smiled as the signal, sharp, intense,

Pierced through the shadows of Providence—

“Nothing amiss—

Nothing!—It is

Only Guild calling his wife,” they said.

Summer and winter, the old refrain

Rang o’er the billows of ripening grain,

Pierced through the budding boughs o’erhead,

Flew down the track when the red sheaves burned

Like living coals from the engine spurned;

Sang as it flew:

“To our trust true,

First of all duty! Good night!” it said.

And then, one night, it was heard no more

From Stonington over Rhode Island shore;

And the folk in Providence smiled and said,

As they turned in their beds, “The engineer
Has once forgotten his midnight cheer.”

One only knew,

To his trust true,

Guild lay under his engine, dead.

BRET HARTE.

LITTLE CHRISTEL.

FRAULEIN, the young schoolmistress, to
her pupils said one day,

“Next week, at Pfingster holiday, King
Ludwig rides this way;

And you will be wise, my little ones, to work
with a will at your tasks,

That so you may answer fearlessly whatever
question he asks.

It would be a shame too dreadful if the King
should have it to tell

That Hansel missed in his figures, and Peterkin
could not spell.”

“Oho! that never shall happen,” cried Hansel
and Peterkin too;

“We’ll show King Ludwig, when he comes,
what the boys in this school can do.”

“And we,” said Gretchen and Bertha, and all
the fair little maids

Who stood in a row before her, with their hair
in flaxen braids,

“We will pay such good attention to every
word you say

That you shall not be ashamed of us when King
Ludwig rides this way.”

She smiled, the young schoolmistress, to see that
they loved her so,

And with patient care she taught them the
things it was good to know.

Day after day she drilled them till the great day
came at last,

When the heralds going before him blew out
their sounding blæst;

And with music, and flying banners, and the
clatter of horses’ feet,

The King and his troops of soldiers rode down
the village street.

Oh! the hearts of the eager children beat fast
with joy and fear,

And Fraulein trembled and grew pale as the
cavalcade drew near;

But she blushed with pride and pleasure when
the lessons came to be heard,

For in all the flock of the boys and girls not
one of them missed a word,

And King Ludwig turned to the teacher with a
smile and a gracious look;

“It is plain,” said he, “that your scholars have
carefully conned their book.

“But now let us ask some questions, to see if
they understand:”

And he showed to one of the little maids an
orange in his hand.

It was Christel, the youngest sister of the mis-
tress fair and kind—

A child with a face like a lily, and as lovely and
pure a mind.

“What kingdom does this belong to?” as he
called her to his knee;

And at once—“The vegetable,” she answered
quietly.

"Good," said the monarch, kindly, and showed
her a piece of gold ;

"Now tell me what this belongs to—the pretty
coin that I hold."

She touched it with careful finger, for gold was
a metal rare,

And then—"The mineral kingdom!" she
answered with confident air.

"Well done for the little madchen!" And good
King Ludwig smiled

At Fraulein and her sister, the teacher and the
child.

"Now answer me one more question" —with a
twinkle of fun in his eye :

"What kingdom do I belong to?" For he
thought she would make reply,

"The animal;" and he meant to ask with a
frown if that was the thing

For a little child like her to say to her lord and
master, the king?

He knew not the artless wisdom that would set
his wit at naught,

And the little Christel guessed nothing at all of
what was in his thought.

But her glance shot up at the question, and the
brightness in her face,

Like a sunbeam on a lily, seemed to shine all
over the place.

"What kingdom do you belong to?" her inno-
cent lips repeat ;

"Why, surely, the kingdom of Heaven!" rings
out the answer sweet.

And then for a breathless moment a sudden
silence fell,

And you might have heard the fall of a leaf as
they looked at little Christel.

But it only lasted a moment, then rose as sud-
den a shout—

"Well done! well done for little Christel!"
and the bravos rang about.

For the king in his arms had caught her, to her
wondering shy surprise,

And over and over he kissed her with a mist of
tears in his eyes.

"May the blessing of God," he murmured,
"forever rest on thy head!

Henceforth, by His grace, my life shall prove
the truth of what thou has said."

He gave her the yellow orange, and the golden
coin for her own,

And the school had a royal feast that day whose
like they had never known.

To Fraulein, the gentle mistress, he spoke such
words of cheer

That they lightened her anxious labor for many
and many a year.

And because in his heart was hidden the memory
of this thing,

The Lord had a better servant, the people a wiser
King!

Mrs. MARY E. BRADLEY.

THE FIRE-FIEND.

HARK! hark! o'er the city, alarm bells
ring out,
Cling, clang! "fire, fire!" each tone
seems to shout.

"Come on," cries a voice, "there is work to be
done,"

So forth for our steamer and hose-cart we run!
Here they are! Roll them out! now quick, let
us fly!

"Clear the track! turn out! fire! fire!" is our cry.

"Ha! ha! here we are! Yes, the Fire-Fiend is
out!

Just see the smoke roll, while the flames leap
about;

Unroll the hose, quick; pull to the tank,
boys;

Make fast to the steamer now! listen to its noise!
There go the water-jets high in the air!

Dash them on! higher! higher! flames every-
where."



I KNOW A FUNNY LITTLE
BOY

I SAW HIM TUMBLE
ON HIS NOSE



BUT HOW HE LAUGHED!

HE'S WORTH A DOZEN BOYS
WHO POUT AND MOPE

THE BOY THAT LAUGHS



THREE FISHERS WENT
SAILING AWAY

AND THE CHILDREN
STOOD WATCHING THEM



THREE CORPSES LAY OUT ON
THE SHINING SANDS

FOR MEN MUST WORK
AND WOMEN MUST WEEP

THREE FISHERS WENT SAILING

But stay! a wild cry rises loud o'er the din,
A woman is shrieking, "my child sleeps within,
Help! help! can ye stand, oh men, here and see
A little child die, yet do nothing for me?
She burns! she is lost!" shrieks the mother,
half wild,
"Are ye men? have ye hearts? then help my
poor child."

"Be calm," cried a fireman, young, sturdy and
brave,
"I die in yon flames, or your child I will save!
Ho! ladders, quick! quick! hoist them up to
the wall,—
Now, steady! God help me! Oh, what if I fall?"
One glance up to heaven, one short prayer he
spoke,
Sprang up, and was hidden by darkness and
smoke.

On her knees sank the mother, lips moving in
prayer,
While fear sent a thrill through the crowd
gathered there.
Breathless silence prevailed, none speaking a
word,
While puffs from the engine alone could be
heard.
All eyes remained fixed on the window above,
Where last stood a hero whom angels might love.

"Will he ever come back?" No sound in reply
Save the Fire-Fiend's laugh, as he leaps up so
high,
Catching windows and doors, woodwork, lintel
and all,
While "burn with all speed," seems his con-
quering call,
"Spare nothing, speed onward! In this I
delight!
Two victims are mine! I am king here to-
night."

Not so! Oh, not so! for 'mid joy-speaking
cheers,
A fireman with child on the ladder appears;
Blackened, yet safe, he descends to the ground,
Gives the babe to its mother, then looks calmly
round,
"Thank God, that he gave me the strength *this*
to do!"
"We will," cried a voice, "but we also thank
you!"
The Fire-Fiend rushed by on his merciless path,
At losing his victims he seemed full of wrath;
He sputtered and hissed his unceasing reproof,
Until with a crash, inward tumbled the roof.
Then, 'mid water and work, 'mid laughter and
shout,
The Fiend slunk away, and the fire was out.
JESSIE GLENN

SUCCESS IN LIFE.

POETS may be born, but success is made;
therefore let me beg of you, in the outset
of your career, to dismiss from your
minds all ideas of succeeding by luck.

There is no more common thought among
young people than that foolish one that by and
by something will turn up by which they will
suddenly achieve fame or fortune. Luck is an
ignis fatuus. You may follow it to ruin, but not
to success. The great Napoleon, who believed
in his destiny, followed it until he saw his star
go down in blackest night, when the Old Guard
perished around him, and Waterloo was lost. A
pound of pluck is worth a ton of luck.

Young men talk of trusting to the spur of the
occasion. That trust is vain. Occasion cannot
make spurs. If you expect to wear spurs, you
must win them. If you wish to use them, you
must buckle them to your own heels before you
go into the fight. Any success you may achieve
is not worth having unless you fight for it.
Whatever you win in life you must conquer by
your own efforts, and then it is yours—a part of
yourself.

Again: in order to have any success in life,
or any worthy success, you must resolve to carry
into your work a fulness of knowledge—not
merely a sufficiency, but more than a sufficiency.

Be fit for more than the thing you are now doing. Let every one know that you have a reserve in yourself; that you have more power than you are now using. If you are not too large for the place you occupy, you are too small for it. How full our country is of bright examples, not only of those who occupy some proud eminence in public life, but in every place you may find men going on with steady nerve, attracting the attention of their fellow-citizens, and carving out for themselves names and fortunes from small and humble beginnings and in the face of formidable obstacles.

Let not poverty stand as an obstacle in your way. Poverty is uncomfortable, as I can testify; but nine times out of ten the best thing that can happen to a young man is to be tossed overboard, and compelled to sink or swim for himself. In all my acquaintance, I have never known one to be drowned who was worth the saving. This would not be wholly true in any country but one of political equality like ours.

The reason is this: In the aristocracies of the Old World, wealth and society are built up like the strata of rock which compose the crust of the earth. If a boy be born in the lowest stratum of life, it is almost impossible for him to rise through this hard crust into the higher ranks; but in this country it is not so. The strata of our society

resemble rather the ocean, where every drop, even the lowest, is free to mingle with all others, and may shine at last on the crest of the highest wave. This is the glory of our country, and you need not fear that there are any obstacles which will prove too great for any brave heart.

In giving you being, God locked up in your nature certain forces and capabilities. What will you do with them? Look at the mechanism of a clock. Take off the pendulum and ratchet, and the wheels go rattling down and all its force is expended in a moment; but properly balanced and regulated, it will go on, letting out its force tick by tick, measuring hours and days, and doing faithfully the service for which it was designed. I implore you to cherish and guard and use well the forces that God has given to you. You may let them run down in a year, if you will. Take off the strong curb of discipline and morality, and you will be an old man before your twenties are passed. Preserve these forces. Do not burn them out with brandy, or waste them in idleness and crime. Do not destroy them. Do not use them unworthily. Save and protect them, that they may save for you fortune and fame. Honestly resolve to do this, and you will be an honor to yourself and to your country.

JAMES A. GARFIELD.

THE SPANISH MOTHER.

[Supposed to be related by a veteran French officer.]

YES! I have served that noble chief through-
out his proud career,

And heard the bullets whistle past in lands
both far and near—

Amidst Italian flowers, below the dark pines of
the north,

Where'er the Emperor willed to pour his clouds
of battle forth.

'Twas *then* a splendid sight to see, though terri-
ble, I ween,

How his vast spirit filled and moved the wheels
of the machine;

Wide sounding leagues of sentient steel, and
fires that lived to kill,

Were but the echo of his voice, the body of his
will.

But *now* my heart is darkened with the shadows
that rise and fall

Between the sunlight and the ground to sadden
and appal:

The woeful things both seen and done we heeded
little then,

But they return, like ghosts, to shake the sleep
of aged men.

The German and the Englishman were each an open foe,
 And open hatred hurled us back from Russia's blinding snow;
 Intenser far, in blood-red light, like fires unquenched, remain
 The dreadful deeds wrung forth by war from the brooding soul of Spain.

I saw a village in the hills, as silent as a dream,
 Naught stirring but the summer sound of a merry mountain stream;
 The evening star just smiled from heaven with its quiet silver eye,
 And the chestnut woods were still and calm beneath the deepening sky.

But in that place, self-sacrificed, nor man nor beast we found,
 Nor fig-tree on the sun-touched slope, nor corn upon the ground;
 Each roofless hut was black with smoke, wrenched up each trailing vine,
 Each path was foul with mangled meat and floods of wasted wine.

We had been marching, travel-worn, a long and burning way,
 And when such welcoming we met, after that toilsome day,
 The pulses in our maddened breasts were human hearts no more,
 But, like the spirit of a wolf, hot on the scent of gore.

We lighted on one dying man, they slew him where he lay;
 His wife, close-clinging, from the corpse they tore and wrenched away;
 They thundered in her widowed ears with frowns and curses grim,
 "Food, woman—food and wine, or else we tear thee limb from limb."

The woman shaking off *his* blood, rose, raven-haired and tall,

And our stern glances quailed before one sterner far than all.
 "Both food and wine," she said, "I have; I meant them for the dead,
 But ye are living still, and so let them be yours instead."

The food was brought, the wine was brought out of a secret place,
 But each one paused aghast, and looked into his neighbor's face;
 Her haughty step and settled brow, and chill indifferent mien,
 Suited so strangely with the gloom and grimness of the scene.

She glided here, she glided there, before our wondering eyes,
 Nor anger showed, nor shame, nor fear, nor sorrow, nor surprise;
 At every step, from soul to soul a nameless horror ran,
 And made us pale and silent as that silent murdered man.

She sat, and calmly soothed her child into a slumber sweet;
 Calmly the bright blood on the floor crawled red around our feet.
 On placid fruits and bread lay soft the shadows of the wine,
 And we like marble statutes glared—a chill, unmoving line.

All white, all cold; and moments thus flew by without a breath,
 A company of living things where all was still—but death;
 My hair rose up from roots of ice as there unnerved I stood
 And watched the only thing that stirred—the rippling of the blood.

That woman's voice was heard at length, it broke the solemn spell,
 And human fear, displacing awe, upon our spirits fell—

"Ho! slayers of the sinewless! Ho! trampers of the weak!

What! shrink ye from the ghastly meats and life-bought wine ye seek?

"Feed, and begone! I wish to weep—I bring you out my store—

Devour it—waste it all—and then—pass and be seen no more.

Poison! Is that your craven fear?" She snatched the goblet up

And raised it to her queen-like head, as if to drain the cup.

But our fierce leader grasped her wrist—"No, woman! No!" he said,

"A mother's heart of love is deep—give it your child instead."

She only smiled a bitter smile—"Frenchmen, I do not shrink—

As pledge of my fidelity, behold the infant drink!"

He fixed on hers his broad black eyes, scanning her inmost soul;

But her chill fingers trembled not as she returned the bowl.

And we with lightsome hardihood, dismissing idle care,

Sat down to eat and drink and laugh over our dainty fare.

The laugh was loud around the board, the jesting wild and light;

But *I* was fevered with the march, and drank no wine that night;

I just had filled a single cup, when through my very brain

Stung, sharper than a serpent's tooth, an infant's cry of pain.

Through all that heat of revelry, through all that boisterous cheer,

To every heart its feeble moan pierced, like a frozen spear.

"Ave" shrieked the woman, darting up, "I pray you trust again

A widow's hospitality in our unyielding Spain.

"Helpless and hopeless, by the light of God Himself I swore

To treat you as you treated *him*—that body on the floor.

Yon secret place I filled, to feel, that if ye did not spare,

The treasure of a dread revenge was ready hidden there.

"A mother's love is deep, no doubt; ye did not phrase it ill,

But in your hunger ye forgot, that hate is deeper still.

The Spanish woman speaks for Spain; for her butchered love, the wife,

To tell you that an hour is all *my* vintage leaves of life."

I cannot paint the many forms of wild despair put on,

Nor count the crowded brave who sleep beneath a single stone;

I can but tell you how, before that horrid hour went by,

I saw the murderess beneath the self-avengers die.

But though on her wrenched limbs they leaped like beasts of prey,

And with fierce hands, like madmen, tore the quivering life away—

Triumphant hate and joyous scorn, without a trace of pain,

Burned to the last, like sullen stars, in that haughty eye of Spain.

And often now it breaks my rest, the tumult vague and wild,

Drifting, like storm-tossed clouds, around the mother and her child--

While she, distinct in raiment white, stands silently the while,

And sheds through torn and bleeding hair the same unchanging smile.

SIR FRANCIS HASTINGS DOYLE,

A RACE FOR LIFE.

A GUN is heard at the dead of night,
 "Lifeboat ready!"
 And every man to the signal true
 Fights for the place in the eager crew;
 "Now, lads, steady!"
 First a glance at the shuddering foam,
 Now a look at the loving home.
 Then together with bated breath,
 They launched their boat in the gulf of death.
 Over the breakers wild,
 Little they reck of weather,
 But tear their way
 Thro' blinding spray.
 Hear the skipper cheer and say:
 "Up with her lads, and lift her
 All together!"
 They see the ship in a sudden flash,
 Sinking ever;
 And grip their oars with a deeper breath,
 Now it comes to a fight with death;
 Now or never!
 Fifty strokes and they're at her side,
 If they live in the boiling tide,
 If they last through the awful strife;
 Ah, my lads, it's a race for life!

Over the breakers wild,
 Little they reck of weather,
 But tear their way
 Thro' blinding spray.
 Hear the skipper cheer and say,
 "Up with her, lads, and lift her
 All together!"
 And loving hearts are on the shore,
 Hoping, fearing;
 Till over the sea there comes a cheer,
 Then the click of the oars you hear
 Homeward steering.
 Ne'er a thought of the danger past,
 Now the lads are on land at last;
 What's a storm to the gallant crew
 Who race for life, and who win it, too?
 Over the breakers wild,
 Little they reck of weather,
 But tear their way
 Thro' blinding spray.
 Hear the skipper cheer and say,
 "Up with her, lads, and lift her
 All together!"

J. L. MALLO

AN ARABIAN TALE.

TO the manly will there's ever a way!"
 Said a simple Arab youth;
 "And I'm going to try, this very day,
 If my teacher tells the truth;
 He's always saying—the good old man—
 'Now please remember, my dear,
 You are sure to win, whatever your plan,
 If you steadily persevere!'
 "I mean to try it—upon my life!—
 If I go through fire and water;
 And, since I wish to marry a wife,
 I'll have the Calif's daughter!"
 So off to the Vizier straight he goes,
 Who only laughed at the lad,

And said him "Nay"—as you may suppose
 For he thought the fellow was mad!
 And still for many and many a day
 He came to plead his case,
 But the Vizier only answered "Nay,"
 And laughed him in the face.
 At last the Calif came across
 The youth in the Vizier's hall,
 And, asking what his errand was,
 The Vizier told him all.
 "Now by my head!" the Calif said
 "'Tis only the wise and the great
 A Calif's daughter may ask to wed,

For rank with rank must mate ;
 Unless, mayhap, some valiant deed
 May serve for an equal claim—
 For merit, I own, should have its meed,
 And princes yield to Fame.

"In the Tigris once a gem was lost,
 'Twas ages and ages since.
 A ruby of wondrous size and cost,
 And fit for the noblest prince.
 That gem, my lad, must surely be
 Somewhere beneath the water;
 Go, find it, boy, and bring it to me,
 Then come and marry my daughter!"

"And so I will," the lad replied,
 And off to the river he ran ;
 And he dips away at the foamy tide
 As fast as ever he can,
 With a little cup he dips away ;
 Now what's the fellow about ?
 He's going to find the gem some day
 By draining the Tigris out :

And still he dips by day and night,
 Till the fishes begin to cry ;
 "This fellow is such a willful wight
 He'll dip the river dry!"
 And so they sent their monarch to say
 (A wise and reverend fish),
 "Now, why are you dipping our water away ?
 And what do you please to wish?"
 "I want the Ruby, sir," he cried ;
 "Well—please let us alone,
 And stop your dipping," the fish-king cried,
 "And the gem shall be your own !"
 And he fetched the Ruby of wondrous size
 From out the foamy water,
 And so the lad obtained his prize
 And wed the Calif's daughter!

MORAL.

This pleasant story was meant to teach
 That pluck is more than skill ;
 And few are the ends beyond the reach
 Of a strong, untiring will !

LAST CHARGE OF NEY.

THE whole continental struggle exhibited no sublimer spectacle than this last effort of Napoleon to save his sinking empire. Europe had been put upon the plains of Waterloo to be battled for. The greatest military energy and skill the world possessed had been tasked to the utmost during the day. Thrones were tottering on the ensanguined field, and the shadows of fugitive kings flitted through the smoke of battle. Bonaparte's star trembled in the zenith—now blazing out in its ancient splendor, now suddenly paling before his anxious eye. At length, when the Prussians appeared on the field, he resolved to stake Europe on one bold throw. He committed himself and France to Ney, and saw his empire rest on a single chance.

Ney felt the pressure of the immense responsibility on his brave heart, and resolved not to prove unworthy of the great trust committed to his care. Nothing could be more imposing than

the movement of that grand column to the assault. That guard had never yet recoiled before a human foe, and the allied forces beheld with awe its firm and terrible advance to the final charge. For a moment the batteries stopped playing, and the firing ceased along the British lines, as without the beating of a drum, or the blast of a bugle, to cheer their steady courage, they moved in dead silence over the plain.

The next moment the artillery opened, and the head of that gallant column seemed to sink into the earth. Rank after rank went down, yet they neither stopped nor faltered. Dissolving squadrons, and whole battalions disappearing one after another in the destructive fire, affected not their steady courage. The ranks closed up as before and each treading over his fallen comrade, pressed firmly on. The horse which Ney rode fell under him, and he had scarcely mounted another before it also sunk to the earth. Again

and again did that unflinching man feel his steed sink down, till five had been shot under him. Then, with his uniform riddled with bullets, and his face singed and blackened with powder, he marched on foot with drawn sabre, at the head of his men. In vain did the artillery hurl its storm of fire and lead into that living mass. Up to the very muzzles they pressed, and driving the artillerymen from their own pieces, pushed on through the English lines. But at that moment a file of soldiers who had lain flat on the ground, behind a low ridge of earth, suddenly rose and poured a volley in their very faces. Another and another followed till one broad sheet of flame rolled on their bosoms, and in such a fierce and unexpected flow, that human courage could not withstand it. They reeled, shook staggered back, then turned and fled. Ney was borne back in the reflux tide, and hurried over the field.

But for the crowd of fugitives that forced him on, he would have stood alone, and fallen in his footsteps. As it was, disdaining to fly, though the whole army was flying, he formed his men into two immense squares, and endeavored to stem the terrific current, and would have done so, had it not been for the thirty thousand fresh Prussians that pressed on his exhausted ranks. For a long time these squares stood and let the artillery plough through them. But the fate of Napoleon was writ, and though Ney doubtless did what no other man in the army could have done, the decree could not be reversed. The star that had blazed so brightly over the world, went down in blood, the "bravest of the brave" had fought his last battle. It was worthy of his great name, and the charge of the Old Guard at Waterloo, with him at their head, will be pointed to by remotest generations with a shudder.

J. T. HEADLEY.

THE SONG OF THE HEADLIGHT.

WHEN the full moon lays a radiant haze
From earth to heaven's wall,
Or the tranquil stars mark the viewless
bars

Whence the arrows of vision fall,
Or I send my glance where the quick drops dance
With the pattering call of the rain,
To their comrades asleep in the hidden deep
Of the subterranean main,
Or if storms are out and the free winds shout
With fitful falls and swells,
A steadfast glow of light I throw
On my gleaming parallels.

I guide the train o'er the level plain,
A swiftly nearing star,
And I bend and swerve where the mountains
curve
My iron-bound path to bar.
Up their rocky steep the fleet flame leaps,
Or I flash to their depths below,
Till the mosses that dress each dim recess.
And the nodding ferns I show ;

I spring to illumine the frowning gloom
Of precipices gray,
And waters smile from the deep defile
In my momentary day.

Where the wood benign with beck and sign
Invites all timid things
To its shelter spread for the crouching head,
And its covert for drooping wings,
I bear my light, till in vain affright
The doe with her trembling fawn
And the creatures meek that refuge seek
In the forest shade withdrawn,
Press closer yet to the copse dew-wet,
Or speed through the whispering grass,
To hide them away from the searching ray
I shoot through the dark as I pass.

As a meteor flies in star-set skies
By a myriad moveless spheres,
I hurry along where lamplights throng
As the sleeping town appears ;
Like the coming of Fate, to those who wail

Till I bear their loved away,
 I seem as I shine down the widening line,
 Ere I pause for a moment's stay ;
 But he who feels those rolling wheels
 Lead home, to his heart's desire,
 Can half believe his eyes perceive
 The prophet's chariot of fire.

Still on and on till the night is gone
 I follow the vibrant rails,

Till the east is red, and overhea
 The star of the morning pales.
 As foes may fear the soldier's spear
 But comrades have no dread,
 The lances of light I hurled at the night
 Pierce not where the sunbeams spread,
 So I cease my rays when the heaven ablaz
 Proclaims the darkness fled.

HARDY JACKSON.

SIR RUPERT'S WIFE.

YOU see where the cliffs frown yonder in a
 line of dingy red ?

That wild, fierce crag, the highest, is known
 as Sir Rupert's Head :

It's five hundred feet and over from the brow to
 the sea below,

And it won it's name in the winter, a hundred
 years ago.

There wasn't a squire in Devon so famous as
 Rupert Leigh ;

He was the lord of the broad, rich acres, good-
 looking and fancy free.

He came of a race of giants, stood six feet two
 in his socks,

And once, for a drunken ~~wager~~, with his fist he
 had felled an ox.

Dare-devil Leigh was his nick-name ; he was last
 of a lawless line

Who had gone to the deuce full gallop, through
 women and cards and wine.

He wasn't so bad as they were—he was more of
 a hunting squire,

And he freed the name a little from some of the
 ancient mire.

His wasn't an easy country, but he'd take it
 every inch,

And ride as straight as an arrow where the boldest
 well might flinch.

When a lad he had climbed yon headland, climbed
 it from base to crest,

For a short-frocked hussy who wanted the eggs
 from a sea-gull's nest.

One winter he went to London—he then was
 about forty-three ;

His steward had told the parson he'd lawyers in
 town to see.

'Twas dull in the place without him, for his man-
 sion was Liberty Hall ;

There was always a warm, wet welcome for
 neighbors who chose to call.

He was gone for a twelvemonth nearly, writing
 to no old friends,

But a Devonshire man in London news to the
 parson sends.

Sir Rupert had married a madam, a play-acting
 mincing wench,

Who painted and patched and powdered, and
 was finiking, fine and French.

She was no more French than I am, but this was
 about the time,

That French was the title given to nigh every
 kind of crime.

She sang in a minor play-house—in opera, so
 they say—

And he saw her as Polly Peachum in that famous
 work by Gay.

He was always an easy target for a wench's roll-
 ing eye,

So it got to bouquets and presents, and to letters
 by-and-by,

He was wax in the hussy's fingers, and she moulded
 with practiced skill,

Till he took the form of a husband, the slave of
 her slightest will.



With her waves of golden hair
Floating free,
Hilda ran along the shore,
Gazing oft the waters o'er;
And the fishermen replied:
"He will come in with the tide,"
As they saw her golden hair
Floating free!



THE NEW COOK.

"'Will you iver be done wid your graneness,' she
axed me wid a loud scrame."

They traveled about a little, saw Paris, the Hague
and Rome—

Then the news went abroad Sir Rupert was bring-
ing his lady home.

The people about here liked him, and no warmth
did their welcome lack,

But they looked askance at my lady, and she
gave them their glances back.

They hated her then directly, they chafed at her
cold disdain,

And they gossiped her story over in language a
bit too plain.

They called her a "stuck-up stroller," and some-
how the scandal grew,

Till my lady as "Polly Peachum" the whole
of the country knew.

Sir Rupert was broken-hearted when he heard of
the mocking tone,

And he quarreled with all his comrades until he
was left alone—

Alone at the Hall with "Polly," for the gentry
had cut her dead,

But his heart was as true as ever to the woman he
had stooped to wed.

To him she was just an angel who had come from
the holy skies

That his heart might bask forever in the light of
her lustrous eyes.

No wine, no cards, and no hunting: he kept at
my lady's side—

'Twas a great big boy with a sweetheart, not a
man with a year-won bride.

She pined in the lonely mansion: she wanted
society-life—

She wanted to play my lady as well as Sir Rupert's
wife.

Sir Rupert must ask a party—not of bumpkins,
but folks from the town;

He had plenty of friends in London; would he
not ask them down?

They came, and the sound of laughter rang
through the Hall once more,

And my lady was proud and happy, but her
husband's heart was sore;

He had learned from an idle whisper—a whisper
not meant for him—

A secret that sapped his life-blood and the strength
of each stalwart limb.

He reeled when he heard the whisper and guessed
at the ghastly truth:

'Twas the tale of a play-woman and a curled and
scented youth,

A dandy of six-and-twenty, the son of an old,
old chum—

He was one of the guests invited, and one of the
first to come.

Sir Rupert had been in London a guest of his
father's, too,

And this young fop, he remembered, had led
him his wife to woo;

He had raved of this Polly Peachum, and dragged
him to hear her sing;

He said at the time he knew her—'twas a planned
and plotted thing!

And now she was always with him, they chatted
and laughed away;

She was cold and dull with Sir Rupert,—with
him she was kind and gay.

She was weary of playing my lady, and of being
Sir Rupert's wife—

She pined for the tinsel glories of the old Bohe-
mian life;

She hated the dull decorum, she hated the legal
tie—

Her cage was a cage, though gilded. Then the
tempter whispered "Fly!"

One night their chairs were empty, and slowly
the news leaked out:

Two horses were gone from the stable—'twas a
settled thing, no doubt.

Sir Rupert was white with horror, but he turned
to the gaping crew

And cried, "It's a lie, I tell you!—who dares
to say it's true?"

Then seizing his holster pistols, he mounted his
fleetest mare

And made straight for the Red Cliff roadway—
 he guessed they had gone by there,
 For that was the way to London, from Exmouth
 the pair would post,
 And the road they were bound to travel was the
 road by the rugged coast.
 If you look you will see it passes right over the
 headland's brow—
 Only a century distant it wasn't as good as now.

He dug his spurs in the hunter, and it flew up
 the fearful steep,
 'Twas a wild, fierce night in winter, and the
 snow lay thick and deep;
 But the moon through the clouds had broken,
 and right on the Head he spied
 A horse that had slipped and fallen, and the
 rider by its side;
 And over them bent a figure, but whose he
 could scarcely see,
 Then he uttered a cry to Heaven that his wife
 unharmed might be;
 And lashing his steed to fury it flew through the
 slippery snow,
 While the wild waves roared a warning five
 hundred feet below.

A slip, and both horse and rider would roll to a
 hideous fate,
 But Sir Rupert, with set white features, rode to
 the headland straight.
 They heard him now, and the woman rose from
 her knees and moaned,
 And the man gave a sudden shudder and opened
 his eyes and groaned.
 Sir Rupert reined up so fiercely that the mare on
 the precipice reared,
 And the woman sprang back with horror, in the
 jaws of the death she feared.
 For a moment she seemed to totter, and then
 with a piercing cry
 Went over that awful headland that seems to
 touch the sky.

For a second no sound was uttered, only the
 billows roared,

While up from its nest a sea-gull, startled and
 shrieking, soared;
 Then, shouting for help, Sir Rupert clutched at
 the snow-clad turf,
 And glanced with a look of horror down at the
 boiling surf.
 And as he lay there peering, right at the farthest
 edge,
 Something his eyes detected—a heap on a narrow
 ledge;
 It was thirty feet between them, but he knew
 'twas his wretched wife,
 And he vowed, though his own paid forfeit, he
 would save her guilty life.

He could see there were tiny juttings where his
 foot might find a hold,
 And the man he had quite forgotten was worth
 his weight in gold.
 The booby was bruised and shaken, and fancied
 that he should die,
 But Sir Rupert bade him help him, or he'd shoot
 him by-and-by;
 Then the white-faced coward whimpered and
 lifted his jeweled hands,
 And Sir Rupert set him tearing his mantel in
 narrow bands.
 Then the strips were twined together and tied
 to a rough stone seat,
 And over went brave Sir Rupert, clinging with
 hands and feet.

The waves in their winter fury shrieked for a
 human life,
 But down and down crept Rupert till he swung
 by his senseless wife,
 Stooping, he clasped her firmly, one hand on
 the doubtful rope,
 Pressed his lips on her marble forehead, and
 whispered her, "Darling—hope!"
 Then breathing a prayer to heaven to save them
 both that night,
 He toiled with his heavy burden up the face of
 the frowning height.
 A fall of the soft red sandstone, a slip of his
 bleeding hand,

And their bodies had lain together, crushed on
the cruel strand.

Safe! safe at last on the summit! safe on the
firm hard road!

There where the moonbeams glittered, he glanced
at his senseless load.

Her face was bruised and battered, and the warm
blood welled and gushed;

And he saw that his wife was injured, and her
tender bones were crushed.

No trace of the lady's gallant; he'd limped to a
horse and floun:

Sir Rupert and "Polly Peachum" were there on
the heights alone.

He leaped on the gallant hunter; took his wife
in his brawny arms,

And galloped across the country to one of his
tenants' farms.

For six long months my lady hovered 'twixt
death and life—

'Twas a surgeon who came from London that
saved Sir Rupert's wife—

And when she was out of danger it was known
she was marked and maimed,

A battered, misshapen cripple, distorted and
scarred and lamed.

But Sir Rupert clung closer to her; they traveled
from place to place,

And he never winced or shuddered at the sight
of her injured face.

It was he who carried the cripple, who nursed
her with tenderest care:

And never in knightly story such gallant had
lady fair.

For many a year she lingered—'twas up at the
Hall she died,

And here in the village churchyard they're sleep-
ing side by side.

She died in his arms confessing the worth of his
noble love,

And in less than a year he sought her in the
mansions of God above.

There stands the great bluff headland—there
swells the sea below—

And the story I've told you happened nigh a
hundred years ago,

Yet there isn't a soul that visits those towering
crags of red,

But thinks of the love and daring that hallowed
"Sir Rupert's Head."

GEORGE R. SIMS.

ONE TOUCH OF NATURE.

THE LOVE OF MOTHER THE SAME IN ANY LANGUAGE.

WE were at a railroad junction one night
last week waiting a few hours for a
train, in the waiting-room, in the only
rocking chair, trying to talk a brown-eyed boy
to sleep, who talks a good deal, when he wants
to keep awake. Presently a freight train arrived,
and a beautiful little woman came in, escorted
by a great big German, and they talked in
German, he giving her evidently, lots of infor-
mation about the route she was going, and
telling her about her tickets and her baggage
check, and occasionally patting her on the arm.

At first our United States baby, who did not
understand German, was tickled to hear them
talk, and he "snickered" at the peculiar sound

of the language that was being spoken. The
great big man put his hand upon the old lady's
cheek, and said something encouraging, and a
great big tear came to her eye, and she looked
as happy as a queen. The little brown eyes of
the boy opened pretty big, and his face sobered
down from its laugh, and he said: "Papa, is it
his mother?"

We knew it was, but how should a four-year-
old sleepy baby, that couldn't understand German,
tell that the lady was the big man's mother, and
we asked him how he knew, and he said: "O,
the big man was so kind to her." The big man
bustled out, we gave the rocking chair to the
little old mother, and presently the man came in

with the baggageman, and to him he spoke English.

He said: "This is my mother, and she does not speak English. She is going to Iowa, and I have got to go back on the next train, but I want you to attend to her baggage, and see her on the right car, the rear car, with a good seat near the center, and tell the conductor she is my mother, and here's a dollar for you, and I will do as much for your mother sometime."

The baggageman grasped the dollar with one hand, grasped the big man's hand with the other, and looked at the little German with an expression that showed that he had a mother too, and we almost knew the old lady was well treated. Then we put the sleeping mind-reader on a bench and went out on the platform and got acquainted

with the big German, and he talked of horse trading, buying and selling, and everything that showed he was a live business man, ready for any speculation, from buying a yearling colt to a crop of hops or barley, and that his life was a very busy one and at times full of hard work, disappointment and hard roads, but with all his hurry and excitement, he was kind to his mother, and we loved him just a little, and when after a few minutes talk about business he said: "You must excuse me. I must go in the depot and see if my mother wants anything," we felt like taking his fat red hand and kissing it. O, the love of a mother is the same in any language, and it is good in all languages. The world would be poor without it.

R. J. BURDETTE.

LITTLE MAG'S VICTORY.

WAS a hovel all wretched, forlorn and poor,

With crumbling eaves and a hingeless door,
And windows where pitiless midnight rains
Beat fiercely in through the broken panes,
And tottering chimneys, and moss-grown roof,
From the heart of the city far aloof,
Where Nanny, a hideous, wrinkled hag,
Dwelt with her grandchild, "Little Mag."

The neighbors called old Nanny a witch.
The story went that she'd once been rich—
Aye, rich as any lady in town—
But trouble had come and dragged her down
And down; then sickness, and want, and age
Had filled the rest of her life's sad page,
And driven her into the slums to hide
Her shame and misery till she died.
The boys, as she hobbled along the street,
Her coming with yells and hoots would greet;
E'en grown folks dreaded old Nan so much
That they'd shun, in passing, her very touch,
And a mocking word or glance would send.

Poor little Mag was her only friend:
Faithful and true was the child, indeed.

What did she ever care or heed
For those cruel words, and those looks of scorn?
In patient silence they all were borne;
But she prayed that God would hasten the day
That would take her sorrow and care away.

Alas! that day—that longed-for boon,
That ending of sorrow—came all too soon.
For there came a day when a ruffian crowd,
With stones, and bludgeons, and hootings loud,
Surrounded old Nanny's hovel door,
Led on by a drunken brute, who swore,
In blasphemous oaths, and in language wild,
She had stolen a necklace from off his child.

Crouched in a corner, dumb with fear,
The old hag sat, with her grandchild near,
As the furious mob of boys and men,
Yelling, entered her dingy den.
"Kill her!" shouted the brutal pack.
"Cowards!" screamed Little Mag. "Stand
back!"

As she placed her fragile form before
Her poor old grandmother, on the floor,
And clasped her about the neck, and pressed

The thin gray hairs to her childish breast.
 "Cowards!" she said. "Now, do your worst.
 If either must die, let *me* die first!"

Cowed and abashed, the crowd stood still,
 Awed by that child's unaided will;
 One by one, in silence and shame,

They all stole out by the way they came,
 Till the fair young child and the withered ~~crone~~
 Were left once more in that room—alone.

But stop! What is it the child alarms?
Old Nan lies dead in her grandchild's arms:
 GEORGE L. CATLIN

REMEMBER, BOYS MAKE MEN.

WHEN you see a ragged urchin
 Standing wistful in the street,
 With torn hat and kneeless trousers,
 Dirty face and bare red feet;
 Pass not by the child unheeding,
 Smile upon him. Mark me, when
 He's grown he'll not forget it,
 For, remember, boys make men.

When the buoyant youthful spirits
 Overflow in boyish freak,
 Chide your child in gentle accents,
 Do not in your anger speak;
 You must sow in youthful bosoms
 Seeds of tender mercies; then
 Plants will grow and bear good fruitage,
 When the erring boys are men.

Have you never seen a grandsire,
 With his eyes aglow with joy,
 Bring to mind some act of kindness
 Something said to him a boy?
 Or relate some slight or coldness,
 With a brow all clouded, when
 He said they were too thoughtless
 To remember boys make men?

Let us try to add some pleasures
 To the life of every boy,
 For each child needs tender interest
 In its sorrows and its joy;
 Call your boys home by your brightness.
 They'll avoid a gloomy den,
 And seek for comfort elsewhere—
 And remember, boys make men.

STICK TO YOUR BUSH.

WHEN I was but a tiny boy,
 And went to a village school,
 I thought myself, as boys will think,
 That I was no man's fool.
 But in the village there was one
 Who was the fool of all;
 Poor fellow, he was Crazy Ben,
 A man both lithe and tall.

But Ben was gaunt and gray, a fool,
 The village Solons cried;
 He'd been so, thus they told the tale,
 E'er since his true love died.
 But Ben was kind, I not afraid,
 And Ben became my chum;
 E'en though at times poor Ben took freaks,
 His idiot tongue was dumb.

One day that tongue unloosed a truth
 That made me then to wince,
 And though it came from idiot lips,
 Has never left me since.
 That day we berrying had gone,
 And Ben had gone along,
 And, boy-like, I from bush to bush
 Had wandered with the throng.

Ben stuck, in silence, to one spot,
 And whispered this to me:
 "Stick to your bush if you of fruit
 A basketful would see."
 And so I did, and proved the fact,
 While through the world we push,
 There's nothing better to be learned
 Than this—"Stick to your bush."
 J. W. WATSON.

SEARCHING FOR THE SLAIN.

OLD the lantern aside, and shudder not so ;
There's more blood to see than this stain
on the snow ;

There are pools of it, lakes of it, just over there,
And fixed faces all streaked, and crimson-soaked
hair.

Did you think, when we came, you and I, out
to-night

To search for our dead, yon would be a fair
sight ?

You're his wife ; you love him—you think so ;
and I

Am only his mother ; my boy shall not lie
In a ditch with the rest, while my arms can bear
His form to a grave that mine own may soon share.
So, if your strength fails, best go sit by the hearth,
While his mother alone seeks his bed on the earth.

You will go ! then no faintings ! Give me the light,
And follow my footsteps,—my heart will lead right.
Ah, God ! what is here ? a great heap of the slain,
All mangled and gory !—what horrible pain
These beings have died in ! Dear mothers, ye
weep,

Ye weep, oh, ye weep o'er this terrible sleep !

More ! more ! Ah ! I thought I could never—
more know

Grief, horror, or pity, for aught here below,
Since I stood in the porch and heard his chief tell
How brave was my son, how he gallantly fell.
Did they think I cared then to see officers stand
Before my great sorrow, each hat in each hand ?

Why, girl, do you feel neither reverence nor
fright,

That your red hands turn over toward this dim
light

These dead men that stare so ? Ah, if you had
kept

Your senses this morning ere his comrades had
left,

You had heard that his place was worst of them
all,—

Not mid the stragglers,—where he fought he
would fall.

There's the moon thro' the clouds : O Christ,
what a scene !

Dost thou from thy heavens o'er such visions lean,
And still call this cursed world a footstool of thine ?
Hark, a groan ! there another,—here in this line
Piled close on each other ! Ah, here is the flag,
Torn, dripping with gore ;—bah ! they died for
this rag.

Here's the voice that we seek : poor soul, do not
start ;

We're women, not ghosts. What a gash o'er
the heart !

Is there aught we can do ? A message to give
To any beloved one ? I swear, if I live,
To take it for sake of the words my boy said,
“Home,” “mother,” “wife,” ere he reeled
down 'mong the dead.

But, first, can you tell where his regiment stood ?
Speak, speak, man, or point ; 'twas the Ninth.
Oh, the blood

Is choking his voice ! What a look of despair !
There, lean on my knee, while I put back the hair
From eyes so fast glazing. Oh, my darling, my
own,

My hands were both idle when you died alone.

He's dying—he's dead ! Close his lids, let us go.
God's peace on his soul ! If we only could know
Where our own dear one lies !—my soul has turned
sick :

Must we crawl o'er these bodies that lie here so
thick ?

I cannot ! I cannot ! How eager you are !
One might think you were nursed on the red lap
of War.

He's not here,—and not here. What wild hopes
flash through

My thoughts, as foot-deep I stand in this dread
dew,

And cast up a prayer to the blue quiet sky !
Was it you, girl, that shrieked? Ah! what face
doth lie
Upturned toward me there, so rigid and white?
O God, my brain reels! 'Tis a dream. My
old sight

Is dimmed with these horrors. My son! oh my
son!
Would I had died for thee, my own, only one!
There, lift off your arms; let him come to the
breast
Where first he was lulled, with my soul's hymn,
to rest.
Your heart never thrilled to your lover's fond kiss
As mine to his baby-touch; was it for this?

He was yours, too; he loved you? Yes, yes,
you're right.
Forgive me, my daughter, I'm maddened to-night.
Don't moan so, dear child; you're young, and
your years

May still hold fair hopes; but the old die of tears.
Yes, take him again; —ah! don't lay your face
there;
See, the blood from his wound has stained your
loose hair.

How quiet you are! Has she fainted?—her cheek
Is cold as his own. Say a word to me,—speak!
Am I crazed? Is she dead? Has *her* heart
broke first?
Her trouble was bitter, but sure mine is worst.
I'm afraid, I'm afraid, all alone with these dead;
Those corpses are stirring; God help my poor
head!

I'll sit by my children until the men come
To bury the others, and then we'll go home.
Why, the slain are all dancing! Dearest, don't
move.
Keep away from my boy; he's guarded by love.
Lullaby, lullaby; sleep, sweet darling, sleep!
God and thy mother will watch o'er thee keep.

THE LITTLE HUNCHBACK.

I 'M nine years old! an' you can't guess how
much I weigh, I bet!
Last birthday I weighed thirty-three! An'
I weigh thirty yet!
I'm awful little for my size—I m purt' high
littler an'
Some babies is!—an' neighbors all calls me
"The Little Man!"
An' Doc one time he laughed and said: "I
'spect, first thing you know,
You'll have a little spike-tail coat an' travel
with a show!"
An' nen I laughed—till I looked round an'
Aunty was a cryin'—
Sometimes she acts like that, 'cause I got
"curv'ture of the spine!"

I set—while aunty's washing—on my little long-
leg stool,
An' watch the little boys and girls a-skippin' by
to school;

An' I peck on the winder an' holler out an'
say:
"Who wants to fight the little man 'at dares
you all to-day?"
An' nen the boys climbs on the fence, an' little
girls peeks through,
An' they all says: "'Cause you're so big, you
think we're 'feared o' you?"
An' nen they yell, and shake their fist at me,
like I shake mine—
They're thist in fun, you know, 'cause I got
"curv'ture of the spine!"

At evening, when the ironin's done, an' Aunty's
fixed the fire,
An' filled an' lit the lamp, and' trimmed the
wick an' turned it higher,
An' fetched the wood all in fer night, an'
locked the kitchen door,
An' stuffed the ole crack where the wind blows
in up through the floor—

She sets the kettle on the coals, an' biles an'
 makes the tea,
 An' fries the liver an' mush, an' cooks a egg fer
 me ;
 An' sometimes—when I cough so hard—her
 elderberry wine
 Don't go so bad fer little boys with "curv'ture
 of the spine."

But Auntie's all so childish like, on my account,
 you see,
 I'm 'most afeared she'll be took down—an'
 'at's what bothers me—

'Cause ef my good ole Auntie ever would git sick
 an' die,
 I don't know what she'd do in Heaven—till I
 come, by an' by,
 For she's so ust to all my ways, an' everything,
 you know,
 An' no one there like me, to nurse, an' worry
 over so—
 'Cause all the little childrens there's so straight
 an' strong an' fine,
 They's nary angel 'bout the place with "curv'-
 ture of the spine."

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

THE BURNING PRAIRIE.

THE prairie stretched as smooth as a floor,
 As far as the eye could see,
 And the settler sat at his cabin door,
 With his little girl on his knee ;
 Striving her letters to repeat,
 And pulling her apron over her feet.

His face was wrinkled but not old,
 For he bore an upright form,
 And his shirt sleeves back to the elbow rolled,
 They showed a brawny arm.
 And near in the grass with toes upturned,
 Was a pair of old shoes, cracked and burned.

A dog with his head betwixt his paws,
 Lay lazily dozing near,
 Now and then snapping his tar black jaws
 At the fly that buzzed in his ear ;
 And near was the cow-pen, made of rails,
 And a bench that held two milking pails.

In the open door an ox-yoke lay,
 The mother's odd redoubt,
 To keep the little one, at her play
 On the floor, from falling out ;
 While she swept the hearth with a turkey wing,
 And filled her tea-kettle at the spring.

The little girl on her father's knee,
 With eyes so bright and blue,

From A, B, C, to X, Y, Z,
 Had said her lesson through ;
 When a wind came over the prairie land,
 And caught the primer out of her hand.

The watch dog whined, the cattle lowed
 And tossed their horns about,
 The air grew gray as if it snowed,
 "There will be a storm, no doubt,"
 So to himself the settler said ;
 "But, father, why is the sky so red ?"

The little girl slid off his knee,
 And all of a tremble stood ;
 "Good wife," he cried, "come out and see,
 The skies are as red as blood."
 "God save us !" cried the settler's wife,
 "The prairie's a fire, we must run for life !"

She caught the baby up, "Come,
 Are you mad ? to your heels, my man ;"
 He followed, terror-stricken, dumb,
 And so they ran and ran.
 Close upon them was the snort and swing
 Of buffaloes madly galloping.

The wild wind, like a sower, sowed
 The ground with sparkles red ;
 And the flapping wings of the bats and crows,
 And the ashes overhead.



NOW BEGINS A MERRY TRILL
LIKE A CRICKET IN A MILL



LIKE THE RUMBLING AND THE GRUMBLING
OF THE THUNDER



GOODNESS GRACIOUS! IT IS WONDROUS



AND CLOSE THE WHOLE PERFORMANCE
WITH A SLAM-BANG-WANG!

HOW PADEREWSKI PLAYS THE FIANO



THE FIGHTING SOUL OF A
FIGHTING MAN

I'LL RIDE TO THE FRONT



UP ROSE THE RINGING
CHEERS

THIS UNION'S HEART TO YOU
BEATS OUT IN LOVE

GENERAL WHEELER AT SANTIAGO

And the bellowing deer, and the hissing snake,
What a swirl of terrible sounds they make.

No gleam of the river water yet,
And the flames leap on and on,
A crash and a fiercer whirl and jet,
And the settler's house is gone.
The air grows hot ; "This fluttering curl
Would burn like flax," said the little girl.

And as the smoke against her drifts,
And the lizard slips close by her,

She tells how the little cow uplifts
Her speckled face from the fire ;
For she cannot be hindered from looking back
At the fiery dragon on their track.

They hear the crackling grass and sedge,
The flames as they whirl and rave,
On, on ! they are close to the water's edge,—
They are breast-deep in the wave ;
And lifting their little one high o'er the tide,
"We are saved, thank God, we are saved !"
they cried. ALICE CARY.

JOAN OF ARC.

WHAT is to be thought of her? What is to be thought of the poor shepherd-girl from the hills and forests of Lorraine, that, like the Hebrew shepherd-boy from the hills and forests of Judea, rose suddenly out of the quiet, out of the safety, out of the religious inspiration, rooted in deep pastoral solitudes, to a station in the van of armies, and to the more perilous station at the right hand of kings? The Hebrew boy inaugurated his patriotic mission by an *act*, by a victorious act, such as no man could deny. But so did the girl of Lorraine, if we read her story as it was read by those who saw her nearest. Adverse armies bore witness to the boy as no pretender: but so they did to the gentle girl. Judged by the voices of all who saw them *from a station of good-will*, both were found true and loyal to any promises involved in their first acts. Enemies it was that made the difference between their subsequent fortunes.

The boy rose,—to a splendor and a noonday prosperity, both personal and public, that rang through the records of the people, and became a by-word amongst his posterity for a thousand years, until the sceptre was departing from Judah. The poor, forsaken girl, on the contrary, drank not herself from that cup of rest which she had secured for France. She never sang together with the songs that rose in her native Domremy, as echoes to the departing steps of invaders. She

mingled not in the festal dances of Vancouleurs, which celebrated in rapture the redemption of France. No? for her voice was then silent. No! for her feet were dust.

Pure, innocent, noble hearted girl! whom from earliest youth, ever I believed in as full of truth and self-sacrifice, this was amongst the strongest pledges for *thy* side, that never once—no, not for a moment of weakness—didst thou revel in the vision of coronets and honor from man. Coronets for thee? Oh, no! Honors, if they come when all is over, are for those that share thy blood. Daughter of Domremy, when the gratitude of thy king shall awaken thou wilt be sleeping the sleep of the dead. Call her, king of France, but she will not hear thee? Cite her by thy apparitors to come and receive a robe of honor, but she will be found contumacious. When the thunders of universal France, as even yet may happen, shall proclaim the grandeur of the poor shepherd-girl that gave up all for her country, thy ear, young shepherd-girl, will have been deaf for five centuries.

To suffer and to do, that was thy portion in this life: to *do*—never for thyself, always for others; to *suffer*—never in the persons of generous champions, always in thy own; that was thy destiny, and not for a moment was it hidden from thyself. "Life," thou saidst, "is short, and the sleep which is in the grave is long. Let me use that life, so transitory, for the glory of those

heavenly dreams destined to comfort the sleep which is so long."

Pure from every suspicion of even a visionary self-interest, even as she was pure in senses more obvious, never once did this holy child, as regarded herself, relax from her belief in the darkness that was traveling to meet her. She might not prefigure the very manner of her death; she saw not in vision, perhaps, the aerial altitude of the fiery scaffold, the spectators without end, on every road, pouring into Rouen as to a coronation, the surging smoke, the volleying flames, the hostile faces all around, the pitying eye that lurked but here and there until nature and imperishable truth broke loose from artificial restraints; these might not be apparant through the mists of the hurrying future, but the voice

that called her to death, *that* she heard forever.

Great was the throne of France even in those days, and great was he that sat upon it; but well Joan knew that not the throne, nor he that sat upon it, was for *her*; but, on the contrary, that she was for *them*: not she by them, but they by her, should rise from the dust. Gorgeous were the lilies of France, and for centuries had the privilege to spread their beauty over land and sea, until, in another century, the wrath of God and man combined to wither them; but well Joan knew, early at Domremy she had read that bitter truth, that the lilies of France would decorate no garland for *her*. Flower nor bud, bell nor blossom, would ever bloom for her.

THOMAS DEQUINCEY.

KIT CARSON'S RIDE.

PUN? Now you bet you; I rather guess so? But he's blind as a badger. Whoa, Pache, boy, whoa,
No, you wouldn't think so to look at his eyes,
But he is badger blind, and it happened this wise:

We lay low in the grass on the broad plain levels
Old Revels and I, and my stolen brown bride.

"Forty full miles if a foot to ride,
Forty full miles if a foot, and the devils
Of red Camanches are hot on the track
When once they strike it. Let the sun go down
Soon, very soon," muttered bearded old Revels,
As he peered at the sun lying low on his back,
Holding fast to his lasso; then he jerked at his
steed,

And sprang to his feet, and glanced swiftly around,
And then dropped, as if shot, with his ear to the
ground—

Then again to his feet and to me, to my bride,
While his eyes were like fire, his face like a shroud,
His form like a king, and his beard like a cloud,
And his voice loud and shrill, as if blown from a
reed—

"Pull, pull in your lassos, and bridle to steed,
And speed, if ever for life you would speed;

And ride for your lives, for your lives you must
ride,

For the plain is aflame, the prairie on fire;
And feet of wild horses hard flying before,
I hear like a sea breaking high on the shore;
While the buffalo come like the surge of the sea,
Driven far by the flame, driving fast on us three
As a hurricane comes, crushing palms in his ire."

We drew in the lassos, seized saddle and rein,
Threw them on, sinched them on, sinched them
over again,

And again drew the girth, cast aside the macheer,
Cut away tapidaros, loosed the sash from its fold,
Cast aside the catenas red and spangled with gold,
And gold-mounted Colt's, true companions for
years;

Cast the silken serapes to the wind in a breath,
And so bared to the skin sprang all haste to the
horse,

As bare as when born, as when new from the hand
Of God, without word, or one word of command,
Turned head to the Brazos in a red race with death,
Turned head to the Brazos with a breath in the hair
Blowing hot from a king leaving death in his course;
Turned head to the Brazos with a sound in the air

Like the rush of an army, and a flash in the eye
Of a red wall of fire reaching up to the sky,
Stretching fierce in pursuit of a black rolling sea
Rushing fast upon us as the wind sweeping free
And afar from the desert, blew hollow and hoarse.

Not a word, not a wail from a lip was let fall,
Not a kiss from my bride, not a look or low call
Of love-note or courage, but on o'er the plain
So steady and still, leaning low to the mane,
With the heel to the flank and the hand to the rein,
Rode we on, rode we three, rode we nose and gray
nose,

Reaching long, breathing loud, like a creviced
wind blows,

Yet we broke not a whisper, we breathed not a
prayer,

There was work to be done, there was death in
the air,

And the chance was as one to a thousand for all.

Gray nose to gray nose and each steady mustang
Stretched neck and stretched nerve till the arid
earth rang,

And the foam from the flank and the croup and
the neck

Flew around like the spray on a storm-driven
deck.

Twenty miles! thirty miles!—a dim distant
speck—

Then a long reaching line, and the Brazos in sight,
And I rose in my seat with a shout of delight.

I stood in my stirrup and looked to my right,
But Revels was gone; I glanced by my shoulder
And saw his horse stagger; I saw his head drooping
Hard on his breast, and his naked breast stooping
Low down to the mane as so swifter and bolder
Ran reaching out for us the red-footed fire.

To right and to left the black buffalo came,
A terrible surf on a red sea of flame
Rushing on in the rear, reaching high, reaching
higher;

And he rode neck to neck to a buffalo bull,
The monarch of millions, with shaggy mane full
Of smoke and of dust, and it shook with desire

Of battle, with rage and with bellows loud
And unearthly, and up through its lowering cloud
Came the flash of his eyes like a half-hidden fire,
While his keen crooked horns through the storm
of his mane

Like black lances lifted and lifted again;
And I looked but this once, for the fire licked
through,
And he fell and was lost, as we rode two and two.

I looked to my left, then, and nose, neck, and
shoulder

Sank slowly, sank surely, till back to my thighs;
And up through the black blowing vail of her
hair

Did beam full in mine her two marvelous eyes
With a longing and love, yet a look of despair,
And a pity for me, as she felt the smoke fold her,
And flames reaching far for her glorious hair.
Her sinking steed faltered, his eager ears fell
To and fro and unsteady, and all the neck's swell
Did subside and recede and the nerves fall as
dead.

Then she saw sturdy Paché still lorded his head,
With a look of delight, for this Paché, you see,
Was her father's, and once at the South Sante Fé
Had won a whole herd, sweeping everything down
In a race where the world came to run for the
crown;

And so when I won the true heart of my bride—
My neighbor's and deadliest enemy's child,
And child of the kingly war-chief of his tribe—
She brought me this steed to the border the night
She met Revels and me in her perilous flight
From the lodge of the chief to the north Brazos
side;

And said, so half guessing of ill as she smiled,
As if jesting, that I, and I only, should ride
The fleet-footed Paché, so if kin should pursue
I should surely escape without other ado
Than to ride, without blood, to the north Brazos
side,

And await her, and wait till the next hollow moon
Hung her horn in the palms, when surely and
soon

And swift she would join me, and all would be
well
Without bloodshed or word. And now, as she
fell
From the front, and went down in the ocean of
fire,
The last that I saw was a look of delight
That I should escape—a love—a desire—
Yet never a word, not a look of appeal,
Lest I should reach hand, should stay hand or
stay heel
One instant for her in my terrible flight.

Then the rushing of fire around me and under,
And the howling of beasts and a sound as of
thunder—
Beasts burning and blind and forced onward and
over,
As the passionate flame reached around them and
wove her
Hands in their hair, and kissed hot till they died—
Till they died with a wild and a desolate moan,
As a sea heart-broken on the hard brown stone.
And into the Brazos—I rode all alone—
All alone, save only a horse long-limbed,

And blind and bare and burnt to the skin.
Then, just as the terrible sea came in,
And tumbled its thousands hot into the tide,
Till the tide blocked up and the swift stream
brimmed
In eddies, we struck on the opposite side.

Sell Paché,—blind Paché? Now, mister, look
here,
You have slept in my tent and partook of my
cheer
Many days, many days, on this rugged frontier,
For the ways they were rough and Camanches
were near;
But you'd better pack up, sir! that tent is too
small
For us two after this! Has an old mountaineer,
Do you bookmen believe, got no tum-tum at all?
Sell Paché? You buy him! A bag full of gold!
You show him! Tell of him the tale I have told!
Why, he bore me through fire, and is blind, and
is old!
Now pack up your papers and get up and spin,
And never look back. Blast you and your tin!
JOAQUIN MILLER.

LOTTIE DOUGHERTY.

“**D**IED, Lottie Dougherty,” to-day
The paper said, “Millville, N. J.”
Though hers a humble name
She won a martyr's fame,
Will live as years shall roll away.

All day she sat in humble toil
And touched the wires with magic coil,
And from her fingers quick
The flashes click! click! click!
Told tales of pleasure or of spoil.

“On time” or “late” each train she knew,
And told the moment it was due;
And thus she served the throng
That whirled each day along,
Known only by a loving few.

One eve a storm came crashing down
And whirled in frenzy through the town,
And in its onward glee
It rent an ancient tree
That fell before its awful frown.

“Across the track!” the girl they told,
It lay with broken trunk and old;
The “Express” was nearly due,
It flashed her quick brain through,
And then her heart grew faint and cold.

On, on it came with heart of fire,
The steed whose muscles never tire;
And maid and matron sat
And talked of this and that,
Or dreamed of friends with fond desire.

Men lounged within the palace car,
And laughed to see the winds at war;
What if the surging rain
Had flooded vale and plain,
They dreamed no danger near or far.

But ah, that timid girl, her soul
Springs from its fear beyond control;
A hundred lives are hers;
Her bosom heaves and stirs;
Strange fears across her vision roll.

She seizes quick the signal light,
And rushes like a fairy sprite
Out through the storm and dark;
She swings the "red light." Hark!
The whistle shrieks the wild affright.

Down brakes! reverse the engine wheels!
Cold pallor o'er each visage steals;
They curb the iron steed,
And with its slackening speed
A calm relief each bosom feels.

Not quite it halts; it strikes a limb
And thrusts it through the shadows dim
Against her slender form,
Who braves the night and storm
To shut the jaws of death so grim.

She falls, a bruised and bleeding one;
And sad and tearful eyes look on
To see her shattered frame;

They asked the brave girl's name,
Who risked her all for them unknown.

And grateful men and women fair
A present offer then and there;
And to her hand they press
The gift in her distress
To soothe her in her pain and care.

But no; for her reward alone
Is love's own work and duty done;
With this alone content,
She yieldeth not consent;
A joy to selfish souls unknown.

They bore her home that evening hour,
To wither like a summer flower,
Until, in silent rest,
Soft folded on her breast,
Her brave white hands forgot their power,—

Brave hands that swung the signal light
And stopped the death-march of that night;
What tales were never told,
What wreck of life and gold
Her courage hid from human sight!

Write high those humble deeds of love;
These lowly heroes, how they move
Along our paths unseen,
To shine at length serene
On memory's greener heights above.

DWIGHT WILLIAMS.

NOLA KOZMO.

HERE stood a young form in the mild
Dim twilight of the morning hour,
When dawn just opes her lips of light
To pour on earth its honeyed shower.
Day's beautiful harbinger as yet
Was lingering in the eastern sky,
Looking its last ere it should set,
Like some love-fraught but earth-dim eye:
The trees waved stilly in the wind,
And wild birdssang in their green homes enshrined.

Calmly that youthful form stood there,
A mantle o'er his shoulders flung,
His dark plumes, stirred by the soft air,
O'er his bent forehead drooping hung.
Calmly he stood, alone, alone,
Wrapped in his thoughts of grief or crime;
His long dark tresses, gently blown,
Waved round his face their lustrous prime.
In front, with muskets glancing keen,
Wild men stood waiting in the twilight sheen.

"Prisoner, commend thy soul to heaven!"

A stern voice cried from out the band;
And, at the word, like lightning riven,
The muskets glanced in each broad hand.

An upward trembling of his gaze,
A motion of those small round lips,
A flutter of those dark eyes' rays,
Like stars beneath a cloud's eclipse,
That pale sad brow one moment bared,
The prisoner bowed his head and stood prepared.

There was a pause,—a deadly pause:
The still soft wind crept murmuring past,
Each heart a fuller breathing draws,
The mantle's folds aside are cast,
And, as the bosom gleams to view,
Thunders the red throat of the gun.
Ah! too well aimed the missile flew,
He sank like flowers at set of sun.
They raised him, life's streams gushing warm,
And saw—O faith and love!—a woman's form.

"I thank thee, Heaven," her faint lips spake,
The life blood o'er them bubbling clear,
"He, he is safe!—for him will wake
No father's sigh, no mother's tear."
That soft, large eye grew fixed and dull,
That soft white forehead cold and dim,


Those locks, so rich and beautiful,
Dabbled in gore, around her swim.
A long, deep sigh—back sank her head;
The faithful and the Leautiful was dead.

"Away!" a wild voice cried behind,
And, backward dashed, the crowd retired,
A form reeled on with hurry blind,
His eyes like fagots newly fired.
"Nola," he cried, "how, how is this?
Ah, me! earth drinks her heart's dear rain!"
Down dropped he that cold clay to kiss,
And question those white lips in vain.
"Dumb!—cold!—no fire in those orbs be,
Pale—pale, my love! and thus—O wretch, for
me!"

Then yelled he to the wild train round,
"What! stand ye idly loitering still?
Behold your true prey, free, unbound,
Stands mocking at your murderous will,
You know me not? On battle day
This arm you knew, and feared it well—
Cowards!"—a bullet winged its way—
He reeled and by the maiden fell:
They laid them both in one red grave,
And summer flowers o'er their slumbers wave.
BAINE.

THE WIDOW'S LIGHT.

A BALLAD OF THE SANDS.

 VER the ribs of the salt sea sand,
Far, far out from the sheltered land,
Feet uncovered and free of limb,
Danced she into the sea-mist dim;
Angela Rainor, the widow's light,
The lone, bright star in a heavy night.

Over the sands, with a wild, sweet song,
Light as a beach-bird, she skimmed along,
Seeking for shells that were left behind
When the tide went out; and in hope to find
Scallops and crabs, and some razor-fish,
To make for her mother a savory dish.

"I'm a long way out," said the little maid;
"But then I'm never the least afraid;
At any time I can hurry back,
I can find the shore by my own plain track.
Oh! but 'tis nice to be out by the sea!
A mermaid how I would love to be;
To dart, with the fishes, up and down,
To frolic and caper, but never drown."

"Hillo! small messmate," called Uncle Jim,
The whaler, just from a glorious swim
Out by the breakers not far away,
"What luck, Sand Piper, in fishing to-day?"

"Basket brimful, sir, and there it stands,"
She pointed back o'er the misty sands;
Dimly he saw it, safe and high,
On a lofty rock that was always dry.

"Good little messmate. But don't stay long,
The tide will be turning and setting in strong.
I heard the sea-witches out there in the spray
Tell how they were brewing a tough storm to-day."

"I'm going soon, sir." Her brown hand she
kissed
With the grace of a princess, and vanished in
mist.

He heard in the waters the splash of her feet,
And as he went shoreward her voice, faintly
sweet,
Came back on the wind that blew inland the
foam,

"Yes, yes, I am going, I'm soon going home.
But not just this minute," thus low to herself,
Playing, "catch" with the waves, sang the
beautiful elf.

"Go home, Captain Jim, but be sure you don't
tell
That you found me so near where the loud
breakers swell."

The tiny waves rolled as in play o'er her feet,
And upward they leaped as if trying to meet
The touch of her hand. Then they broke on
the strand,

Each one just a little way nearer the land.
How happy the child! how intent on her play!
Till a sudden rough wave dashed her over with
spray.

Then startled, she listened. None reared on
the shore
That knows not too well what is meant by that
roar.

"I must run for my basket and hurry to land."
Oh! where was the rock? Where the tracks in
the sand?

Fast over her gathered the mists and more,
And louder and nearer that terrible roar;
And breakers were booming and bellowing near,
And blinded by spray, she was fainting with
fear.

"Oh, mother!" she cried in her anguish and
pain,

"My mother! I never shall see you again,
My basket, all filled for your sake, will be found;
But, O my dear mother, your child will be
drowned."

Wide on the waves spread her long locks of
gold,—

To sad widow Rainor a treasure untold,—
And the hungry salt billows that swayed her hair,
Dashed foam on the lovely face lifted in prayer,
As Angela, standing breast-high in the flood,
Stretching out her small arms raised her cry unto
God:

"Mother says that you love me, Lord Jesus, O
come
And over the stormy waves carry me home."

Now brave Captain Jim, when he heard the
waves roar,

Crowded all sail, so he said, for the shore,
To see if the moorings of gay "Susan Jane"
Were able to stand the unusual strain.

The gay Susan Jane was his joy and his pride,
A beautiful yacht, and the captain's sole bride.
"I think I will wait for Sand Piper," said he;
"A woman worth having I reckon she'll be,
My eyes!" he said earnestly, "how she can
sing!

I'm glad she's safe under her good mother's
wing—

God a' mercy!" he shouten in sudden affright,
While chattered his teeth, and his brown face
grew white,

As something was flung by the waves at his feet,
With seaweed and grass for its wet winding-sheet;
With seaweed and grass in its long, clinging hair,
It was cast at his feet as if left in his care.

Great sobs from his breast told how grievous his
pain,

And tears down his sun-burned cheeks rushed
like the rain.

The sea-grass he brushed from the still form away,
And tenderly wiped from the fair face the spray,
"My poor little messmate," he chokingly said,
"I thought you with mother, and here you lie
dead."

As Angela bearing, he turned from the snore,
How clearly his heart heard her sweet voice once
more,

From far over the sea the glad strain seemed to
come—

"Yes, yes, I am going, I'm soon going home!"

AUGUSTA MOORE.

THE RAINDROPS' RIDE.

SOME little drops of water,
Whose home was in the sea,
To go upon a journey,
Once happened to agree.

A cloud they had for carriage;
They drove a playful breeze;
And, over town and country,
They rode along at ease.

But oh, there were so many!
At last, the carriage broke,
And to the ground came tumbling,
These frightened little folk.

And through the moss and grasses
They were compelled to roam,
Until a brooklet found them
And carried them all home.

MORAY AND HIS THIRTY.

MARCH 1313.

LONG as the fair old City stands, the glory
of the North;
Long as "King Arthur's Seat" o'erlooks
the flashing of the Forth;
Long as o'er lovely Edinbro' queens high her
castled hold,
Of Moray and his Thirty shall the gallant tale be
told.

St. Andrew's Cross was gleaming from many a
taken wall,
As Highland isle, and Lowland glen, rose to the
Bruce's call;
But from Stirling and from Edinbro', in firm
defiance still,
The English Lion flaunted free, and told her
Sovereign's will.

Cold in his noble abbey, lay he whose sun had
set
In clouds of stormy presage, the great Plantage-
net;
'Mid favorites and fooleries, the weakly sapling
lost

All that the mighty oak had won—won at such
bitter cost.

But still King Edward's standard from the Castle
floated gay,
And still the rock impregnable held Bruce's best
at bay,
To loyal threat and loyal strength, laughed frank
defiance down,
Where Moray's baffled legions camped about the
subject town.

A soldier sought the warrior earl, whose ready
ear and wit
Caught every rumor as it flew, and took the
heart from it;
"I have scaled the rock full oft," he said, "in
boyish fears despite;
Who is there, that for Bruce's sake, will try my
path to-night?"

"Oh, aye, the road is perilous, craves wary grasp
and tread,



ALAS, HOW LIGHT A CAUSE MAY MOVE
DISSENSION BETWEEN HEARTS THAT LOVE



"Out swept the squadrons, fated three hundred
Into the battle-line steady and full;"

And once a sentinel look down, by Mary, we
were sped!

But the moon is at her birth I wot, the clouds
heap in the west,

To dare and die—to dare and win—for Scotland,
which were best?"

"Right art thou," fiery Moray said, and to his
soldiers spoke,

And, as they heard, an eager cry from every
squadron broke;

Full many a stalwart trooper felt crossed hope
was hard to bear,

As Randolph chose his Thirty, from the host of
heroes there.

The moon hung dim and haloed above the toss-
ing Firth,

The wind swept with a muffled moan across the
frostbound earth;

And from the driving wrack of clouds the light
gleamed faint and far,

As, in black robes, the Thirty met round Moray's
silver star.

High up in Edinbro' Castle, secure the English
slept;

Their dreary rounds the sentinels in careful order
stepped;

And creeping, struggling upward, nerves, sinews,
all astrain,

Clomb Randolph and his Thirty, their glorious
prize to gain.

"Below there, ho! I see you," a soldier cried
in jest;

I trow the throbbing pulses froze in every warrior
breast;

Yet, nor stir nor cry betokened their deadly peril,
when

The loosened crag came bounding down, 'mid
Moray and his men.

Then rose the cry of wild surprise, of desperate
darkling fight,

As, like ghosts! the bold invaders sprung upon
that guarded height;

Brief was the furious struggle, as, startled from
their rest,

Unarmed, amazed, the English met each fierce,
unbidden guest.

And when the lingering morning broke upon the
Castle Rock,

The ruddy Lion ramped no more, the Scottish
breeze to mock;

And when King Robert to his feast bid the cap-
tains of his host,

"To Moray and his Thirty," he pledged the
crowning toast.

DEFENCE FROM THE CHARGE OF TYRANNY.

THEY call me a tyrant! If I were so, they
would fall at my feet: I should have
gorged them with gold, assured them of
impunity to their crimes, and they would have
worshipped me. Had I been so, the kings
whom we have conquered would have been my
most cordial supporters. It is by the aid of
scoundrels you arrive at tyranny. Whither tend
those who combat them? To the tomb and im-
mortality! Who is the tyrant that protects
me? What is the faction to which I belong? It
is yourselves! What is the party which, since
the commencement of the Revolution, has

crushed all other factions—has annihilated so
many specious traitors? It is yourselves; it is
the people; it is the force of principles! This
is the party to which I am devoted, and against
which crime is everywhere leagued.

I am ready to lay down my life without regret.
I have seen the past; I foresee the future. What
lover of his country would wish to live, when he
can no longer succor oppressed innocence?
Why should he desire to remain in an order of
things where intrigue eternally triumphs over
truth—where justice is deemed an imposture—
where the vilest passions, the most ridiculous

fears, fill every heart, instead of the sacred interests of humanity? Who can bear the punishment of seeing the horrible succession of traitors, more or less skilful in concealing their hideous vices under the mask of virtue, and who will leave to posterity the difficult task of determining which was the most atrocious? In contemplating the multitude of vices which the Revolution has let loose pell mell with the civic virtues, I own I sometimes fear that I myself shall be sullied in the eyes of posterity by their calumnies.

But I am consoled by the reflection that, if I have seen in history all the defenders of liberty

overwhelmed by calumny, I have seen their oppressors die also. The good and the bad disappear alike from the earth; but in very different conditions. No, Chaumette! "Death is *not* an eternal sleep!"—Citizens, efface from the tombs that maxim, engraven by sacrilegious hands, which throws a funeral pall over nature, which discourages oppressed innocence: write rather, "Death is the commencement of immortality!" I leave to the oppressors of the people a terrible legacy, which well becomes the situation in which I am placed; it is the awful truth, "Thou shalt die."

ROBESPIERRE.

A VALEDICTORY.

THE golden glow of a summer's day
Rests over the verdant hills,
And the sunlight falls with mellow ray
On fields and laughing rills;
But ere its last beam fades away
Beyond the mountain high,
Our lips must bravely, sadly say
The parting words, "Good-bye."

Kind friends and parents gathered here,
Our gratitude is yours
For all your care and sympathy,
Which changelessly endures.
We'll try to use the present hours
So they will bring no sigh,
When to our happy days of school
We say our last "Good-bye."

Dear teacher, we shall ne'er forget
The lessons you have taught:
We trust the future may perfect
The work your hands have wrought;
And may they bring good gifts to you,
These years that swiftly fly,
And may you kindly think of those
Who bid you now "Good-bye."

"Good-bye!" it shall not be farewell,—
We hope again to meet;
But happy hours are ever short,
And days of youth are fleet.
There's much to learn and much to do;
Oh, may our aims be high,
And ever lead toward that bright land,
Where none shall say "Good-bye."

A. F. SHOALS.

A JUNIOR PARTNER WANTED.

HERE's a junior partner wanted
By Will Succeed & Co.,
Who do a rushing business
Way up in Fortune Row.

I've seen their advertisement—
"No capital required;"
But boys with pluck and courage
Are just the kind desired.

They want a boy who has no fear
Of steady, plodding work;
Who does not wait for luck or fate,
Who scorns a task to shirk.

Who slowly, surely digs his way
Through problems hard a score,
And still has grit and courage left
To try as many more.

Who can view a two-foot column
Of figures undismayed,
And through a tough analysis
Or conjugation wade.

Who takes each school-time lesson
And makes it all his own,
Thus laying up his future
On good foundation stone.

Who does not wait for help to come
From fairy, witch or elf,
But laying hold on Fortune's wheel
Turns it around himself.

And if it grinds and will not move
With all his care and toil,
He rubs each shaft and gearing well
With "perseverance oil."

Who knows that luck is but a myth,
And faith is but a name,
That plod and push and patience
At last will win the game.

And lads like this are just the kind
For Will Succeed & Co.,
Who are wanting junior partners
Way up on Fortune Row.

M. E. SANFORD.

MATT. F. WARD'S TRIAL FOR MURDER.

GENTLEMEN, my task is done, the decision of this case—the fate of this prisoner—is in your hands. Guilty or innocent—life or death—whether the captive shall joyfully go free, or be consigned to a disgraceful and ignominious death—all depend on a few words from you. Is there anything in this world more like Omnipotence, more like the power of the Eternal, than that you now possess?

Yes, you are to decide; and, as I leave the case with you, I implore you to consider it well and mercifully before you pronounce a verdict of guilty,—a verdict which is to cut asunder all the tender cords that bind heart to heart, and to consign this young man, in the flower of his days and in the midst of his hopes, to shame and to death. Such a verdict must often come up in your recollections—must live forever in your minds.

And in after-days, when the wild voice of clamor that now fills the air is hushed, when memory shall review this busy scene, should her accusing voice tell you you have dealt hardly with a brother's life,—that you have sent him to death, when you have a doubt whether it is not your duty to restore him to life, oh, what a moment that must be! how like a cancer will that remembrance prey upon your hearts!

But if, on the other hand, having rendered a

contrary verdict, you feel that there should have been a conviction,—*that* sentiment will be easily satisfied; you will say, "If I erred, it was on the side of mercy; thank God I incurred no hazard by condemning a man I thought innocent." How different the memory from that which may come in any calm moment, by day or by night, knocking at the door of your hearts, and reminding you that in a case where you were doubtful, by your verdict you sent an innocent man to disgrace and to death! Oh, pronounce no such, I beseech you, but on the most certain, clear, and solid grounds! If you err, for your own sake, as well as his, keep on the side of humanity, and save him from so dishonorable a fate—preserve yourselves from so bitter a memory.

I am no advocate, gentlemen, of any criminal licentiousness,—I desire that society may be protected, that the laws of my country may be obeyed and enforced. Any other state of things I should deplore; but I have examined this case, I think, carefully and calmly; I see much to regret, much that I wish had never happened; but I see no evil intentions and motives, no wicked malignity, and, therefore, no murder—no felony.

There is another consideration of which we should not be unmindful. We are all conscious

of the infirmities of our nature, we are all subject to them. The law makes an allowance for such infirmities. The Author of our being has been pleased to fashion us out of great and mighty elements, which make us but a little lower than the angels, but he has mingled in our composition, weakness and passions. Will He punish us for frailties which nature has stamped upon us, or for their necessary results? The distinction between these and acts that proceed from a wicked and malignant heart is founded on eternal justice, and in the words of the Psalmist, "He knoweth our frame—He remembereth that we are dust." Shall not the rule He has established be good enough for us to judge by?

Gentlemen, the case is closed. Again I ask you to consider it well before you pronounce a verdict which shall consign this prisoner to a grave of ignominy and dishonor. These are no idle words you have heard so often. This is your fellow-citizen—a youth of promise—the rose of his family—the possessor of all kind, and virtuous, and manly qualities. It is the blood of a Kentuckian you are called upon to shed. The blood that flows in his veins has come down

from those noble pioneers who laid the foundations for the greatness and glory of our State; it is the blood of a race who have never spared it when demanded by their country's cause. It is his fate you are to decide. I excite no poor, unmanly sympathy—I appeal to no low, groveling spirit. He is a man—you are men—and I only want that sympathy which man can give to man.

I will not detain you longer. But you know and it is right you should, the terrible suspense in which some of these hearts must beat during your absence. It is proper for you to consider this, for, in such a case, all the feelings of the mind and heart should sit in council together. Your duty is yet to be done; perform it as you are ready to answer for it, here and hereafter. Perform it calmly and dispassionately, remembering that vengeance can give no satisfaction to any human being. But if you exercise it in this case, it will spread black midnight and despair over many aching hearts. May the God of all mercy be with you in your deliberations, assist you in the performance of your duty, and teach you to judge your fellow-being as you hope to be judged hereafter.

JOHN J. CRITTENDEN.

KATE MALONEY.

IN the winter, when the snowdrift stood
against the cabin door,

Kate Maloney, wife of Patrick, lay nigh
dying on the floor,—

Lay on rags and tattered garments, moaning out
with feeble breath,

"Knale beside me, Pat, my darlint; pray the
Lord to give me death."

Patrick knelt him down beside her, took her thin
and wasted hand,

Saying something to her softly that she scarce
could understand.

"Let me save ye, O my honey! Only spake a
single word,

And I'll sell the golden secret where it's wanted
to be heard.

"Sure it cuts my heart to see ye lyin' dyin' day
by day.

When it's food and warmth ye're wanting just
to dhrive yer pains away.

There's a hundred golden guineas at my mercy
if ye will—

*Do ye know that Mickey Regan's in the hut upon
the hill?"*

Kate Maloney gripped her husband, then she
looked him through and through;

"Pat Maloney, am I dhraming? Did I hear
them words o' you?

Have I lived an honest woman, lovin' Ireland,
God, and thee,

That now upon my death-bed ye should spake
them words to me?

"Come ye here ye tremblin' traitor; stand
beside me now and swear
By yer soul and yer hereafter, while he lives
ye will not dare
Whisper e'en a single letter o' brave Mickey
Regan's name.
Can't I die o' cold and hunger? Would ye have
me die o' shame?"

"Let the Saxon bloodhounds hunt him, let
them show their filthy gold;
What's the poor boy done to hurt 'em? Killed
a rascal rich and old,—
Shot an English thief who robbed us, grinding
Irish peasants down;
Raisin' rints to pay his wantons and his lackeys
up in town.

"We are beasts, we Irish peasants, whom these
Saxon tyrants spurn;
If ye hunt a beast too closely, and ye wound
him, won't he turn?
Wasn't Regan's sister ruined by the blackguard
lying dead,
Who was paid his rint last Monday, not in
silver, but in lead?"

Pat Maloney stood and listened, then he knelt
and kissed his wife:

"Kiss me, darlint, and forgive me; sure, I
thought to save your life;
And it's hard to see ye dyin' when the gold's
within my reach,
I'll be lonely when ye're gone, dear—" here a
whimper stopped his speech.

Late that night, when Kate was dozing, Pat
crept cautiously away
From his cabin to the hovel where the hunted
Regan lay;
He was there—he heard him breathing; some-
thing whispered to him, "Go!
Go and claim the hundred guineas—Kate will
never need to know."

He would plan some little story when he brought
her food to eat,

He would say the priest had met him, and had
sent her wine and meat.

No one passed their lonely cabin; Kate would
lie and fancy still

Mike had slipped away in secret from the hut
upon the hill.

Kate Maloney woke and missed him; guessed
his errand there and then;

Raised her feeble voice and cursed him with the
curse of God and men.

From her rags she slowly staggered, took her
husband's loaded gun,

Crying, "God, I pray Thee, help me, ere the
traitor's deed be done!"

All her limbs were weak with fever as she
crawled across the floor;

But she writhed and struggled bravely till she
reached the cabin door;

Thence' she scanned the open country, for the
moon was in its prime,

And she saw her husband running, and she
thought, "there yet is time."

He had come from Regan's hiding, past the
door, and now he went

By the pathway down the mountain, on his evil
errand bent.

Once she called him, but he stopped not, neither
gave he glance behind,

For her voice was weak and feeble, and it melted
on the wind.

Then a sudden strength came to her, and she
rose and followed fast,

Though her naked limbs were frozen by the
bitter winter blast;

She had reached him very nearly when her new-
born spirit fled.

"God has willed it!" cried the woman, *then*
she shot the traitor dead!

From her bloodless lips, half frozen, rose a
whisper to the sky—

"I have saved his soul from treason; here, O
Heaven, let me die.

Now no babe unborn shall curse him, nor his
country loathe his name ;
I have saved ye, O my husband, from a deed of
deathless shame."

No one yet has guessed their story ; Mickey
Regan got away.

And across the kind Atlantic lives an honest
man to-day ;

While in Galway still the peasants show the
lonely mountain side

Where an Irishman was murdered and an Irish-
woman died.

DAGONET.

ONE DAY SOLITARY.

I AM all right ! Good-bye, old chap !
Twenty-four hours, that won't be long ;
Nothing to do but take a nap,
And—say ! can a fellow sing a song ?
Will the light fantastic be in order—
A pigeon-wing on your pantry floor ?
Where are the rules for a regular boarder ?
Be quiet ? All right ! Cling-clang goes the door.

Clang-clink the bolts, and I am locked in ;
Some pious reflection and repentance
Come next, I suppose, for I just begin
To perceive the sting in the tail of my sen-
tence—
"One day whereof shall be solitary."
Here I am at the end of my journey,
And—well, it ain't jolly, not so very—
I'd like to thrott that sharp attorney !

He took my money, yes, the very last dollar,
Didn't leave me so much as a dime,
Not enough to buy me a paper collar
To wear at my trial ; he knew all the time
'Twas some that I got for the stolen silver ;
Why hasn't he been indicted, too ?
If he doesn't exactly rob and pilfer,
He lives by the plunder of them that do.

Then didn't it put me into a fury,
To see him step up, and laugh and chat
With the county attorney, and joke with the jury,
When all was over, then go back for his hat
While Sue was sobbing to break her heart,
And all I could do was to stand and stare !
He had pleaded my cause, he had played his part,
And got his fee—and what more did he care ?

It's droll to think how, just out yonder,
The world goes jogging on the same ;
Old men will save, and boys will squander,
And fellows will play at the same old game
Of get-and-spend—to-morrow, next year—
And drink and carouse, and who will there be
To remember a comrade buried here ?
I am nothing to them, they are nothing to me.

And Sue—yes, she will forget me, too,
I know ; already her tears are drying.
I believe there is nothing that girl can do
So easy as laughing, and lying, and crying.
She clung to me well while there was hope,
Then broke her heart in that last wild sob ;
But she ain't going to sit and mope
While I am at work on a five years' job.

They'll set me to learning a trade, no doubt,
And I must forget to speak or smile,
I shall go marching in and out,
One of a silent, tramping file
Of felons, at morning, and noon, and night—
Just down to the shops, and back to the cells,
And work with a thief at left and right,
And feed, and sleep, and—nothing else.

Was I born for this ? Will the old folks know ?
I can see them now on the old home-place ;
His gait is feeble, his step is slow,
There's a settled grief in his furrowed face ;
While she goes wearily groping about
In a sort of dream, so bent, so sad !
But this won't do ! I must sing and shout,
And forget myself, or else go mad.

I won't be foolish ; although for a minute
 I was there in my little room once more.
 What wouldn't I give just now to be in it?
 The bed is yonder, and there is the door ;
 The Bible is here on the neat white stand ;
 The summer sweets are ripening now ;
 In the flickering light I reach my hand
 From the window, and pluck them from the
 bough.

When I was a child, (Oh, well for me
 And them if I had never been older !)
 When he told me stories on his knee,
 And tossed me, and carried me on his shoulder ;
 When she knelt down and heard my prayer,
 And gave me, in my bed, my good-night kiss—
 Did they ever think that all their care
 For an only son could come to this ?

Foolish again ! No sense in tears
 And gnashing the teeth ; and yet, somehow,
 I haven't thought of them so for years ;
 I never knew them, I think, till now.
 How fondly, how blindly, they trusted me !
 When I should have been in my bed asleep,
 I slipped from the window, and down the tree,
 And sowed for the harvest which now I reap.

And Jennie—how could I bear to leave her ?
 If I had but wished—but I was a fool !
 My heart was filled with a thirst and a fever,
 Which no sweet airs of heaven could cool.

I can hear her asking : “ Have you heard ? ”
 But mother falters and shakes her head ;
 “ O Jennie ! Jennie ! never a word !
 What can it mean ? He must be dead ! ”

Light-hearted, a proud, ambitious lad,
 I left my home that morning in May ;
 What visions, what hopes, what plans I had !
 And what have I—where are they all—to-day ?
 Wild fellows, and wine, and debts, and gaming,
 Disgrace, and the loss of place and friend ;
 And I was an outlaw, past reclaiming ;
 Arrest and sentence, and—this is the end !

Five years ! Shall ever I quit this prison ?
 Homeless, an outcast, where shall I go ?
 Return to them, like one arisen
 From the grave, that was buried long ago ?
 All is still ; 'tis the close of the week ;
 I sink through the garden, I stop by the well,
 I see him totter, I hear her shriek !—
 What sort of a tale will I have to tell ?

But here I am ! What's the use of grieving ?
 Five years—will it be too late to begin ?
 Can sober thinking and honest living
 Still make me the man I might have been ?
 I'll sleep :—Oh, would I could wake to-morrow
 In that old room, to find, at last,
 That all my trouble and all their sorrow
 Are only a dream of the night that is past.

J. T. TROWBRIDGE

WORDS OF WELCOME.

KIND friends and parents, we welcome you
 here
 © To our nice pleasant school-room, and
 teacher so dear ;
 We wish but to show you how much we have
 learned,
 And how to our lessons our hearts have been
 turned.

But hope you'll remember we are all quite young,
 And when we have spoken, recited and sung,

You will pardon our blunders, which, as all are
 aware,
 May even extend to the President's chair.

Our life is a school time, and at length it will
 end,
 With our Father in heaven for teacher and
 friend.

O let us perform well each task that is given,
 Till our time of probation is ended in heaven.

SPEECH OF RED JACKET.

[Red Jacket—*Sa-go-ye-wat-ha*, his Indian name, meaning "He keeps them awake"—was one of the most powerful chiefs of the Six Nations, the head of the Senecas, New York. During the Revolution his activity and intelligence acquired for him the friendship of the British officers, who, as a compliment or for services rendered, gave him a richly embroidered scarlet jacket which he wore with great pride, and from it was given to him his English name. Red Jacket was a man of great eloquence, and truthfully stated of himself, "I am an orator! I was born an orator!" In the summer of 1805 a missionary was sent to the Six Nations by the Evangelical Missionary Society of Massachusetts to plant a station among the Senecas. A council of chiefs was convoked to hear his proposals, and after two hours' consultation Red Jacket made reply.]

BROTHER, listen to what we say. There was a time when our forefathers owned this great island. Their seats extended from the rising to the setting sun. The Great Spirit had made it for the use of the Indians. He had created the buffalo, the deer, and other animals for food. He had scattered them over the country and taught us how to take them. He had caused the earth to produce corn for bread. All this he had done for his red children, because he loved them. If we had some disputes about our hunting ground, they were generally settled without the shedding of much blood. But an evil day came upon us. Your forefathers crossed the great water and landed on this island. They found friends and not enemies. They told us they had fled from their own country for fear of wicked men, and had come here to enjoy their religion. They asked for a small seat. We took pity on them and granted their request. They sat down among us. We gave them corn and meat. They gave us poison in return. They called us brothers. We believed them, and gave them a larger seat. They wanted more land; they wanted our country. Our eyes were opened and our minds became uneasy. Indians were hired to fight against Indians, and many of our people were destroyed.

Brother, you have now become a great people, and we have scarcely a place left to spread our

blankets. You have got our country, but are not satisfied; you want to force your religion upon us. You say that you are sent to instruct us how to worship the Great Spirit agreeably to his mind, and if we do not take hold of the religion which you white people teach, we shall be unhappy hereafter. How do we know this to be true? We only know what you tell us about it. How shall we know when to believe, being so often deceived by the white people? We understand that your religion is written in a book. If there is but one religion, why do you white people differ so much about it? Why not all agree, as you can all read the book?

Brother, we do not understand these things. We are told that your religion was given to your forefathers, and has been handed down from father to son. We also have a religion, which was given to our forefathers and has been handed down to their children. It teaches us to be thankful for all the favors we receive, to love each other, and to be united. We never quarrel about religion. We are told that you have been preaching to the white people in this place. These people are our neighbors. We will wait a little while and see what effect your preaching has upon them. If we find it does them good, makes them honest, and less disposed to cheat Indians, we will consider again what you have said.

THE OLD MAN'S VIGIL.

BY the bed the old man, waiting, sat in vigil,
sad and tender,
Where his aged wife lay dying; and the
twilight shadows, brown,
Slowly from the wall and window, chased the
sunset's golden splendor
Going down.

"Is it night?" she whispered, waking. (for her
spirit seemed to hover
Lost between the next world's sunrise and the
bedtime cares of this).
And the old man, weak and tearful, trembling
as he bent above her,
Answered "Yes."



A LITTLE CHILD'S PRAYER.

(Suggestion For Tableau.)

"Jesus I would be like thee,
Look from heaven and pity me.
Though so full of sin I am,
Make me now thy little lamb."



NOBODY'S CHILD
(Suggestion for Tableau)

"All day I wander to and fro
Hungry and shivering and nowhere to go
Oh! Why does the wind blow upon me so wild?
Is it because I'm nobody's child?"

"Are the children in?" she asked him. Could
 he tell her? All the treasures
 Of their household lay in silence many years
 beneath the snow;
 But her heart was with them living, back among
 her toils and pleasures
 Long ago.

And again she called at dew-fall, in the sweet,
 old, summer weather,

"Where is little Charley, father? Frank and
 Robert, have they come?"

"They are safe," the old man faltered,—“all the
 children are together,
 Safe at home.”

Then he murmured gentle soothings, but his
 grief grew strong and stronger,
 Till it choked and stilled him as he held and
 kissed her wrinkled hand,
 For her soul, far out of hearing, could his fond-
 est words no longer
 Understand.

Still the pale lips stammered questions, lullabies
 and broken verses,
 Nursery prattle—all the language of a
 mother's loving heeds,

While the midnight 'round the mourner, left to
 sorrow's bitter mercies,
 Wrapped its weeds.

There was stillness on the pillow-- and the old
 man listened, lonely—

Till they led him from the chamber with the
 burden on his breast,

For the faithful wife and mother, his early love
 and only
 Lay at rest.

"Fare—you—well," he sobbed, "my Sarah; you
 will meet the babes before me;

'Tis a little while, for neither can the parting
 long abide.

And you soon will come and call me, and kind
 heaven will then restore me
 To your side."

It was even so. The springtime, in the steps
 of winter treading,

Scarcely shed its orchard blossoms ere the old
 man closed his eyes;

And they buried him by Sarah—and they had
 their "diamond wedding"
 In the skies.

ADVICE TO A YOUNG MAN.

REMEMBER, my son, you have to work.
 Whether you handle a pick or a pen, a
 wheelbarrow or a set of books, digging
 ditches or editing a paper, ringing an auction
 bell or writing funny things, you must work. If
 you look around, you will see the men who are
 the most able to live the rest of their days with-
 out work are the men who work the hardest.
 Don't be afraid of killing yourself with over-
 work. It is beyond your power to do that on
 the sunny side of thirty. They die sometimes,
 but it is because they quit work at six P. M., and
 don't get home until two A. M. It's the interval
 that kills, my son. The work gives you an
 appetite for your meals; it lends solidity to

your slumbers; it gives you a perfect and grate-
 ful appreciation of a holiday.

There are young men who do not work, but
 the world is not proud of them. It does not
 know their names, even; it simply speaks of
 them as "old So-and-so's boys." Nobody likes
 them; the great, busy world doesn't know that
 they are there. So find out what you want to be
 and do, and take off your coat and make a dust
 in the world. The busier you are, the less harm
 you will be apt to get into, the sweeter will be
 your sleep, the brighter and happier your holi-
 days, and the better satisfied will the world be
 with you.

R. J. BURDETTE.

BOYS WANTED.

BOYS of spirit, boys of will,
Boys of muscle, brain and power,
Fit to cope with anything,
These are wanted every hour.

Not the weak and whining drones,
Who all troubles magnify;
Not the watchword of "I can't,"
But the nobler one, "I'll try."

Do whate'er you have to do
With a true and earnest zeal;

Bend your sinews to the task,
"Put your shoulder to the wheel."

Though your duty may be hard,
Look not on it as an ill;
If it be an honest task,
Do it with an honest will.

In the workshop, on the farm,
At the desk, where'er you be,
From your future efforts, boys,
Comes a nation's destiny.

WEALTH AND WORK.

ALL that is said of the peril of riches does not go for much when the opportunity offers for one to improve his worldly condition. Poets sometimes chant the beauties of poverty, but not those who write in a cold garret, with only a crust of bread and a jug of water to keep them alive. They are too familiar with the bitter reality to make it the subject of laudatory song. When a man has a snug little cottage of his own, with a cosy corner looking out upon the trees and flowers, where he can sit and write in peace, sure that his frugal board will be furnished with "convenient food," he may romance to his heart's content about the vanity of riches.

Savages never accumulate wealth; if they did they would be sure to be robbed of it. They live from hand to mouth; mainly by hunting and plunder. The tribe is everything and the individual nothing. No person has any private right of property which the tribe is bound to respect; and no tribe has any rights which another tribe will not wrench from them if they are strong enough to do so. The rule is for everyone to take whatever he can lay his hand on, and consume it, if possible, before anyone else can steal it from him. In such a state of things as that there is no danger of anyone's getting rich.

As soon as men begin to lay by something

which they can call their own, the first step in civilization is taken, and the days of absolute barbarism are over.

When a man is ready to sacrifice everything else for the sake of making himself rich, he deserves to be scorned; but if the desire after riches should all at once die out in the community—of which there is at present very little danger—the wheels of progress would cease to move.

It is this desire that incites men to labor, which is another token that distinguishes civilization from barbarism. Savages are always lazy. The men make the women work, and the women do as little work as possible.

The propensity to accumulate wealth has done more than anything else to check the insane passion for war, which has always filled the world with violence, and to do away with the habit of private revenge.

When men have money on deposit they are not likely to settle a disputed claim by knocking their adversary down, or sticking a knife into his ribs as was the custom in the dark ages, when property was held by a very precarious tenure.

It is a good thing that war is every day getting to be more and more expensive, and when the nations feel that this costly luxury must plunge them into utter bankruptcy, they will learn to

respect the rights of others and let them alone. It is an immoral thing to take the property of others without rendering a fair equivalent. Burglars, and all sorts of professional thieves, do this without scruple. There is no hypocrisy in their transactions. All kinds of gambling come under the same head, and this does sometimes put on the garb of hypocrisy, as the soft and gentle names by which it is called indicate.

There are men in high standing who become rich without rendering the slightest return to the world at large. To trade upon the chances of the future, with nothing in hand to trade with, is the same thing in principle that it is to risk all upon the hazard of a die.

There are others who fail to render a *fair* equivalent for the money which they receive,

giving short weight and poor measure, and selling an unsound or adulterated article knowing it to be so. Better to die in poverty than to become rich by such device.

Others become rich by accident. They wake up poor in the morning and go to bed millionaires at night. A great fortune drops upon them suddenly, as if it fell from the skies, and unless the man can keep his head, the wealth that is thus attained is very apt soon to take to itself wings, and fly away.

It is another thing when wealth is gradually acquired by the honest labor of the hands and the brain. Then society is likely to be benefitted as well as the prospered man himself. It is this which dignifies wealth and makes its possessor honorable.

THE FARMER.

(For Several Boys.)

THIS is the way the happy farmer (1)
Plows his piece of ground,
That from the little seeds he sows
A large crop may abound.

This is the way he sows the seed, (2)
Dropping with careful hand,
In all the furrows well prepared
Upon the fertile land.

This is the way he cuts the grain (3)
When bending with its weight;
And thus he bundles it in sheaves, (4)
Working long and late.

And then the grain he threshes thus, (5)
And stores away to keep;
And thus he stands contentedly (6)
And views the plenteous heap.

1. Arms extended forward as though holding a plow.
2. A motion as of taking seed out of a bag or basket, and scattering with the right hand.
3. Motion as of cutting with a scythe.
4. Arms curved and extended forward.
5. Hands as though grasping a flail. Strike with some force.
6. Erect position, arms folded, or hands on the hips.

TSAR OLEG.

TSAR OLEG was riding through holy Kieff,
With the bright, flashing trooping spear
and shield,
And his loving people bent low where he passed,
As the wind sweeps over the full-ripe field.

When with staff upheld in the swaying throng,
The royal soothsayer stood in the way,

And he cried: "Beware! Death shall smite
thee, O King,
From the milk-white steed thou bestridest
to-day!"

Tsar Oleg, he pondered and mused awhile,
And anon he alit from his gallant steed:
"An' if this must be, I will ride thee no more,

Go, lead him, ye grooms, to some green sunny
mead."

When a herald came out of the Grecian bounds,
And for tribute refused blew a challenge of
war,

Tsar Oleg leaped on a berry-brown steed,
And led his hosts to the southward afar,

Till he girdled the Bosphorus-gazing walls,
And made the Cæsars bow down to fate,
And, departing, he said: "Be forever a mark!"
And he fixed his shield on the city's gate.

And in triumph to holy Kieff he returned,
With hostages, plunder, and martial spoils,
And he said in his heart: "We have fought, we
have won,
We will rest now, in glory, from warlike
toils."

When he sudden remembered the warning voice
That smote his ears as he rode to war,
And he bade the soothsayer before him stand:
"How twinkles, O prophet, my fateful star?"

"How prances the faithful and baleful steed?
Will he neigh, will he leap to the trumpet
still?"

"Oh, my liege, nevermore; for these seven
years' wind

Hath his bones all bleached on your green
hill."

Up rose Tsar Oleg and called for his horse,
And he followed the seer to that south slop-
ing lea;

He went, gyved and guarded, that soothsayer
gray,

And yet with a steady, proud step walked he.

And the King saw the bones of his milk-white
steed,

Where the tops of the deep grass rose and fell,
And the silver shod hoofs and the bridle of gold,
And the golden stirrups, he knew them well;

And he set his hoof on the hollow skull,
While his nobles stood round him with bated
breath,

And he asked, with scorning: "Thou prophet
of ills

Comes hurt from a carcass, or death from
death?"


And he spake to his guards: "Let the false pro-
phet die!"

"The fates know me royal," he thought in
his pride,

When lo! from the skull sprang an adder fanged,
And stilled with its venom his heart's high
tide.

J. J. KENEALY.

THE BARON'S LAST BANQUET.

ER a low couch the setting sun had thrown
its latest ray,

Where, in his last strong agony, a dying
warrior lay,

The stern old Baron Rudiger, whose frame had
ne'er been bent

By wasting pain, till time and toil its iron strength
had spent.

"They come around me here, and say my days
of life are o'er;

That I shall mount my noble steed and lead my
band no more;

They come, and, to my beard, they dare to tell
me now that I,

Their own liege lord and master born, that I,—
ha! ha!—must die.

"And what is death? I've dared him oft, before
the Paynim spear;

Think ye he's entered at my gate,—has come
to seek me here?

I've met him, faced him, scorned him, when the
fight was raging hot ;—
I'll try his might, I'll brave his power ; defy,
and fear him not.

“Ho ! sound the tocsin from my tower, and fire
the culverin ;

Bid each retainer arm with speed ; call every
vassal in ;

Up with my banner on the wall ; the banquet
board prepare ;

Throw wide the portal of my hall, and bring my
armor there ! ”

A hundred hands were busy then : the banquet
forth was spread,

And rung the heavy oaken floor with many a
martial tread ;

While from the rich, dark tracery, along the
vaulted wall,

Lights gleamed on harness, plume, and spear,
o'er the proud old Gothic hall.

Fast hurrying through the outer gate, the mailed
retainers poured,

On through the portal's frowning arch, and
thronged around the board ;

While at its head, within his dark, carved oaken
chair of state,

Armed cap-a-pie, stern Rudiger, with girded
falchion, sate.

“Fill every beaker up, my men ; pour forth the
cheering wine ;

There's life and strength in every drop ;—thanks-
giving to the vine !

Are ye all there, my vassals true ? mine eyes are
waxing dim ;

Fill round, my tried and fearless ones, each
goblet to the brim.

“Ye're there, but yet I see you not ; draw forth
each trusty sword,

And let me hear your faithful steel clash once
around my board ;

I hear it faintly ;—louder yet ! What clogs my
heavy breath ?

Up, all ! and shout for Rudiger, ‘Defiance unto
death ! ’ ”

Bowl rang to bowl, steel clanged to steel, and
rose a deafening cry,

That made the torches flare around, and shook
the flags on high.

“Ho ! cravens ! do ye fear him ? Slaves !
traitors ! have ye flown ?

Ho ! cowards, have ye left me to meet him
here alone ? ”

“But I defy him ; let him come ! ” Down rang
the massy cup,

While from its sheath the ready blade came
flashing half-way up ;

And, with the black and heavy plumes scarce
trembling on his head,

There, in his dark, carved, oaken chair, old
Rudiger sat,—dead !

ALBERT G. GREENE

THE STOWAWAY.

NOW, lads, a short yarn I'll just spin you
As happened on our very last run—
'Bout a boy as a man's soul had in him,
Or else I'm a son of a gun.

From Liverpool port out three days, lads,
The good ship floating over the deep,
The skies bright with sunshine above us,
The waters beneath us asleep.

Not a bad-tempered lubber among us,
A jollier crew never sailed,
'Cept the first mate, a bit of a savage,
But good seaman as ever was hailed.

Regulation, good order, his motto,
Strong as iron, steady as quick ;
With a couple of bushy black eyebrows,
And eyes fierce as those of Old Nick

One day he comes up from below
 A-graspin' a lad by the arm—
 A poor little ragged young urchin
 --As had ought to bin home to his marm.

An' the mate asks the boy, pretty roughly,
 How he dared for to be stowed away,
 A-cheatin' the owners and captain,
 Sailin', eatin' and all without pay.

The lad had a face bright and sunny,
 An' a pair o' blue eyes like a girl's,
 An' looks up at the scowlin' first mate, lads,
 An' shakes back his long, shining curls.

An' says he, in a voice dear and pretty,
 "My step-father brought me aboard,
 And hid me away down the stairs there;
 For to keep me he couldn't afford.

"And he told me the big ship would take me
 To Halifax town—oh, so far!
 And he said, 'Now the Lord is your father,
 Who lives where the good angels are.'"

"It's a lie," says the mate; "not your father,
 But some of these big skulkers aboard;
 Some milk-hearted, soft-headed sailor.
 Speak up, tell the truth, d'ye hear?"

"'Twarn't us," growled the tars as stood round
 'em.

"What's your age?" says one of the brine.
 "And your name?" says another old salt fish.
 Says the small chap, "I'm Frank, just turned
 nine."

"Oh, my eyes!" says another bronzed seaman
 To the mate, who seemed staggered hisself,
 "Let him go free to old Novy Scoshy,
 And I'll work out his passage myself."

"Belay!" says the mate; "shut your mouth,
 man!

I'll sail this 'ere craft, bet your life,
 An' I'll fit the lie onto you somehow,
 As square as a fork fits a knife."

Then a-knitting his black brows with anger
 He tumbled the poor slip below;
 An', says he, "Perhaps to-morrow'll change
 you;
 If it don't, back to England you go."

I took him some dinner, be sure, mates,
 Just think, only nine years of age!
 An' next day, just as six bells tolled,
 The mate brings him up from his cage.

An' he plants him before us amidships,
 His eyes like two coals all a-light;
 An' he says, through his teeth, mad with passion,
 An' his hand lifted ready to smite,

"Tell the truth, lad, and then I'll forgive you;
 But the truth I will have. Speak it out,
 It wasn't your father as brought you,
 But some of these men hereabout."

Then that pair o' blue eyes, bright and winning,
 Clear and shining with innocent youth,
 Looks up at the mate's bushy eyebrows;
 An', says he, "Sir, I've told you the truth."

'Twarn't no use, the mate didn't believe him,
 Though every man else did, aboard;
 With rough hands by the collar he seized him,
 And cried, "You shall hang, by the Lord!"

An' he snatched his watch out of his pocket,
 Just as if he'd been drawing a knife.
 "If in ten minutes more you don't speak, lad,
 There's the rope, and good-by to your life."

There! you never see such a sight, mates,
 As that boy with his bright, pretty face—
 Proud, though, and steady with courage.
 Never thinking of asking for grace.

Eight minutes went by all in silence,
 Says the mate then, "Speak, lad—say your
 say."

His eyes slowly filling with tear-drops,
 He faltering says, "May I pray?"

I'm a rough and hard old tarpa'lin
 As any "blue-jacket" afloat;
 But the salt water springs to my eyes, lads,
 And I felt my heart rise in my throat.

The mate kind o' trembled an' shivered,
 And nodded his head in reply;
 And his cheek went all white of a sudden,
 And the hot light was quenched in his eye.

Tho' he stood like a figure of marble,
 With his watch tightly grasped in his hand,
 And the passengers all still around him;
 Ne'er the like was on sea or on land.

An' the little chap kneels on the deck there,
 An' his hands he clasps over his breast,
 As he must ha' done often at home, lads,
 At night-time, when going to rest.

And soft come the first words, "Our Father,"
 Low and soft from the dear baby-lip;
 But, low as they were, heard like trumpet
 By each true man aboard of that ship.

Ev'ry bit of that prayer, mates, he goes through,
 To "Forever and ever. Amen."
 And for all the bright gold of the Indies
 I wouldn't ha' heard it again.

And, says he, when he finished, uprising
 An' lifting his blue eyes above,
 "Dear Lord Jesus, oh, take me to heaven,
 Back again to my own mother's love!"

For a minute or two, like a magic,
 We stood every man like the dead.
 Then back to the mate's face comes running
 The life-blood again, warm and red.

Off his feet was that lad sudden lifted,
 And clasped to the mate's rugged breast,
 And his husky voice muttered, "God bless you!"
 As his lips to his forehead he pressed.

If the ship hadn't been a good sailer,
 And gone by herself right along,
 All had gone to Old Davy; for all, lads,
 Was gathered 'round in that throng.

Like a man, says the mate, "God forgive me
 That ever I used you so hard.
 It's myself as had ought to be strung up,
 Taut and sure, to that ugly old yard."


"You believe me, then?" said the youngster,
 "Believe you!" —He kissed him once more.
 "You'd have laid down your life for the truth,
 lad;
 Believe you? From now, evermore!"

An p'r'aps, mates, he wasn't thought much on
 All that day and the rest of the trip;
 P'r'aps, he paid, after all, for his passage;
 P'r'aps, he wasn't the pet of the ship!

An' if that little chap ain't a model
 For all, young or old, short or tall,
 And if that ain't the stuff to make men of,
 Old Ben, he knows naught after all.

MATTHISON.

DO YOUR BEST.

 O your best, your very best,
 And do it every day.
 Little boys and little girls,
 That is the wisest way.

Whatever work comes to your hand,
 At home or at your school,
 Do your best with right good will;
 It is a golden rule.

For he who always does his best,
 His best will better grow;
 But he who shirks or slights his task,
 Lets all the better go.

What if your lessons should be hard?
 You need not yield to sorrow,
 For he who bravely works to-day,
 His task grows bright to-morrow.

A BOY'S OPINION.

THE girls may have their dollies,
 Made of china or of wax ;
 I prefer a little hammer,
 And a paper full of tacks.

There's such comfort in a chisel !
 And such music in a file !
 I wish that little pocket-saws
 Would get to be the style !

My kite may fly up in the tree ;
 My sled be stuck in mud ;
 And all my hopes of digging wells
 Be nipped off in the bud.

But with a little box of nails,
 A gimlet and a screw,
 I'm happier than any king ;
 I've work enough to do.

THE SOLDIER'S PARDON.

WILD blew the gale in Gibraltar one night,
 As a soldier lay stretched in his cell ;
 And anon, 'mid the darkness, the moon's
 silver light

On his countenance dreamily fell.
 Naught could she reveal, but a man true as steel
 That oft for his country had bled ;
 And the glance of his eye might the grim king
 defy
 For despair, fear, and trembling had fled.

But in rage he had struck a well-merited blow
 At a tyrant who held him in scorn ;
 And his fate soon was sealed, for alas ! honest Joe
 Was to die on the following morn.
 Oh ! sad was the thought to a man that had fought
 'Mid the ranks of the gallant and brave,
 To be shot through the breast at a coward's behest,
 And laid low in a criminal's grave !

The night call had sounded, when Joe was aroused
 By a step at the door of his cell ;
 'Twas a comrade with whom he had often caroused ;
 That now entered to bid him farewell.
 " Ah ! Tom, is it you come to bid me adieu ?
 'Tis kind, my lad ; give me your hand !
 Nay, —nay, —don't get wild, man, and make me
 a child !—
 I'll be soon in a happier land."

With hands clasped in silence, Tom mournfully
 said,

"Have you any request, Joe, to make ?—
 Remember by me 'twill be fully obeyed :
 Can I anything do for your sake ?"
 "When it's over to-morrow," he said, filled with
 sorrow,
 "Send this token to her whom I've sworn
 All my fond love to share !"—'Twas a lock of
 his hair,
 And a prayer-book, all faded and worn.

"Here's this watch for my mother ; and when
 you write home,"—
 And he dashed a bright tear from his eye—
 "Say I died with my heart in old Devonshire, Tom,
 Like a man and a soldier !—Good-by !"
 Then the sergeant on guard at the grating ap-
 peared,
 And poor Tom had to leave the cold cell,
 By the moon's glim'ring light, with a husky
 "Good-night !
 God be with you, dear comrade,—farewell !"

Gray dawned the morn in a dull, cloudy sky
 When the blast of a bugle resounded,
 And Joe, ever fearless, went forward to die,
 By the hearts of true heroes surrounded.
 "Shoulder arms !" was the cry as the prisoner
 passed by ;
 "To the right-about—march !" was the word ;
 And their pale faces proved how their comrade
 was loved,
 And by all his brave regiment adored.



THE SICK CHILD.

(Suggestion For Tableau.)

"Jessie tired, mamma; good-night, papa; Jessie see you
in the morning."



AN OLD TIME 'TEA
(Suggestion for Tableau)

Right onward they marched to the dread field of doom ;

Sternly silent they covered the ground ;
Then they formed in line amid sadness and gloom,

While the prisoner looked calmly around.
Then soft on the air rose the accents of prayer
And faint tolled the solemn death-bell,
As he knelt on the sand, and with uplifted hand,
Waved the long and the lasting farewell.

"Make ready !" exclaimed an imperious voice ;
"Present !" —struck a chill on each mind ;
Ere the last word was spoke, Joe had cause to rejoice,

For "Hold!—Hold!" cried a voice from behind.

Then wild was the joy of them all, man and boy,

As a horseman cried, "Mercy!—Forbear!"
With a thrilling "Hurrah!—a free pardon!—
'Huzzah!'"

And the muskets rang loud in the air.

Soon the comrades were locked in each other's embrace ;

No more stood the brave soldiers dumb :
With a loud cheer, they wheeled to the right about-face,

Then away at the sound of the drum !
And a brighter day dawned in sweet Devon's fair land,

Where the lovers met never to part ;
And he gave her a token—true, warm, and unbroken—

The gift of his own gallant heart.

JAMES SMITH.

AFTER TWENTY YEARS.

THE coffin was a plain one—a poor miserable pine coffin. One flower on the top ; no lining of white satin for the pale brow ; no smooth ribbons about the coarse shroud. The brown hair was laid decently back, but there was no primed cap with the tie beneath the chin. The sufferer of cruel poverty smiled in her sleep ; she had found bread, rest and health.

"I want to see my mother," sobbed a poor little child, as the undertaker screwed down the top.

"You cannot ; get out of my way, boy ; why does not someone take the brat?"

"Only let me see one minute!" cried the orphan, clutching the side of the charity box, as he gazed upon the coffin, agonized tears streaming down the cheeks on which the childish bloom ever lingered. Oh ! it was painful to hear him cry the words: "Only once ; let me see my mother, only once!"

Quickly and brutally the heartless monster struck the boy away, so that he reeled with the blow. For a moment the boy stood panting with grief and rage—his blue eyes distended,

his lips sprang apart, fire glistened through his eyes as he raised his little arm with a most unchildish laugh, and screamed: "When I'm a man I'll be revenged for that!"

There was a coffin and a heap of earth between the mother and the poor forsaken child—a monument much stronger than granite, built in the boy's heart, the memory of the heartless deed.

The court house was crowded to suffocation. "Does any one appear as this man's counsel?" asked the judge.

There was a silence when he had finished, until, with lips tightly pressed together, a look of strange intelligence, blended with haughty reserve on his handsome features, a young man stepped forward with a firm tread and a kindly eye to plead for the friendless one. He was a stranger, but at the first sentence there was a silence. The splendor of his genius entranced—convinced.

The man who could not find a friend was acquitted.

"May God bless you, sir ; I cannot!" he exclaimed.

"I want no thanks," replied the stranger.

"I—I—I—believe you are unknown to me."

"Sir, I will refresh your memory. Twenty years ago this day you struck a broken-hearted little boy away from his mother's coffin. I was that boy."

The man turned pale.

"Have you rescued me then to take my life?"

"No ; I have a sweeter revenge. I have saved the life of a man whose brutal conduct has rankled in my breast for the last twenty years. Go, then, and remember the tears of a friendless child."

The man bowed his head in shame, and went from the presence of magnanimity—as grand to him as it was incomprehensible.

SCOTT AND THE VETERAN.

AN old and crippled veteran to the War Department came,
He sought the Chief who led him on
many a field of fame—
The chief who shouted "Forward!" where'er
his banner rose,
And bore its stars in triumph behind the flying
foes.

"Have you forgotten, General," the battered
soldier cried,

"The days of eighteen hundred twelve, when I
was at your side?

Have you forgotten Johnson, who fought at
Lundy's Lane?

'Tis true, I'm old and pensioned, but I want to
fight again."

"Have I forgotten?" said the chief, "my
brave old soldier, no!

And here's the hand I gave you then, and let it
tell you so ;

But you have done your share, my friend ;
you're crippled, old and gray,

And we have need of younger arms and fresher
blood to-day."

"But, General," cried the veteran, a flush upon
his brow,

"The very men who fought with us, they say
are traitors now ;

They've torn the flag of Lundy's Lane, our old
red, white and blue,

And while a drop of blood is left, I'll show
that drop is true.

"I'm not so weak but I can strike, and I've a
good old gun,
To get the range of traitor's hearts, and prick
them, one by one.

Your minie rifles and such arms, it ain't worth
while to try ;

I couldn't get the hang o' them, but I'll keep
my powder dry!"

"God bless you, comrade!" said the chief,
"God bless your loyal heart!

But younger men are in the field, and claim to
have a part ;

They'll plant our sacred banner firm in each
rebellious town,

And woe, henceforth, to any hand that dares to
pull it down!"

"But, General,"—still persisting, the weeping
veteran cried,

"I'm young enough to follow, so long as you're
my guide ;

And some, you know, must bite the dust, and
that, at least, can I ;

So give the young ones place to fight, but me a
place to die!

"If they should fire on Pickens, let the colonel
in command

Put me upon the rampart with the flag-staff in
my hand :

No odds how hot the cannon-rocks, or how the
shell may fly,

I'll hold the stars and stripes aloft, and hold
them till I die!

"I'm ready, General; so you let a post to me
be given,
Where Washington can look at me as he looks
down from heaven,
And say to Putnam at his side, or, maybe,
General Wayne,—
'There stands old Billy Johnson, who fought at
Lundy's Lane.'

"And when the fight is raging hot, before the
traitors fly,
When shell and ball are screeching, and bursting
in the sky,
If any shot should pierce through me, and lay
me on my face,
My soul would go to Washington's and not to
Arnold's place." BAYARD TAYLOR.

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

I LOOKED far back into other years, and
lo! in bright array,
I saw, as in a dream, the forms of ages
passed away.
It was a stately convent, with its old and lofty
walls,
And gardens with their broad green walks, where
soft the footstep falls;
And o'er the antique dial stone the creeping
shadow passed,
And all around, the noonday sun a drowsy radi-
ance cast.
No sound of busy life was heard, save from the
cloisters dim,
The tinkling of the silver bell, or the sisters'
holy hymn.
And there five noble maidens sat beneath the
orchard trees,
In that first budding spring of youth, when all
its prospects please;
And little recked they, when they sang, or knelt
at vesper prayers,
That Scotland knew no prouder names, held
none more dear than theirs;
And little even the loveliest thought, before the
holy shrine,
Of royal blood and high descent from the ancient
Stuart line!
Calmly her happy days flew on, uncounted in
their flight,
And as they flew, they left behind a long-con-
tinuing light.
The scene was changed. It was the court, the
gay court of Bourbon,

And 'neath a thousand silver lamps a thousand
courtiers throng;
And proudly kindles Henry's eye—well pleased,
I ween, to see
The land assemble all its wealth of grace and
chivalry;
But fairer far than all the rest who bask on for-
tune's tide,
Effulgent in the light of youth, is she, the new-
made bride!
The homage of a thousand hearts—the fond deep
love of one—
The hopes that dance around a life whose charms
are but begun—
They lighten up her chestnut eye, they mantle
o'er her cheek,
They sparkle on her open brow, and high-souled
joy bespeak;
Ah! who shall blame, if scarce that day, through
all its brilliant hours,
She thought of that quiet convent's calm, its sun-
shine and its flowers?
The scene was changed. It was a bark that
slowly held its way,
And o'er its lee the coast of France in the light
of evening lay;
And on its deck a lady sat, who gazed with tear-
ful eyes
Upon the fast-receding hills, that dim and dis-
tant rise.
No marvel that the lady wept—there was no land
on earth
She loved like that dear land, although she owed
it not her birth;

It was her mother's land, the land of childhood
and of friends—

It was the land where she had found for all her
griefs amends—

The land where her dead husband slept—the
land where she had known

The tranquil convent's hushed repose, and the
splendors of a throne ;

No marvel that the lady wept—it was the land of
France—

The chosen home of chivalry, the garden of
romance !

The past was bright, like those fair hills so far
beyond her bark ;

The future, like the gathering night, was omin-
ous and dark !

One gaze again—one long, last gaze—"Adieu,
fair France, to thee !"

The breeze comes forth—she is alone on the
unconscious sea !

The scene was changed. It was an eve of raw
and surly mood,

And in a turret chamber high of ancient Holy-
rood

Sat Mary, listening to the rain, and sighing with
the winds,

That seemed to suit the stormy state of men's
uncertain minds.

The touch of care had blanched her cheek,—her
smile was sadder now,

The weight of royalty had pressed too heavy on
her brow ;

And traitors to her councils came, and rebels to
the field ;

The Stuart SCEPTER well she swayed, but the
SWORD she could not wield.

She thought of all her blighted hopes—the
dreams of youth's brief day,

And summoned Rizzio with his lute, and bade
the minstrel play

The songs she loved in early years—the songs of
gay Navarre,

The songs, perchance, that erst were sung by
gallant Chatelar ;

They half beguiled her of her cares, they soothed
her into smiles,

They won her thoughts from bigot zeal, and
fierce domestic broils ;

But hark ! the tramp of armed men ! the Doug-
las' battle cry !

They come, they come !—and lo ! the scowl of
Ruthven's hollow eye !

And swords are drawn, and daggers gleam, and
tears and words are vain—

The ruffian steel is in his heart—the faithful
Rizzio's slain !

Then Mary dashed aside the tears that trickling
fell ;

"Now for my father's arm !" she said, "my
woman's heart, farewell !"

The scene was changed. It was a lake, with one
small lonely isle,

And there with the prison-walls of its baronial
pile,

Stern men stood menacing their Queen, till she
should stoop to sign

The traitorous scroll that snatched the crown
from her ancestral line.

"My lords, my lords !" the captive said, "were
I but once more free,

With ten good knights on yonder shore, to aid
my cause and me,

That parchment would I scatter wide to every
breeze that blows,

And once more reign a Stuart Queen o'er my
remorseless foes !"

A red spot burned upon her cheek—streamed
her rich tresses down,

She wrote the words—she stood erect—a QUEEN
WITHOUT A CROWN !

The scene was changed. A royal host a royal
banner bore,

And the faithful of the land stood round their
smiling Queen once more ;

She stayed her steed upon a hill—she saw them
marching by—

She heard their shouts—she read success in every
flashing eye.

The tumult of the strife begins—it roars—it
dies away ;

And Mary's troops and banners now, and court-
iers—where are they ?

Scattered and strawn and flying far, defenseless
and undone—

Alas ! to think what she has lost, and all that
guilt has won !

—Away ! away ! thy gallant steed must act no
laggard's part ;

Yet vain his speed—for thou dost bear the arrow
in thy heart !

The scene was changed. Beside the block a
sullen headsman stood,

And gleamed the broad-axe in his hand. that
soon must drip with blood.

With slow and steady step there came a lady
through the hall,

And breathless silence chained the lips and
touched the heart of all.

I knew that queenly form again, though blighted
was its bloom—

I saw that grief had decked it out—an offering
for the tomb !

I knew the eye, though faint its light, that once
so brightly shone :

I knew the voice, though feeble now, that
thrilled with every tone.

I knew the ringlets, almost gray, once threads
of living gold ;

I knew that bounding grace of step—that sym-
metry of mould !

Even now I see her far away, in that calm con-
vent aisle,

I hear her chant her vesper hymn, I mark her
holy smile—

Even now I see her bursting forth, upon the
bridal morn,

A new star in the firmament, to light and glory
born !

Alas ! the change !—she placed her foot upon a
triple throne,

And on the scaffold now she stands—beside the
block—ALONE !

The little dog that licks her hand—the last of all
the crowd

That sunned themselves beneath her glance, and
round her footsteps bowed !

—Her neck is bared—the blow is struck—the
soul has passed away !

The bright, the beautiful, is now a bleeding piece
of clay !

The dog is moaning piteously ; and, as it gur-
gles o'er,

Laps the warm blood that trickling runs un-
heeded to the floor !

The blood of beauty, wealth and power—the
heart blood of a Queen—

The noblest of the Stuart race—the fairest earth
has seen—

Lapped by a dog ! Go, think of it, in silence
and alone ;

Then weigh against a grain of sand the glories of
a throne !

H. G. BELL.

THE FIREMAN.

THE city slumbers. O'er its mighty walls
Night's dusky mantle, soft and silent falls ;
Sleep o'er the world slow waves its wand
of lead,

And ready torpors wrap each sinking head.

Stilled is the stir of labor and of life ;

Hushed is the hum, and tranquilized the strife.

Man is at rest, with all his hopes and fears ;

The young forget their sports, the old their cares ;

The grave are careless ; those who joy or weep
All rest contented on the arm of sleep.

Sweet is the pillowed rest of beauty now,

And slumber smiles upon her tranquil brow ;

Her bright dreams lead her to the moonlit tide,

Her heart's own partner wandering by her side ;

'Tis summer's eve ; the soft gales scarcely rouse

The low-voiced ripple and the rustling boughs ;

And, faint and far, some minstrel's melting tone
Breathes to her heart a music like its own.

When, hark! O horror! what a crash is there!
What shriek is that which fills the midnight air?
'Tis fire! 'tis fire! She wakes to dream no more;
The hot blast rushes through the blazing door;
The dun smoke eddies round; and, hark! that
cry:

"Help! help! Will no one aid? I die, I die!"
She seeks the casement; shuddering at its height
She turns again; the fierce flames mock her
flight;

Along the crackling stairs they fiercely play,
And roar, exulting, as they seize their prey.

"Help! help! Will no one come?" She can
no more,

But, pale and breathless, sinks upon the floor.

Will no one save thee? Yes, there yet is one
Remains to save, when hope itself is gone;

When all have fled, when all but him would fly,
The fireman comes, to rescue or to die.

He mounts the stair,—it wavers 'neath his
tread;

He seeks the room, flames flashing round his
head;

He bursts the door; he lifts her prostrate frame,
And turns again to brave the raging flame.

The fire-blast smites him with its stifling breath;
The falling timbers menace him with death;

The sinking floors his hurried step betray;
And ruin crashes round his desperate way;

Hot smoke obscures, ten thousand cinders rise,
Yet still he staggers forward with his prize;

He leaps from burning stair to stair. On! on!
Courage! One effort more, and all is won!

The stair is passed,—the blazing hall is braved;
Still on! yet on! once more! *Thank Heaven,
she's saved!*

ROBERT T. CONRAD.

THE BURNING SHIP.

[Rapid rate, full force. They are also passages for special pitch. "Fire" should be uttered with explosive force.]

THE storm o'er the ocean flew furious and
fast,

And the waves rose in foam at the voice
of the blast,

And heavily labored the gale-beaten ship,
Like a stout hearted swimmer, the spray at his
lip;

And dark was the sky o'er the mariner's path,
Save when the wild lightning illumined in wrath,
A young mother knelt in the cabin below,
And pressing her babe to her bosom of snow,
She prayed to her God, 'mid he hurricane wild,
"O Father, have mercy, look down on my
child!"

It passed—the fierce whirlwind careered on its
way,

And the ship like an arrow divided the spray;
Her sails glimmered white in the beams of the
moon,

And the wind up aloft seemed to whistle a tune
—to whistle a tune.

There was joy in the ship as she furrowed the
foam,

For fond hearts within her were dreaming of
home.

The young mother pressed her fond babe to her
breast,

And the husband sat cheerily down by her side,
And looked with delight on the face of his bride.

"Oh, happy," said he, "when our roaming is
o'er,

We'll dwell in our cottage that stands by the
shore.

Already in fancy its roof I descry,
And the smoke of its hearth curling up to the sky;
Its garden so green, and its vine-covered wall;
The kind friends awaiting to welcome us all,
And the children that sport by the old oaken
tree."

Ah gently the ship glided over the sea!

Hark! what was that? Hark! Hark to the
shout!

"Fire!" Then a tramp and a rout, and a tumult of voices uprose on the air;—
And the mother knelt down, and the half-spoken prayer,
That she offered to God in her agony wild,
Was, "Father, have mercy, look down on my child!"
She flew to her husband, she clung to his side,
Oh there was her refuge whate'er might betide.
"Fire!" "Fire!" It was raging above and below—
And the cheeks of the sailors grew pale at the sight,
And their eyes glistened wild in the glare of the light.
'Twas vain o'er the ravage the waters to drip;
The pitiless flame was the lord of the ship,
And the smoke in thick wreaths mounted higher and higher.
"O God, it is fearful to perish by fire."

Alone with destruction, alone on the sea,
"Great Father of mercy, our hope is in thee."
Sad at heart and resigned, yet undaunted and brave,
They lowered the boat, a mere speck on the wave.
First entered the mother, enfolding her child:
It knew she caressed it, looked upward and smiled.
Cold, cold was the night as they drifted away,
And mistily dawned o'er the pathway the day—
And they prayed for the light, and at noontide about,
The sun o'er the waters shone joyously out.
"Ho! a sail! Ho! a sail!" cried the man at the lea,
"Ho! a sail!" and they turned their glad eyes o'er the sea.
"They see us, they see us, the signal is waved!
They bear down upon us, they bear down upon us:
Huzza! we are saved."

BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL.

IT was a starry night in June, the air was soft and still,
When the "minute men" from Cambridge came, and gathered on the hill;
Beneath us lay the sleeping town, around us frowned the fleet;
But the pulse of freemen, not of slaves, within our bosoms beat,
And every heart rose high with hope, as fearlessly we said,
"We will be numbered with the free, or numbered with the dead."
"Bring out the line to mark the trench, and stretch it on the sward;"
The trench is marked, the tools are brought, we utter not a word,
But stack our guns, then fall to work with mattock and with spade,—
A thousand men with sinewy arms, and not a sound is made,

So still were we the stars beneath that scarce a whisper fell;
We heard the red-coat's musket-click, and heard him cry "All's well!"
And here and there a twinkling port, reflected on the deep,
In many a wavy shadow showed their sullen guns asleep.
Sleep on, ye bloody, hireling crew! In careless slumber lie!
The trench is growing broad and deep, the breast-work broad and high.
No striplings we, but bear the arms that held the French in check,
The drum that beat at Louisburg and thundered in Quebec.
And thou whose promise is deceit, no more thy word we'll trust;

Thou butcher Gage, thy power and thee we'll
humble in the dust ;
Thou and thy tory minister have boasted to thy
brood,
"The lintels of the faithful shall be sprinkled
with our blood."
But though these walls those lintels be, thy zeal
is all in vain,—
A thousand freeman shall rise up for every free-
man slain !
And when o'er trampled crowns and thrones they
raise the mighty shout,
This soil their Palestine shall be—their altar
this redoubt !

See how the morn is breaking ! the red is in the
sky ;
The mist is creeping from the stream that floats
in silence by ;
The *Lively's* hull looms through the fog, and
they our works have spied,
For the ruddy flash and round shot part in
thunder from her side ;
And the *Falcon* and the *Cerberus* make every
bosom thrill,
With gun and shell and drum and bell and
boatswain's whistle shrill,
But deep and wider grows the trench as spade
and mattock ply,
For we have to cope with fearful odds, and the
time is drawing nigh.

Up with the pine-tree banner ! Our gallant
Prescott stands
Amid the plunging shell and shot, and plants it
with his hands ;
Up with the shout ! for Putnam comes upon his
reeking bay,
With bloody spur and foamy bit, in haste to join
the fray ;
And Pomeroy, with his snow-white hairs, and
face all flush and sweat,
Unscathed by French and Indian, wears a youth-
ful glory yet.

But thou, whose soul is glowing in the summer
of thy years

Unvanquished Warren, thou—the youngest of
thy peers—
Wert born, and bred, and shaped and made to
act a patriot's part,
And dear to us thy presence is as life-blood to
the heart.
Well may you bark, ye British wolves—with
leaders such as they,
Not one will fail to follow where they choose to
lead the way !
As once before, scarce two months since, we fol-
lowed on your track.
And with our rifles marked the road you took in
going back !

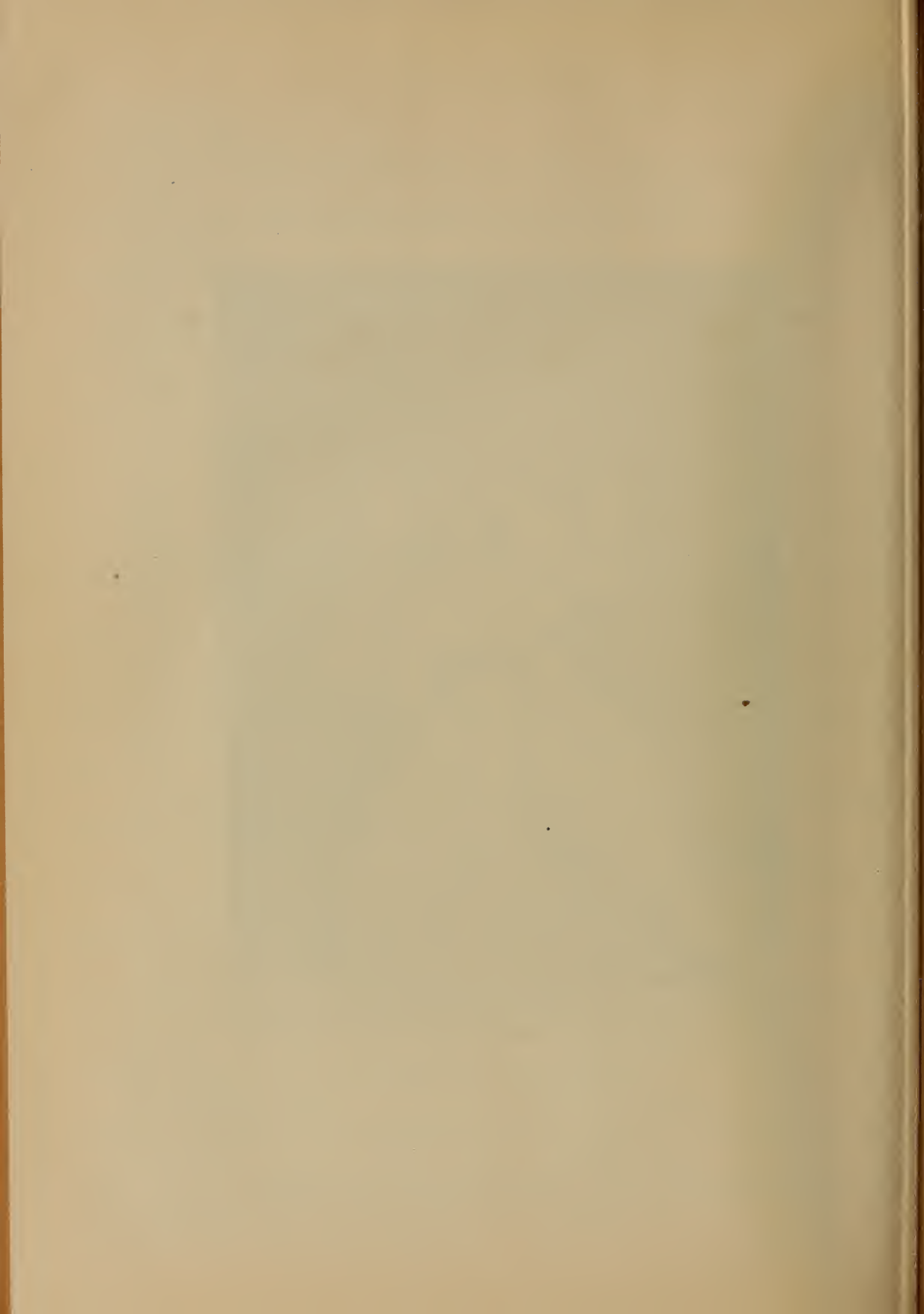
Ye slew a sick man in his bed ; ye slew with
hands accursed
A mother nursing, and her blood fell on the babe
she nursed ;
By their own doors our kinsmen fell, and
perished in the strife ;
But as we hold a hireling's cheap, and dear a
freeman's life,
By Tanner-Brook and Lincoln-Bridge, before the
shut of sun,
We took the recompense we claimed,—*a score
for every one !*

Hark ! from the town a trumpet ! The barges
at the wharf
Are crowded with the living freight, and now
they're pushing off ;
With clash and glitter, trump and drum, in all
its bright array,
Behold the splendid sacrifice move slowly o'er
the bay !
And still and still the barges fill, and still across
the deep,
Like thunder-clouds along the sky, the hostile
transports sweep ;
And now they're forming at the Point, and now
the lines advance ;
We see beneath the sultry sun their polished
bayonets glance ;
We hear a-*near* the throbbing drum, the bugle
challenge ring ;



PHOTO. BY MORRISON, CHICAGO

"DO YOU KNOW ME NOW?"



Quick bursts and loud the flashing cloud, and
rolls from wing to wing.

But on the height our bulwark stands, tremendous
in its gloom,

As sullen as a tropic sky, and silent as a tomb ;
And so we waited till we saw at scarce ten rifles'
length

The old vindictive Saxon spite, in all its stub-
born strength ;

When sudden, flash on flash, around the jagged
ramparts burst,

From every gun the livid light, upon the foe
accursed.

Then quailed a monarch's might before a free-
born people's ire—

Then drank the sward the veteran's life, where
swept the yeoman's fire ;

Then, staggered by the shot, we saw their serried
columns reel

And fall, as falls the bearded rye beneath the
reaper's steel ;

And then arose a mighty shout, that might have
waked the dead,—

“Hurrah ! they run—the field is won ! Hurrah !
the foe is fled !”

And every man has dropped his gun to clutch a
neighbor's hand,

As his heart keeps praying all the while for home
and native land.

Thrice on that day we stood the shock of thrice
a thousand foes,

And thrice that day within our lines the shout of
victory rose ;

And though our swift fire slackened then, and,
reddening in the skies,

We saw from Charlestown's roofs and walls the
flamy columns rise ;

Yet while we had a cartridge left we still main-
tained the fight,

Nor gained the foe one foot of ground upon that
blood-stained height.

What though for us no laurels bloom, nor o'er
the nameless brave

No sculptured trophy, scroll, nor hatch, records
a warrior's grave?

What though the day to us was lost? Upon the
deathless page

The everlasting charter stands, for ever land and
age !

For man hath broke his felon bonds and cast
them in the dust.

And claimed his heritage divine and justified
his trust ;

While through his rifted prison-bars the hues of
freedom pour,

O'er every nation, race, and clime, on every sea
and shore,

Such glories as the patriarch viewed, when, 'mid
the darkest skies,

He saw above the ruined world the bow of
promise rise.

FREDERICK S. COZZENS.

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

A THOUGHTFUL mind, when it sees a
nation's flag, sees not the flag only, but
the nation itself ; and whatever may be
its symbols, its insignia, he reads chiefly in the
flag the government, the principles, the truths,
the history, which belong to the nation that sets
it forth.

When the French tricolor rolls out to the
wind, we see France. When the new-found
Italian flag is unfurled, we see resurrected Italy.

When the other three-cornered Hungarian rag
shall be lifted to the wind, we shall see in it the
long-buried but never dead principles of Hun-
garian liberty. When the united crosses of St.
Andrew and St. George on a fiery ground set
forth the banner of Old England, we see not the
cloth merely ; there rises up before the mind the
noble aspect of that monarchy, which, more
than any other on the globe, has advanced its
banner for liberty, law, and national prosperity.

This nation has a banner too; and whenever it streamed abroad, men saw daybreak bursting on their eyes, for the American flag has been the symbol of liberty, and men rejoiced in it. Not another flag on the globe had such an errand, or went forth upon the sea, carrying everywhere, the world around, such hope for the captive and such glorious tidings.

The stars upon it were to the pining nations like the morning stars of God, and the stripes upon it were beams of morning light.

As at early dawn the stars stand first, and then it grows light, and then as the sun advances, the light breaks into banks and streaming lines of color, the glowing red and intense white striving together and ribbing the horizon with bars effulgent, so on the American flag, stars and beams of many colored light shine out together. And wherever the flag comes, and men behold it, they see in its sacred emblazonry, no rampant lion and fierce eagle, but only LIGHT, and every fold significant of liberty.

The history of this banner is all on one side. Under it rode Washington and his armies; before it Burgoyne laid down his arms. It waved on the highlands at West Point; it floated over old Fort Montgomery. When Arnold would have surrendered these valuable fortresses and precious legacies, his night was turned into day, and his treachery was driven away, by the beams of light from this starry banner.

It cheered our army, driven from New York, in their solitary pilgrimage through New Jersey. It streamed in light over Valley Forge and Morristown. It crossed the waters rolling with ice at Trenton; and when its stars gleamed in the cold morning with victory, a new day of hope dawned on the despondency of the nation. And when, at length, the long years of war were drawing to a close, underneath the folds of this immortal banner sat Washington while Yorktown surrendered its hosts, and our Revolutionary struggles ended with victory.

Let us then twine each thread of the glorious tissue of our country's flag about our heart-strings; and looking upon our homes and catching the spirit that breathes upon us from the battle-fields of our fathers, let us resolve, come weal or woe, we will, in life and in death, now and forever, stand by the stars and stripes. They have been unfurled from the snows of Canada to the plains of New Orleans, in the halls of the Montezumas and amid the solitude of every sea, and everywhere, as the luminous symbol of resistless and beneficent power, they have led the brave to victory and to glory. They have floated over our cradles; let it be our prayer and our struggle that they shall float over our graves. In this consists our hope, and without it there can be no future for our nation.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

THE CIRCUS BOY.

I LEFT the little town behind
And took the path that led
Up to the churchyard on the heath,
The city of the dead.

In letters plain I found these words
Upon a cross of wood:
"Here lies the little circus boy,
Who did the best he could."

So strange I thought this epitaph,
I asked a farmer's wife,

Who gladly told me all she knew,
Of his unhappy life.

She said: "The circus came to town
A year or so ago,
And so, my husband and myself,
We went to see the show.

"A hundred clever things we saw,
That filled us with delight,
And then when little Dono came
We clapped with all our might.

“He climbed up to a ladder top
And stood upon his head,
He danced upon a rope so small
You’d snap it like a thread.

“At last they brought two horses in,
And, climbing up in haste,
As fast they galloped round the track
One foot on each he placed.

“He rode amid the deafening cheers
Till, on the second round,
His right foot slipped, and with a shriek
He fell upon the ground.

“The manager picked up the boy,
Whose limbs were sprained and sore ;
He cried, ‘You fell off purposely,’
And angrily he swore.

“‘How now,’ he said, ‘do you suppose
That you can earn your food?’
The little fellow answered him,
‘I did the best I could.’

“The heartless man turned round, when shrieks
Were heard on every side ;
‘The tiger’s loose—the tiger’s loose !’
They horror-stricken cried.

“He looked, right in the tiger’s path,
There sat his little child,
And, as the tiger crouched to spring,
Looked round in terror wild.

“‘O God ! Oh, save my child,’ he cried,
When, springing to his feet,
Young Dono rushed upon the beast,
An awful death to meet.

“The child was saved, then shots were heard,
The angry beast was dead,
They picked poor Dono up all cut
And torn from foot to head.

“‘How brave,’ the weeping father said,
‘How generous and good !’
And dying Dono answered him,
‘I did the best I could.’”

A. A. VIVYAN THOMSON.

THE GRANGER’S WIFE.

I KNOW what it is to live in a cabin—a little
log cabin, hid under the trees,—
And feel the long days pass away in the
kitchen, with hardly a chance for enjoy-
ment and ease.

I know what it is to rise in the morning at five,
or soon after, the milking to do,
And all through the day, free from frolic or
laughter, to attend to my knitting or
spinning for you.

I know what it is to wait at the noonday my
husband’s return from a newly cleared
field ;

And when he related how much it would pay
him I was happy and proud at the thought
of such yield.

I know what it is to struggle with care,— to keep
a warm hearth when the world looked so
cold,—

And often in life I have asked it in prayer that
time would return us some blessings when
old.

I know what it is, when the wolf at the door
howled grimly and loudly for bread,
To live upon meal till the *meal* was no more,
then use something coarser instead.

I know what it is on a hot summer day to work
like a *man* in the sun,
In gathering grain, or unloading the hay, and
holding on late, till ’twas done.

I know what it is when our best years are past
to move from a cabin and live
A few pleasant days in more modern ways; --
but my life is a half-empty sieve.

It seems like a dream in waking, a gleam of happiness covered with care,
How much of its joy is mixed with alloy; how little remains to my share!

I know what it is to have looked on my life as a rainbow of beautiful hue,
When the future of love, like the angels above, was painted so holy and true.

When a girl with my mother, I foretold my fate, and wondered how else it could be
Than a garden of ease, to live and to please, and to have everybody please me.

I know what it is to have married a youth that I loved for his heart and his face;
To have seen him work on till the battle was won and poverty yielded to place.

I know what it is to see people grow rich and abundantly prosper in life;—

But I've noticed the man who gets rich as he can, too often neglects his own wife.

I know what you mean by office and place,—by position, and profit, and trust;
But I learned, long ago, that *it's sorrow to know*, for they drag a man down in the dust!

And when I look back on my girlhood once more the journey of life to review,
My happiest days were in the sun's blaze, when I was so busy with you.


To be sure I am old; but my heart is not cold,—
I'd see our dear children do more;
I'd lift up a land more noble and grand than nations have known heretofore!

Away with deceit! and let us all meet as brothers, so free and content,
And all through the earth let's honor real worth, and save many millions misspent!

As mothers of toil, who helped clear the soil, I feel that our mission and range
Will be brought into play in a wonderful way to build up the power of the *grange*.

J. W. DONOVAN.

LIFE IS WHAT WE MAKE IT.

 LIFE is what we make it. To some, this may appear to be a very singular, if not extravagant statement. You look upon this life and upon this world, and you derive from them, it may be, a very different impression. You see the earth perhaps, only as a collection of blind, obdurate, inexorable elements and powers. You look upon the mountains that stand fast forever; you look upon the seas that roll upon every shore their ceaseless tides; you walk through the annual round of the seasons; all things seem to be fixed,—summer and winter, seed-time and harvest, growth and decay,—and so they are.

But does not the mind spread its own hue

over all these scenes? Does not the cheerful man make a cheerful world? Does not the sorrowing man make a gloomy world? Does not every mind make its own world? Does it not, as if indeed a portion of the Divinity were imparted to it, almost *create* the scene around it? Its power, in fact, scarcely falls short of the theory of those philosophers, who have supposed that the world had no existence at all, but in our own minds.

So again with regard to human life;—it seems to many, probably, unconscious as they are of the mental and moral powers which control it, as if it were made up of fixed conditions, and of immense and impassable distinctions. But

upon all conditions presses down one impartial law. To all situations, to all fortunes, high or low, the *mind* gives their character. They are in effect, not what they are in themselves, but what they are to the feelings of their possessors.

The king upon his throne and amidst his court, may be a mean, degraded, miserable man; a slave to ambition, to voluptuousness, to fear, to *every low passion*. The peasant in his cottage, may be the real monarch,—the moral master of his fate,—the free and lofty being, more than a prince in his happiness, more than a king in honor. And shall the mere names which these men bear, blind us to the actual position which they occupy amidst God's creation? No: beneath the all-powerful law of the heart, the master is often the slave; and the slave is the master.

It is the same creation, upon which the eyes of the cheerful and the melancholy man are fixed; yet how different are the aspects which it bears to them! To the one it is all beauty and gladness; "the waves of the ocean roll in light, and the mountains are covered with day." It seems to him as if life went forth, rejoicing upon every bright wave, and every shining bough,

shaken in the breeze. It seems as if there were more than the eye seeth; a presence of deep joy among the hills and the valleys, and upon the bright waters.

But the gloomy man, stricken and sad at heart, stands idly or mournfully gazing at the same scene, and what is it to him? The very light,—

"Bright effluence of bright essence increate,"

yea, the very light seems to him as a leaden pall thrown over the face of nature. All things wear to his eye a dull, dim, and sickly aspect. The great train of the seasons is passing before him, but he sighs and turns away, as if it were the train of a funeral procession; and he wonders within himself at the poetic representations and sentimental rhapsodies that are lavished upon a world so utterly miserable.

Here then, are two different worlds, in which these two classes of beings live; and they are formed and made what they are, out of the very same scene, only by different states of mind in the beholders. The eye maketh that which it looks upon. The ear maketh its own melodies or discords. The world without reflects the world within.

ORVILLE DEWEY.

A STRAY CHILD.

THE chill November day was done,
The working world home faring;
The wind came roaring through the streets
And set the gas-lights flaring;
And hopelessly and aimlessly
The scared old leaves were flying;
When, mingled with the sighing wind,
I heard a small voice crying.

And shivering on the corner stood
A child of four, or over;
No cloak or hat her small, soft arms,
And wind blown curls to cover.
Her dimpled face was stained with tears;
Her round blue eyes ran over;
She cherished in her wee, cold hand,
A bunch of faded clover.

And one hand round her treasure while
She slipped in mine the other;
Half scared, half confidential, said,
"Oh! please, I want my mother!"
"Tell me you street and number, pet:
Don't cry, I'll take you to it."
Sobbing she answered, "I forget:
The organ made me do it.

"He came and played at Milly's steps,
The monkey took the money;
And so I followed down the street,
The monkey was so funny.
I've walked about a hundred hours,
From one street to another:
The monkey's gone, I've spoiled my flowers,
Oh! please, I want my mother."

"But what's your mother's name? and what
The street? Now think a minute."

"My mother's name is mamma dear—
The street—I can't begin it."

"But what is strange about the house.
Or new—not like the others?"

"I guess you mean my trundle bed,
Mine and my little brother's.

"Oh dear! I ought to be at home
To help him say his prayers,—
He's such a baby he forgets ;
And we are both such players ;—
And there's a bar to keep us both
From pitching on each other,
For Harry rolls when he's asleep :
Oh dear! I want my mother."

The sky grew stormy ; people passed
All muffled, homeward faring :
"You will have to spend the night with me,"
I said at last despairing.
I tied a kerchief round her neck—
"What ribbon's this, my blossom?"
"Why don't you know?" she smiling said,
And drew it from her bosom.

A card with number, street, and name ;
My eyes astonished met it ;
"For," said the little one, "you see
I might sometimes forget it :
And so I wear a little thing
That tells you all about it ;
For mother says she's very sure
I should get lost without it."

ELIZA SPROAT TURNER.

THE VULTURE OF THE ALPS.

I 'VE been among the mighty Alps, and wan-
dered through their vales,
And heard the honest mountaineers relate their
dismal tales,
As round the cottage blazing hearth, when their
daily work was o'er,
They spake of those who disappeared, and ne'er
were heard of more.

For some had gone with daring foot, the craggy
peaks to gain,
Until they seemed like hazy specks, to gazers on
the plain ;
But in a fathomless abyss an icy grave they found,
Or were crushed beneath the avalanche that
starts at human sound :

And there I from a shepherd heard a narrative of
fear,—
A tale to rend a mortal heart, which mothers
might not hear ;
The tears were standing in his eyes, his voice
was tremulous ;
But wiping all those tears away, he told his
story thus :

"It is among these barren cliffs the ravenous
vulture dwells,
Who never fattens on the prey, which from afar
he smells,
But patient, watching hour on hour, upon a lofty
rock,
He singles out some truant lamb, a victim, from
the flock.

"One cloudless Sabbath summer morn, the sun
was rising high,
When, from my children on the green, I heard a
fearful cry,
As if some awful deed were done, a shriek of
grief and pain,
A cry, I humbly trust in God, I ne'er may hear
again.

"I hurried out to learn the cause ; but over-
whelmed with fright,
The children never ceased to shriek ; and from
my frenzied sight
I missed the youngest of my babes, the darling
of my care ;—
But something caught my searching eyes, slow
sailing through the air.

"Oh! what an awful spectacle to meet a father's
eye,
His infant made a vulture's prey, with terror to
descry;
And know, with agonizing breast, and with a
maniac rave,
That earthly power could not avail that innocent
to save!

"My infant stretched his little hands imploringly
to me,
And struggled with the ravenous bird, all vainly,
to get free:
At intervals, I heard his cries, as loud he
shrieked and screamed!
Until upon the azure sky a lessening spot they
seemed.


"The vulture flapped his sail-like wings, though
heavily he flew;
A mote upon the sun's broad face, he seemed
unto my view,
But once I thought I saw him stoop, as if he
would alight,—
'Twas only a delusive thought, for all had van-
ished quite.

"All search was vain, and years had passed;
that child was ne'er forgot,
When once a daring hunter climbed unto a lofty
spot,
From whence upon a rugged crag the chamois
never reached,
He saw an infant's fleshless bones the elements
had bleached!

"I clambered up that rugged cliff—I could not
stay away,—
I knew they were my infant's bones thus hasten-
ing to decay;
A tattered garment yet remained, though torn to
many a shred:
The crimson cap he wore that morn was still
upon his head."

That dreary spot is pointed out to travelers,
passing by,
Who often stand, and musing gaze, nor go with-
out a sigh;
And as I journeyed, the next morn, along the
sunny way,
The precipice was shown to *me*, whereon the
infant lay.

THE PROGRESS OF HUMANITY.

ET us, then, be of good cheer. From the
great law of progress we may derive at
once our duties and our encouragements.
Humanity has ever advanced, urged by the
instincts and necessities implanted by God,—
thwarted sometimes by obstacles which have
caused it for a time—a moment only, in the im-
mensity of ages—to deviate from its true line,
or to seem to retreat,—but still ever onward.

Amidst the disappointments which may attend
individual exertions, amidst the universal agita-
tions which now surround us, let us recognize
this law, confident that whatever is just, what-
ever is humane, whatever is good, whatever is
true, according to an immutable ordinance of
Providence, in the golden light of the future,
must prevail. With this faith, let us place our

hands, as those of little children, in the great
hand of God. He will ever guide and sustain
us—through pains and perils, it may be—in the
path of progress.

In the recognition of this law, there are
motives to beneficent activity, which shall endure
to the last syllable of life. Let the young em-
brace it: they shall find in it an everliving
spring. Let the old cherish it still: they shall
derive from it fresh encouragement. It shall
give to all, both old and young, a new apprecia-
tion of their existence, a new sentiment of their
force, a new revelation of their destiny.

Be it, then, our duty and our encouragement
to live and to labor, ever mindful of the future.
But let us not forget the past. All ages have
lived and labored for us. From one has come

art, from another jurisprudence, from another the compass, from another the printing-press; from all have proceeded priceless lessons of truth and virtue. The earliest and most distant times are not without a present influence on our daily lives. The mighty stream of progress, though fed by many tributary waters and hidden springs, derives something of its force from the earlier currents which leap and sparkle in the distant mountain recesses, over precipices, among rapids, and beneath the shade of the primeval forest.

Nor should we be too impatient to witness the fulfillment of our aspirations. The daily increasing rapidity of discovery and improvement, and the daily multiplying efforts of beneficence, in later years outstripping the imaginations of the most sanguine, furnish well-grounded assurance that the advance of man will be with a constantly accelerating speed. The extending intercourse among the nations of the earth, and among all the children of the human family, gives new promises of the complete diffusion of truth, penetrating the most distant places. chas-

ing away the darkness of night, and exposing the hideous forms of slavery, of war, of wrong, which must be hated as soon as they are clearly seen.

Cultivate then, a just moderation. Learn to reconcile order with change, stability with progress. This is a wise conservatism; this is a wise reform. Rightly understanding these terms, who would not be a conservative? who would not be a reformer?—a conservative of all that is good, a reformer of all that is evil; a conservative of knowledge, a reformer of ignorance; a conservative of truths and principles whose seat is the bosom of God, a reformer of laws and institutions which are but the wicked or imperfect work of man; a conservative of that divine order which is found only in movement, a reformer of those earthly wrongs and abuses which spring from a violation of the great law of human progress. Blending these two characters in one, let us seek to be, at the same time, REFORMING CONSERVATIVES, AND CONSERVATIVE REFORMERS.

CHARLES SUMNER.

TWO LOVES AND A LIFE.

TO the scaffold's foot she came,
Leaped her black eyes into flame,
Rose and fell her panting breast,—
There a pardon closely pressed.

She had heard her lover's doom,
Traitor death and shameful tomb,—
Heard the price upon his head,
"I will save him," she had said.

"Blue-eyed Annie loves him, too,
She will weep, but Ruth will do;
Who should save him, sore distressed,
Who but she who loves him best?"

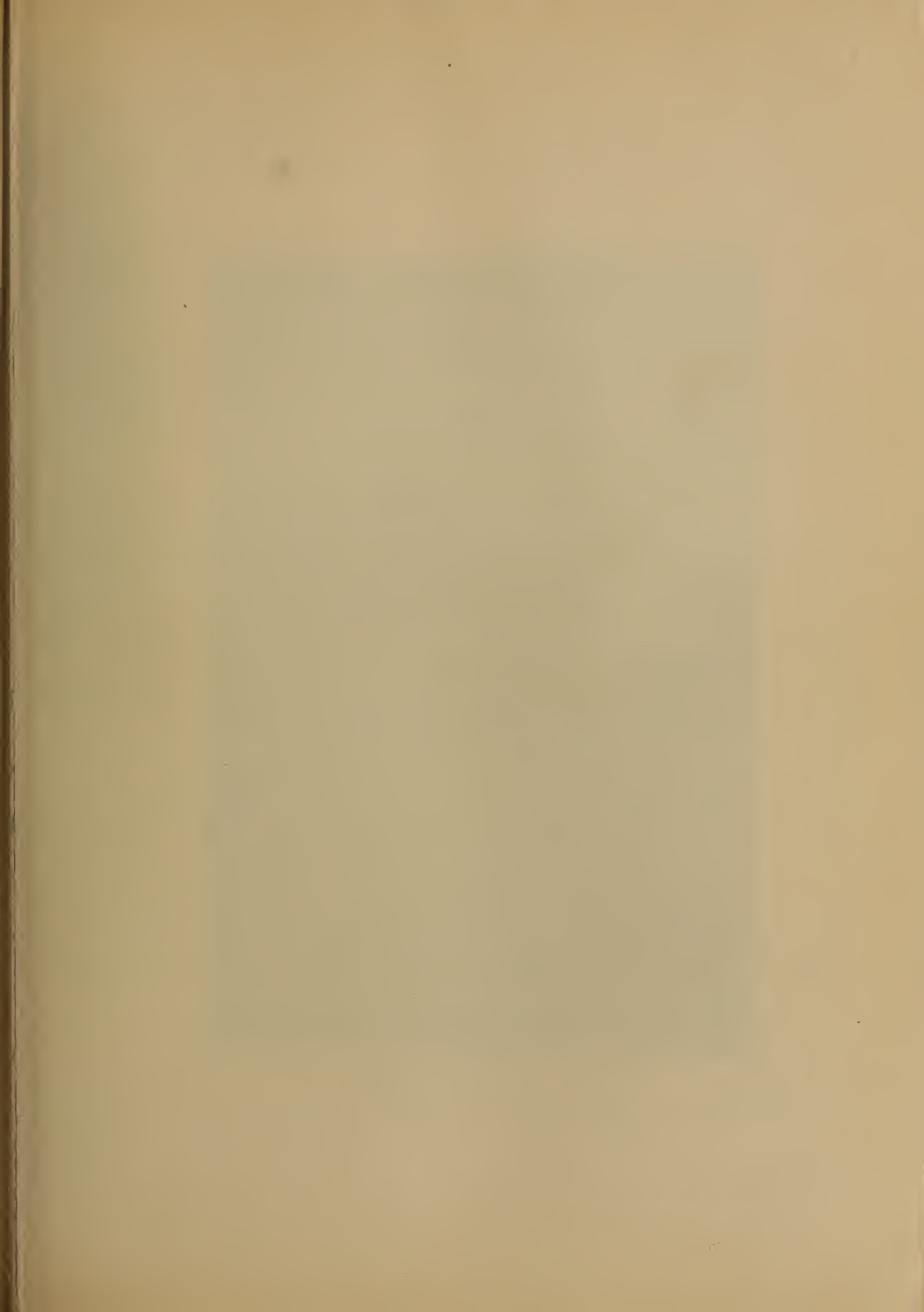
To the scaffold now she came,
On her lips there rose his name,—
Rose, and yet in silence died,—
Annie nestled by his side.

Over Annie's face he bent,
Round her waist his fingers went;
"Wife" he called her—called *her* "wife!"
Simple word to cost a life!

In Ruth's breast the pardon lay;
But she coldly turned away:—
"He has sealed his traitor fate,
I can love, and I can hate."

"Annie is his wife," they said.
"Be it wife, then, to the dead;
Since the dying she will mate:
I can love, and I can hate!"

"What their sin? They do but love;
Let this thought thy bosom move."
Came the jealous answer straight,—
"I can love, and I can hate!"





"SOCIETY IS QUICK TO TRACE
THE MAGIC OF A PLEASING FACE"

"Mercy!" still they cried. But she:
 "Who has mercy upon me?
 Who? My life is desolate—
 I can love, and I can hate!"

From the scaffold stairs she went,
 Shouts the noonday silence rent,
 All the air was quick with cries,—
 "See the traitor! see, he dies!"

Back she looked, with stifled scream,
 Saw the axe upswinging gleam:
 All her woman's anger died,—
 "From the king!" she faintly cried—

"From the king. His name—behold!"
 Quick the parchment she unrolled:
 Paused the axe in upward swing—
 "He is pardoned!" "Live the king!"

Glad the cry, and loud and long:
 All about the scaffold throng,—
 There entwining, fold in fold,
 Raven tresses, locks of gold.

There against Ruth's tortured breast
 Annie's tearful face is pressed,
 While the white lips murmuring move—
 "I can hate—but I can love!"

WILLIAM SAWYER.

A JUDGE'S TEMPERANCE LECTURE.

At Morris, Grundy county, Illinois, three saloon keepers—one woman and two men—were arrested and indicted for selling liquor to minors. As usual in such cases, the liquor sellers were lavish of their funds in aid of their unfortunate co-workers, and eminent counsel was employed in defense of these destroyers of the bodies and souls of the young and rising generation. But the proof of their guilt was so fully demonstrated that the jury was compelled to pronounce them guilty. Hon. J. N. Reading, the presiding Judge, in pronouncing the sentence of the court, used the following language:

THE jury having found you guilty of selling intoxicating liquors to a minor, it remains for the court to pronounce the sentence of the law. The penalty of this offence, fixed by the Legislature, indicates that it considered the crime to be of a serious character. By the law you may sell to men and to women if they will buy. You have given your bond and paid for your license to sell to them, and no one has the right to molest you in your legal business.

No matter what the consequences may be, no matter what poverty and destitution are produced by selling according to law, you have paid your money for this privilege, and you are licensed to pursue your calling. No matter what families are distracted and rendered miserable, no matter what wives are treated with violence, what children starve, or mourn over the degradation of a parent, your business is legalized and no one may interfere with you in it. No matter what mother may agonize over the loss of a son or sister blush for the shame of a brother, you have the right to disregard them *all* and pursue your legal calling; *you are licensed*.

You can fit up your lawful place of business

in the most enticing and captivating form; you can furnish it with the most elegant and costly equipments for your lawful trade; you may fill it with the allurements to amusements; you may use all your arts to induce visitors; you may skillfully arrange and expose to view your choice wines and most captivating beverages; you may then induce thirst by all contrivances to produce a raging appetite for drink; and then you may *supply* that appetite to the full—because it is *lawful*; you have a license.

You may allow boys, almost children, to frequent your saloon; they may witness the apparent satisfaction with which their seniors quaff the sparkling glass; you may be schooling and training them for the period of twenty-one, when they too can participate, for all this is lawful. You may hold the cup to their very lips; but you must not let them drink—that is unlawful. But, while you have all these privileges for the money which you pay, this poor privilege of selling to children is denied you.

Here parents have the right to say, "Leave my son to me until the law gives you the right to destroy him! Do not anticipate that terrible

moment when I can assert for him no further rights of protection ! That will be soon enough for me, for his mother, for his sisters, for his friends, and for the community, to see him take his road to death. Give him to us in his childhood, at least ! Let us have a few years of his young life, in which we may enjoy his innocence, to repay us in some degree for the care and love we have lavished upon him !”

This is something you, who now stand a prisoner at the bar, have *not* paid for ; this is not embraced in your license. You have your “bond” to use in its full extent ; but in thus

taking your “pound of flesh,” you draw the blood, and that which is nearest the heart. The law in its wisdom does not permit this, and you must obey the law. By the verdict of the jury, you have been found guilty of transgressing the law. Its extreme penalty is thirty days’ imprisonment in the county jail, and \$100 fine ; its lowest, ten days’ imprisonment and \$20 fine.

For this offence, the court sentences you to ten days’ imprisonment in the county jail, and that you pay a fine of \$75 and the costs, and that you stand committed until the fine and costs of this prosecution are paid.

THE MISER.

AN old man sat by a fireless hearth,
Though the night was dark and chill,
And mournfully over the frozen earth
The wind sobbed loud and shrill.
His locks were gray, and his eyes were gray,
And dim, but not with tears ;
And his skeleton form had wasted away
With penury, more than years.

A rush-light was casting its fitful glare
O’er the damp and dingy walls,
Where the lizard hath made his slimy lair,
And the venomous spider crawls ;
But the meanest thing in this lonesome room
Was the miser worn and bare,
Where he sat like a ghost in an empty tomb,
On his broken and only chair.

He had bolted the window and barred the door,
And every nook had scanned ;
And felt the fastening o’er and o’er,
With his cold and skinny hand ;
And yet he sat gazing intently round,
And trembled with silent fear,
And started and shuddered at every sound
That fell on his coward ear.

“Ha, ha !” laughed the miser : “I’m safe at last,
From this night so cold and drear,

From the drenching rain and driving blast,
With my gold and treasures here.
I am cold and wet with the icy rain,
And my health is bad, ’tis true ;
Yet if I should light that fire again,
It would cost me a cent or two.

“But I’ll take a sip of the precious wine :
It will banish my cold and fears :
It was given long since by a friend of mine—
I have kept it for many years,”
So he drew a flask from a mouldy nook,
And drank of its ruby tide ;
And his eyes grew bright with each draught he took
And his bosom swelled with pride.

“Let me see : let me see !” said the miser then,
“’Tis some sixty years or more
Since the happy hour when I began
To heap up the glittering store ;
And well have I sped with my anxious toil,
As my crowded chest will show :
I’ve more than would ransom a kingdom’s spoil,
Or an emperor could bestow.”

He turned to an old worm-eaten chest,
And cautiously raised the lid,

And then it shone like the clouds of the west,
 With the sun in their splendor hid :
 And gem after gem, in precious store,
 Is raised with exulting smile ;
 And he counted and counted them o'er and o'er,
 In many a glittering pile.

Why comes the flush to his pallid brow,

While his eyes like his diamonds shine ?
 Why writhes he thus in such torture now ?
 What was there in the wine ?
 He strove his lonely seat to gain :
 To crawl to his nest he tried ;
 But finding his efforts all in vain,
 He clasped his gold, and—*died*.

GEORGE W. CUTTER

TRUE HEROISM.

LET others write of battles fought,
 Of bloody, ghastly fields,
 Where honor greets the man who wins,
 And death, the man who yields ;
 But I will write of him who fights
 And vanquishes his sins,
 Who struggles on through weary years
 Against *himself*, and wins.

He is a hero staunch and brave
 Who fights an unseen foe,
 And puts at last beneath his feet
 His passions base and low ;
 Who stands erect in manhood's might
 Undaunted, undismayed,—
 The bravest man who drew a sword
 In foray, or in raid.

It calls for something more than brawn
 Or muscle to o'ercome
 An enemy who marcheth not
 With banner, plume, and drum—
 A foe forever lurking nigh,
 With silent, stealthy tread ;
 Forever near your board by day,
 At night beside your bed.

All honor, then, to that brave heart !
 Though poor or rich he be,
 Who struggles with his better part—
 Who conquers and is free.
 He may not wear a hero's crown,
 Or fill a hero's grave,
 But truth will place his name among
 The bravest of the brave.

THE BATTLE OF MORGARTEN.

THE wine-month shone in its golden prime,
 And the red grapes clustering hung,
 But a deeper sound, through the Switzer's
 clime,
 Than the vintage-music, rung.
 A sound, through vaulted cave,
 A sound, through echoing glen,
 Like the hollow swell of a rushing wave ;
 —'Twas the tread of steel-girt men.

And a trumpet, pealing wild and far,
 'Midst the ancient rocks was blown,
 Till the Alps replied to that voice of war
 With a thousand of their own.

And through the forest-glooms
 Flashed helmets to the day,
 And the winds were tossing knightly plumes,
 Like the larch-boughs in their play.

In Hasli's wilds there was gleaming steel,
 As the host of the Austrian passed,
 And the Schreckhorn's rocks, with a savage peal,
 Made mirth of his clarion's blast.
 Up 'midst the Righi snows
 The stormy march was heard,
 With the charger's tramp, whence fire-sparks
 rose,
 And the leader's gathering word.

But a band, the noblest band of all,
 Through the rude Morgarten strait,
 With blazoned streamers, and lances tall,
 Moved onwards in princely state.
 They came with heavy chains,
 For the race despised so long—
 But amidst his Alp-domains,
 The herdsman's arm is strong!

The sun was reddening the clouds of morn
 When they entered the rock defile,
 And shrill as a joyous hunter's horn
 Their bugles rung the while.
 But on the misty height,
 Where the mountain people stood,
 There was stillness, as of night,
 When storms at distance brood.

There was stillness, as of deep dead night,
 And a pause—but not of fear,
 While the Switzers gazed on the gathering might
 Of hostile shield and spear.
 On wound those columns bright
 Between the lake and wood,
 But they looked not to the misty height
 Where the mountain-people stood.

The pass was filled with their serried power,
 All helmed and mail-arrayed,
 And their steps had sounds like a thunder-shower
 In the rustling forest-shade.
 There were prince and crested knight,
 Hemmed in by cliff and flood,
 When a shout arose from the misty height
 Where the mountain-people stood.

And the mighty rocks came bounding down,
 Their startled foes among,
 With a joyous whirl from the summit thrown—
 —Oh? the herdsman's arm is strong!
 They came like lauwine hurled
 From Alp to Alp in play,
 When the echoes shout through the snowy
 world
 And the pines are borne away.

The fir-woods crashed on the mountain-side,
 And the Switzers rushed from high,
 With a sudden charge, on the flower and pride
 Of the Austrian chivalry:
 Like hunters of the deer,
 They stormed the narrow dell,
 And first in the shock, with Uri's spear,
 Was the arm of William Tell.

There was tumult in the crowded strait,
 And a cry of wild dismay,
 And many a warrior met his fate
 From a peasant's hand that day!
 And the empire's banner then
 From its place of waving free,
 Went down before the shepherd-men,
 The men of the Forest-sea.

With their pikes and massy clubs they brake
 The cuirass and the shield,
 And the war-horse dashed to the reddening lake
 From the reapers of the field!
 The field—but not of sheaves—
 Proud crests and pennons lay,
 Strewn o'er it thick as the birch-wood leaves,
 In the autumn tempest's way.

Oh! the sun in heaven fierce havoc viewed,
 When the Austrian turned to fly,
 And the brave, in the trampling multitude,
 Had a fearful death to die!
 And the leader of the war
 At eve unhelmed was seen,
 With a hurrying step on the wilds afar,
 And a pale and troubled mien.

But the sons of the land which the freeman tills,
 Went back from the battle toil,
 To their cabin-homes 'midst the deep green hills,
 All burdened with royal spoil.
 There were songs and festal fires
 On the soaring Alps that night,
 When children sprung to meet their sires
 From the wild Morgarten fight.

FELICIA HEMANS.

A VOYAGE AND A HAVEN.

A SOLITARY ship, in mid-ocean, its white sail touched by the silver moonbeams which fall beyond them in a wide glittering track upon the waste of waters. Under the steel-blue sky, on the restless bosom of the beautiful, awful sea, no other object in sight, seemingly in existence, but that silent, gliding ship; grand, even in its littleness, amid the great space; solemn and ghost-like as it moves through the booming waves under the steady heaven-flooding radiance on high. Save for the watch, her decks are solitary, and her human freight is below—sleeping for the most part, all quiet at least.

Mary Pemberton is not sleeping; she lies in her narrow bed, her child upon her arm, listening to the rhythmical rush of the surging waves as they go by the ship; she can see them through the small window of her state-room, where the moonlight daintily tips them with myriad sparkles of silver light. How beautiful the night is, and how unusually still the ship! The straining, the creaking, the flapping, the innumerable sounds which are inseparable from motion on the great deep, and the management of that floating wonder, a ship, are reduced to a minimum to-night, and the sense of quiet is soothing.

Mary is dreaming, though she does not sleep; dreaming of a country that is very far off, and of a waiting figure upon its shore, keeping patient watch for her. And, still dreaming, though she does not sleep, she sees the years of the past go trooping by, they pass before her eyes, float out into the air, and melt into the sparkles upon the waves; a long, long train of them—childhood, girlhood, womanhood, wifehood, motherhood—such is the order in which they pass, and pass away. The faces of the loved long ago, and the lost long ago—father and mother; a sister who died as a young child; a brother whom India slew among its thousands; child-friends; girl-friends; the lover who had been so false to her; the husband who had been so true to her; the home which had been so dear, until, in one

moment, it ceased to be home at all, and home meant thenceforth for Mary the unseen land.

How strangely it came back to her to-night, as she lay with the sleeping infant nestled in her bosom, an atom in the immensity around! It came back with every detail perfect, every foot of ground, every tree, every room, and piece of furniture. Mary felt as though her mind were roaming independent of her will through all the forsaken scenes of her lost happiness, and recognized with a placid surprise that the journey was not all pain. Such small things came out of the deep shadows of the past and showed themselves to her again, things which might be called trifles, only that there are no trifles in the storehouse of memory where death has set its seal; and, strange to say, they did not torture her, as small things can torture more keenly than the greater, because they tell of the frightful continuous intimacy and clinging presence of ruin and desolation.

Mary, wondering, but very placidly, at herself, thought this must be one of the states of mind which she had read of as accompanying bodily weakness. She had been very ill during the early part of the voyage. Yes, it must be so; thus people remembered and mused when the body had less than its usual power over them.

"All my life could not come back to me more uncalled, or more calmly," she thought, "if I were going to him, and knew it, and were just summing it up beforehand."

Then it seemed to Mary that, pressing the infant yet more closely to her breast, she fell asleep, to be aroused by a sudden stir and commotion where all had been so quiet, and to come presently to a confused sense that there was danger somewhere, and all around horrible fear. She found herself in a moment, she knew not how—her child in her arms, and a loose garment wrapped about them both—in the saloon, in the midst of the other passengers, who had been roused, like herself, from peaceful security, with Ida clinging, dumb and terror-stricken, to her; a dreadful clamor of shrieks and weeping break-

ing the moon-lit stillness of the night, and everywhere the awful cry, "Fire! fire!"

A few moments more, and they were on the deck, Mary and Ida, and in the terror and clamor and confusion Bessy West found the other two somehow, and so they formed a separate group amid the crowding, tumultuous agony of the scene. Great clouds of smoke, with red, darting tongues of flame leaping hungrily amid their lurid volume, hung about the rigging; the terrible hissing and crackling in which the Fire King delivers his grim sentence of death sounded in the ears of the doomed passengers. The ship was still moving rapidly through the water, and the moon was still shedding its serene effulgence on the scene. Were all those human creatures to die a terrible death in mid-ocean, on such a night as this, with Heaven's fairest torch-bearer lighting them to their doom? None asked, none knew whence came the death-dealing peril; the fire had been smouldering somewhere for hours, no doubt, and had come stealthily creeping into evidence when its awful and invincible supremacy had grown too sure for remedy, and was gaining new territory too swiftly for combat.

There was no hope of saving the ship. Amid the frightful noise and rushing motion, the unrestrained violence or the cowering abjectness of fear, the knowledge of this fact spread rapidly, and Mary Pemberton understood it at once. "The boats!—the boats!" Several of the crew set to work to get the boats out, and with the usual results. A rush, in which the women were ruthlessly trampled under foot, or pushed overboard, was made for the first boat that was lowered, and it was swamped, with the loss of all who had crowded into it.

A second boat was lowered with more success, the sailors keeping back the crowd by main force, and, in this instance, some sort of discipline was maintained; while all the time volumes of smoke rolled in blinding masses over the devoted vessel, red flames leaped wildly up from a dozen points at once, the terrific uproar was not lulled for an instant, and the sudden rising of the wind hastened the ravages of the fire, and

rendered the danger more hideous and vastly more appalling.

Mary Pemberton had not uttered a word since she and Ida and Bessie West had been swept up to the deck of the ship by the force of the clamoring throng pressing out of the saloon. Holding her baby with one arm, the other placed around Ida's half-senseless form, she stood and looked about her with dry, red, haggard eyes, to see whether there was any help or hope. The infant woke and cried, and she mechanically put it to her breast, and crooned a few notes to it; and it was pacified by the mother's voice. The officers of the ship were striving to keep order, and to get the women conveyed in safety to the second boat, which had been safely lowered. One of them came up to Mrs. Pemberton, and would have hurried her over the side of the burning ship. She held Ida firmly in her grasp, and pressed forward with her, the girl shuddering and moaning.

"Shut your eyes, dearest; do not look while they lift you," was all she said to Ida.

At that moment a man caught hold of Bessie West, and whirled her into the grasp of another who was seconding the efforts of the officers. In a moment she was lowered into the boat, from which a cry arose—"No more—no more—or we shall be lost!"

Then Mary Pemberton spoke to the officer who was fighting her way to safety for her, and pushed Ida into his arms.

"Make them take one more," she said, "and save her, for God's sake!"

At that moment a cry, audible and piercing even amid that clamor, made itself heard. It was uttered by a party of men who were trying to launch the third boat. The fire was too quick and too strong for them; they were cut off from the boat by a barrier of flame and smoke. During that moment, having caught the cry and its meaning, Mary Pemberton had wrenched herself away from Ida's hold, and, with another hurried entreaty to the officer: "Save them! they are my children," she placed the infant in Ida's passive arms, tied the shawl in which it

was wrapped, sling-fashion, over the girl's shoulder with incredible quickness, and fell back from her just one step.

It was enough; the next instant she was struck apart from Ida, and the officer was hurrying his terrified charge over the side. A dozen arms were stretched up to receive Ida, and when she sank swooning in the boat, as the rowers struck out from the side of the burning ship, down which the sparks were falling, and the blazing cordage was dragging in tangled masses, Bessy West supported her on her knees, and gently loosed the baby from its imprisonment.

The strong rowers pulled the crowded boat swiftly away from the ship. All about her the water seemed to be ablaze with red light; and masses of her ruins, with human beings clinging to them, floated and tumbled about in the waves.

When the boat was nearly a mile from the blazing hulk that had been the stately *Albatross*, and in the middle of the moon-track, the rowers lay-to upon their oars, and they and the people in the boat gazed at her in silence appalled. They had escaped from the fiery death which was devouring her, but to what fate!

The ship burned with extraordinary fierceness and rapidity, and the people in the boat still looked on, appalled; until, with a terrific explosion, she was rent asunder, and the severed portions were scattered far and wide over the surface of the ocean.

A minute later, and before the terrified survivors in the boat had drawn breath again, there glided into sight across the moon-track, and at no very great distance from them, a sail!

FRANCIS CASHEL HOEY.

A BROTHER'S TRIBUTE.

THOU art sleeping, brother, sleeping
In thy lonely battle grave;
Shadows o'er the past are creeping,
Death, the reaper, still is reaping,
Years have swept, and years are sweeping
Many a memory from my keeping,
But I'm waiting still, and weeping
For my beautiful and brave.

When the battle songs were chanted,
And war's stirring tocsin pealed,
By those songs thy heart was haunted
And thy spirit, proud, undaunted,
Clamored wildly—wildly panted;
"Mother! let my wish be granted;
I will ne'er be mocked and taunted
That I fear to meet our vaunted
Foeman on the bloody field.

"They are thronging, mother! thronging,
To a thousand fields of fame;
Let me go—'tis wrong and wronging
God and thee to crush this longing;
On the muster-roll of glory,
In my country's future story,

L. of C.

On the field of battle gory
I must consecrate my name.

"Mother! gird my sword around me,
Kiss thy soldier-boy 'good-bye.'"
In her arms she wildly wound thee,
To thy birth-land's cause she bound thee,
With fond prayers and blessings crowned
thee,
And she sobbed: "When foes surround thee,
If you fall, I'll know they found thee
Where the bravest love to die."

At the altar of their nation,
Stood that mother and her son,
He, the victim of oblation,
Panting for his immolation;
She, in priestess' holy station,
Weeping words of consecration,
While God smiled His approbation,
Blessed the boy's self-abnegation,
Cheered the mother's desolation,
When the sacrifice was done.

Forth like many a noble other,
Went he, whispering soft and low:

"Good-bye—pray for me, my mother;
Sister! kiss me—farewell, brother;"
And he strove his grief to smother.
Forth, with footsteps firm and fearless,
And his parting gaze was tearless,
Though his heart was lone and cheerless,
Thus from all he loved to go.

Lo! yon flag of freedom flashing
In the sunny Southern sky:
On, to death and glory dashing,
On, where swords are clanging, clashing,
On, where balls are crushing, crashing,
On, 'mid perils dread, appalling,
On, they're falling, falling, falling,
On, they're growing fewer, fewer,
On, their hearts beat all the truer,
On, on, on, no fear, no falter,
On, though round the battle-altar
There were wounded victims moaning,
There were dying soldiers groaning;
On, right on, death's danger braving,
Warring where their flag was waving
While Baptismal-blood was laving
All that field of death and slaughter;

On, still on; that bloody lava
Made them braver and made them braver,
On, with never a halt or waver,
On in battle—bleeding—bounding,
While the glorious shout swept sounding,
"We will win the day or die!"

And they won it: routed—riven—
Reeled the foemen's proud array!
They had struggled hard, and striven,

Blood in torrents they had given,
But their ranks, dispersed and driven,
Fled, in sullenness, away.

When the twilight sadly, slowly
Wrapped its mantle o'er them all,
Thousands, thousands lying lowly,
Hushed in silence deep and holy,
There was one, his blood was flowing
And his last of life was going,
And his pulse faint, fainter beating
Told his hours were few and fleeting;
And his brow grew white and whiter,
While his eyes grew strangely brighter;

There he lay—like infant dreaming,
With his sword beside him gleaming,
For the hand in life that grasped it,
True in death still fondly clasped it;
There his comrades found him lying
'Mid the heaps of dead and dying,
And the sternest bent down weeping
O'er the lonely sleeper sleeping:
'Twas the midnight; stars shone round him,
And they told us how they found him
Where the bravest love to fall.

Where the woods, like banners bending,
Drooped in starlight and in gloom,
There, when that sad night was ending,
And the faint, far dawn was blending
With the stars now fast descending;
There they mute and mournful bore him,
With the stars and shadows o'er him,
And they laid him down—so tender,
And the next day's sun, in splendor,
Flashed above my brother's tomb.

SOMETHING GREAT.

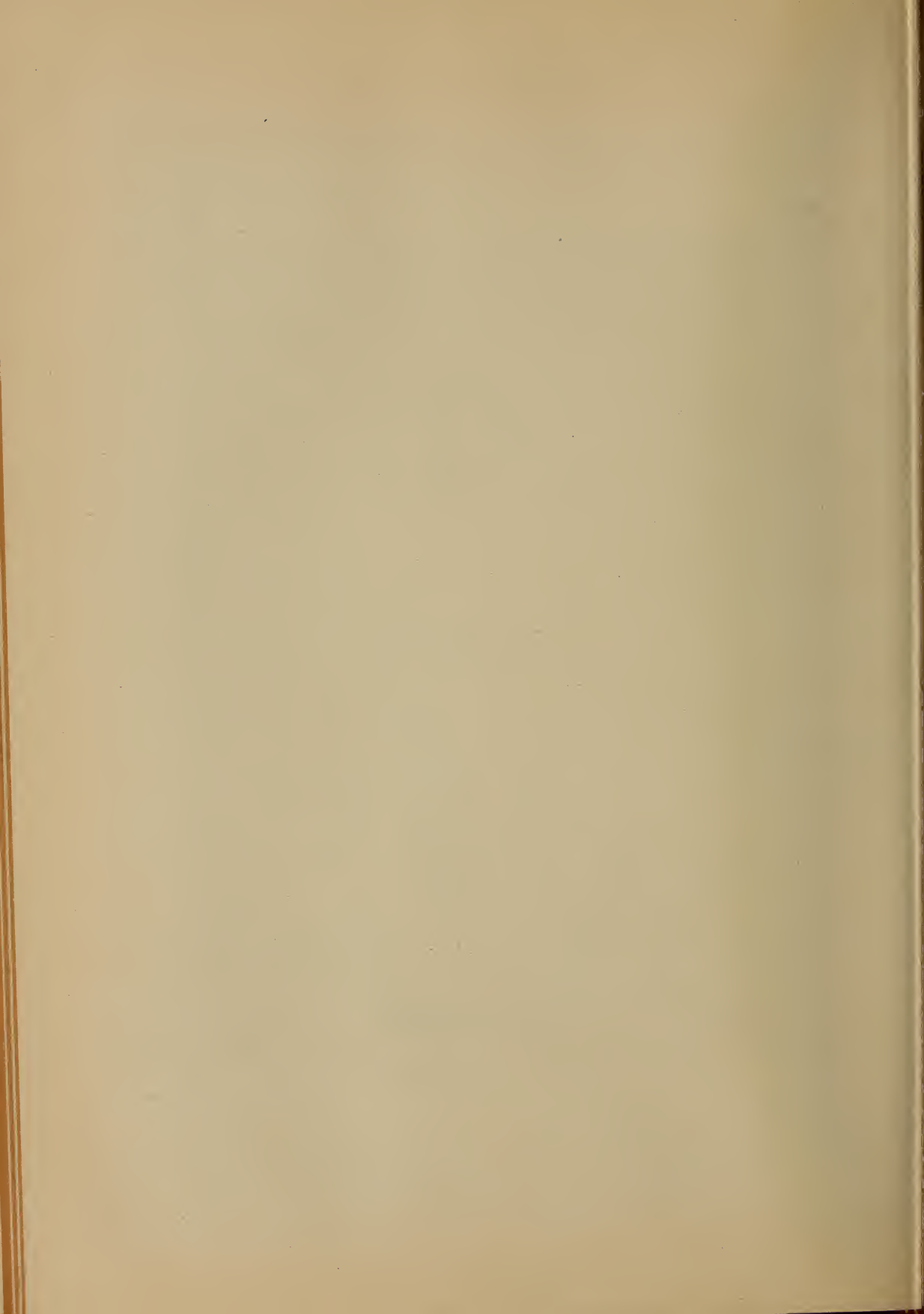
THE trial was ended—the vigil past;
All clad in his arms was the knight at last,
The goodliest knight in the whole wide
land,
With face that shone with a purpose grand.
The king looked on him with gracious eyes,
And said: "He is meet for some high enter-
prise."

To himself he thought: "I will conquer fate;
I will surely die, or do something great."

So from the palace he rode away;
There was trouble and need in the town that day;
A child had strayed from his mother's side
Into the woodland dark and wide.
"Help!" cried the mother with sorrow wild—



PLEASING ENTRANCE IN A SPIRITED DIALOGUE



"Help me, Sir Knight, to seek my child !
The hungry wolves in the forest roam ;
Help me to bring my lost one home ! "

He shook her hand from his bridle-rein :
"Alas ! poor mother, you ask in vain ;
Some meaner succor will do, maybe,
Some squire or varlet of low degree.
There are mighty wrongs in the world to right,
I keep my sword for a noble fight.
I am sad at heart for your baby's fate,
But I ride in haste to do something great.

One wintry night when the sun had set,
A blind old man by the way he met ;
"Now, good Sir Knight, for our Lady's sake,
On the sightless wanderer pity take !
The wind blows cold, and the sun is down ;
Lead me, I pray, til I reach the town."
"Nay," said the knight, "I cannot wait ;

I ride in haste to do something great."

So on he rode in his armor bright,
His sword all keen for the longed-for fight.
"Laugh with us—laugh !" cried the merry
crowd.

"Oh, weep !" wailed others with sorrow bowed.
"Help us !" the weak and weary prayed.
But for joy, nor grief, nor need he stayed.
And the years rolled on, and his eyes grew dim,
And he died—and none made moan for him.

He missed the good that he might have done ;
He missed the blessings he might have won :
Seeking some glorious task to find,
His eyes to all humbler work were blind.
He that is faithful in that which is least
Is bidden to sit at the heavenly feast ;
Yet men and women lament their fate,
If they be not called to do something great.

PENN'S MONUMENT.

BORN in stormy times, William Penn walked amid troubled waters all his days. In an age of bitter persecution and unbridled wickedness, he never wronged his conscience. A favored member of a court where statesmanship was intrigue and trickery, where the highest morality was corruption, he never stained his hands, with a bribe. Living under a government at war with the people, and educated in a school that taught the doctrine of passive obedience, his lifelong dream was of popular government, of a State where the people ruled.

In his early manhood, at the bidding of conscience, against the advice of his dearest friends, in opposition to stern paternal commands, against every dictate of worldly wisdom and human prudence, in spite of all the dazzling temptations of ambition, so alluring to the heart of a young man, he turned away from the broad fair highway to wealth, position, and distinction, that the hands of a king opened before him, and, casting his lot with the sect weakest and most

unpopular in England, through paths that were tangled with trouble and lined with pitiless thorns of persecution, he walked into honor and fame, and the reverence of the world, such as royalty could not promise, and could not give him.

In the land where he planted his model State, to-day, no descendant bears his name. In the religious society for which he suffered banishment from home, persecution, and the prison, to-day, no child of his blood and name walks in Christian fellowship, nor stands covered in worship. His name has faded out of the living meetings of the Friends, out of the land that crowns his memory with sincerest reverence. Even the uncertain stone that would mark his grave stands doubtfully among the kindred ashes that hallow the ground where he sleeps.

But his monument, grander than storied column of granite, or noble shapes of bronze, is set in the glittering brilliants of mighty States between the seas. His noblest epitaph is written in the State that bears his honored name. The

little town he planned to be his capital has become a city, larger in area than any European capital he knew. Beyond his fondest dreams has grown the State he planted in the wilderness by "deeds of peace." Out of the gloomy mines, that slept in rayless mystery beneath its mountains while he lived, the measureless wealth of his model State sparkles and glows on millions of hearthstones. From its forests of derricks and miles of creeping pipe lines, the world is lighted from the State of Penn with a radiance to which the sons of the founder's sons were blind. Roaring blast and smoky forge and ringing hammer are tearing and breaking the wealth of princes from his mines, that the

founder never knew. He built a State that has surpassed his fondest dreams.

Clasping the continent from sea to sea, stretches a chain of States as free as his own. From sunrise to sunset reaches a land where the will of the people is the supreme law,—a land that never felt the pressure of a throne, and never saw a sceptre. And in the heart of the city that was his capital, in old historic halls, still stands the bell that first, in the name of the doctrines he taught his colonists, proclaimed liberty throughout the land, and to all the inhabitants thereof. This is his monument, and every noble charity gracing this State is his epitaph.

R. J. BURDETTE

DANIEL PERITON'S RIDE.

AN INCIDENT OF THE TERRIBLE FLOOD AT JOHNSTOWN, PA., MAY 31, 1889, CAUSED BY THE BREAKING OF THE SOUTH FORK DAM.

ALL day long the river flowed,
Down by the winding mountain road,
Leaping and roaring in angry mood,
At stubborn rocks in its way that stood;
Sullen the gleam of its rippled crest,
Dark was the foam on its yellow breast;
The dripping banks on either side
But half-imprisoned the turgid tide.
By farm and village it quickly sped,—
The weeping skies bent low overhead,—
Foaming and rushing and tumbling down
Into the streets of pent Johnstown,
Down through the valley of Conemaugh,
Down from the dam of shale and straw,
To the granite bridge, where its waters pour,
Through the arches wide, with a dismal roar.

All day long the pitiful tide,
Babbled of death on the mountain side;
And all day long with jest and sigh,
They who were doomed that day to die
Turned deafened ears to the warning roar
They had heard so oft and despised before.

Yet women trembled—the mother's eyes
Turned oft to the lowering, woeful skies—

And shuddered to think what might befall
Should the flood burst over the earthen wall.
So all day long they went up and down,
Heedless of peril in doomed Johnstown.

And all day long in the chilly gloom
Of a thrifty merchant's counting room,
O'er the ledger bent with anxious care
Old Periton's only son and heir.
A commonplace, plodding, industrious youth,
Counting debit and credit the highest truth,
And profit and loss a more honored game
Then searching for laurels or fighting for fame.
He saw the dark tide as it swept by the door,
But heeded it not till his task was o'er;
Then saddled his horse,—a black-pointed bay,
High-stepping, high blooded, grandson of Dis-
may;

Raw-boned and deep-chested,—his eyes full of
fire;

The temper of Satan—Magog was his sire;
Arched fetlocks, strong quarters, low knees,
And lean, bony head—his dam gave him these:
The foal of a racer transformed to a cob
For the son of the merchant when out of
a job.

"Now I'll see," said Dan Periton, mounting
the bay,
"What danger there is of the dam giving way!"

A marvelous sight young Periton saw
When he rode up the valley of Conemaugh.
Seventy feet the water fell
With a roar like the angry ocean's swell!
Seventy feet from the crumbling crest
To the rock on which the foundations rest!
Seventy feet fell the ceaseless flow
into the boiling gulf below!

Dan Periton's cheek grew pale with fear,
As the echoes fell on his startled ear,
And he thought of the weight of the pent-up tide,
That hung on the rifted mountain-side,
Held by that heap of stone and straw
O'er the swarming valley of Conemaugh!
The raw-boned bay with quivering ears
Displayed a brute's instinctive fears,
Snorted and pawed with flashing eye,
Seized on the curb, and turned to fly!

Dan Periton tightened his grip on the rein,
Sat close to the saddle, glanced backward again,
Touched the bay with the spur, then gave him
his head,

And down the steep valley they clattering sped.
Then the horse showed his breeding—the close
gripping knees

Felt the strong shoulders working with unflag-
ging ease

As mile after mile, 'neath the high-blooded bay,
The steep mountain turnpike flew backward away,
While with outstretched neck he went galloping
down

With the message of warning to perilled Johns-
town,

Past farmhouse and village, while shrilly out-
rang,

O'er the river's deep roar and the hoof's iron
clang,

His gallant young rider's premonitant shout,
"Fly! Fly to the hills! The waters are out!"

Past Mineral Point there came such a roar
As never had shaken those mountains before!
Dan urged the good horse then with word and
caress:

"'Twould be his last race, what mattered distress?
A mile farther on and behind him he spied
The wreck-laden crest of the death-dealing tide!
Then he plied whip and spur and redoubled the
shout,

"To the hills! To the hills! The waters are
out!"

Thus horseman and flood-tide came racing it
down

The cinder-paved streets of doomed Johnstown!

Daniel Periton knew that his doom was nigh,
Yet never once faltered his clarion cry;
The blood ran off from his good steed's side;
Over him hung the white crest of the tide;
His hair felt the touch of the eygre's breath;
The spray on his cheek was the cold kiss of
death;

Beneath him the horse 'gan to tremble and
droop—

He saw the pale rider who sat on the croup!
But clear over all rang his last warning shout,
"To the hills! To the hills! For the waters
are out!"

Then the tide reared its head and leaped venge-
fully down

On the horse and his rider in fated Johnstown!

That horse was a hero, so poets still say,
That brought the good news of the treaty to Aix;
And the steed is immortal, which carried Revere
Through the echoing night with his message of
fear;

And the one that bore Sheridan into the fray,
From Winchester town, "twenty miles away;"
But none of these merits a nobler lay

Than young Daniel Periton's raw-boned bay
That raced down the valley of Conemaugh,
With the tide that rushed through the dam of
straw,

Roaring and rushing and tearing down
On the fated thousands in doomed Johnstown!

In the very track of the eygre's swoop,
With Dan in the saddle and Death on the croup,
The foam of his nostrils flew back on the wind,
And mixed with the foam of the billow behind.

A terrible vision the morrow saw
In the desolate valley of Conemaugh!
The river had shrunk to its narrow bed,
But its way was choked with the heaped-up dead.
'Gainst the granite bridge with its arches four

Lay the wreck of a city that delves no more;
And under it all, so the searchers say,
Stood the sprawling limbs of the gallant bay,
Stiff-cased in the drift of the Conemaugh.
A goodlier statue man never saw,—
Dan's foot on the stirrup his hand on the rein!
So they shall live in white marble again;
And ages shall tell, as they gaze on the group,
Of the race that he ran while Death sat on the
croup. ALBION W. TOURGEE.

A NEW YEAR'S DEED.

IT was glad New Year's morn, and from far
and from near
The city seemed filled with the best of
good cheer.

Many people were seen hurrying by, to and fro,
And some carried turkeys and chickens, I know,
While the sun from his lofty position looked
down

And sent his bright rays throughout the whole
town.

Down street a few blocks stood an old tenant
house

Which seems hardly fit for the home of a
mouse;

But many poor people called that place their
home.

'Twas so with poor Bessie, who lived there alone
With Tommy, her brother, a boy 'bout half
grown.

Their mother had died when they were quite
small,

And their father, while drunk, had been killed
but this fall.

So the poor little orphans lived on as they could,
And Bess, tho' a cripple, was patient and good.
Tom blacked boots and sold papers and went
here and there,

But often his step would be heard on the stair
As with loud, merry whistle he'd open the door
To see if his Bess felt afraid any more,
Then back down the street he would cheerfully
run

And stay till he felt his day's work was all done.
Things went on for some time, but when cold
and snow came

How the wind seemed to pierce thro' his poor
little frame.

No overcoat had he, no mittens so warm,
And his poor aching toes, how they suffered the
storm.

Little work could he find, but the rent he must
pay .

To the great angry landlord this bright New
Year's day.

The wood was all gone, and the cupboard was
bare;

Then poor little Bess leaned back in her chair
So faint from great hunger, so blue with the cold
It made poor Tom's heart fairly ache to behold.

He thought she was dying; he rushed to her
side

While slowly her lovely blue eyes opened wide.
"I'm so faint, Tom," she said, "can't you get
me some bread?"

Can't you put your old coat just beneath Bessie's
head?"

He spread an old quilt 'round her quivering
form,

But oh, he knew well that would not keep her
warm,

As soon as she fell in a short little doze
Tom thought for a moment, then hastily rose
And taking his blacking brush endeavored to try
If he could at least one good customer spy.

He watched and he waited, but each as he
passed

Hurried on by the boot-black as fast as the last,
Till there came by a man with his daughter so
fair

Tom thought the good Lord must have made
them come there,

For as he called out, "Have a paper, a shine?"
The man threw him out a bright glittering
dime,

And said, "Shine them nicely, and quickly as
well,

And while we are waiting your history tell.
You look good and honest, but just about half
froze.

Why, boy, I can very near see thro' those
clothes."

So Tom as he rubbed told of Bessie so small,
How her poor little back had been broke by a
fall,

And he went on, as the tears filled his eyes,
"I'll have no one to love me when good Bessie
dies."

As the boots were then finished, he started to go,
But the noble young girl called out loudly, "No,
no;

If Papa will let me, I'll go home with you,
For maybe there's something that I might do."

The proud rich man looked in his fair daughter's
face

As tho' she were bringing him into disgrace.
"But, Papa," she added, "what would Mamma
say

If she were alive this sad New Year's day?"
Ah! he knew so well how she helped many
poor,

None ever were turned away cold from her
door,

The child was so like her he could not say nay;
He felt it was right she should have her own
way.

So Tom marshalled them on, but could it be so
That these rich people would along with him go?
They climbed the steep stair, Tom opened the
door,

There Bessie lay stretched cold and stiff on the
floor.

They lifted her up; no, she was not quite
dead.

"Oh, I am so cold," the poor, dying child said.
"Oh, Tom, are these angels? I dreamed them
to be,

But some way or other I can't well see.
I think I see mother, and just there she stands
Calling Bessie, and waving to me with her
hands.

She looked very happy, the place is so fair,
Oh, Tom, why can't you and poor Bessie go
there?"

She sank back exhausted, they saw all was o'er,
But the rich man felt touched as he ne'er had
before.

Is it true, then, he thought, that such poverty's
here,

That hundreds are dying like this every year?
What if it were my child who has just passed
away?

God help me to live as I should from this day.
I will try to be kind and not scorn at the poor,
And my child shall have money to do all the
more.

So kindly they buried the poor orphan child,
She was so sweet, and so pure, and so mild,
While Tom was adopted to share in their home,
Where never again when so weary would roam
Through the cold winter's blast or the summer's
great heat

A poor little boot-black, forlorn in the street.
Yes, the lesson was learned. 'Twas the one
that's so old.

Full many a time has the story been told
That amid all the large, and the weak, and the
strong,

A pure, simple child shall lead each one along,
And guide their weak steps by these loving acts
given,

And help each to dwell with his Father in
heaven.

GERTRUDE SMITH.

THE BLIND POET'S WIFE.

SO 'tis seven years since you went away, and
 I have been married five;
 What! you thought I hadn't the cheek to
 propose to a girl? why, man alive,
 'Tis the strangest, most delightful thing that
 ever happened, you see:
 I didn't "pop the question" at all; 'twas
 Bessie proposed to me!

I went to Heidelberg, as you know, to finish my
 school career,
 In the quaint old home of spectacled lore, meer-
 schaums, and lager beer;
 And when I came back, my child playmate had
 vanished, and in her place
 Was a fair girl-woman, shy and sweet, with a
 gentle, winsome face.
 And I loved her, I loved her—God knows how
 well from her first shy welcoming glance,
 With a passion as strong and tender and pure as
 any in old romance.
 And she?—she was always pleasant and kind
 with the friend of her childhood gay,
 But whether my darling loved me or not was
 more than I could say.

We were out in the fields one summer eve—how
 well I remember it still!—
 And somehow we two had wandered away from
 lovelorn Katie and Will,
 Till we came in the dusk to the lone black mere,
 where the aspen branches wave,
 And she coaxed me to tell her its legend grim of
 a love beyond the grave.
 Then I looked down into her soft brown eyes
 with their witching and lustrous spell,
 And I whispered "Dear, I've another tale that
 I should like to tell!"
 When we heard a merry shout from behind, and
 up came Willie and Kate,
 And the loving words died out on my lips, and
 I knew my story must wait.
 But she seemed from that very time to grow
 more shy and distant, you see:

I never could meet her out alone, or tempt her
 to walk with me;
 And when I tried to draw her aside to whisper a
 loving word,
 She'd flush and tremble and flutter away, like a
 pretty, frightened bird.
 I saw she shunned me, and said to myself, with
 a proud and passionate throe,
 "She loves me not, and would spare us both the
 pain of telling me so;
 And I'd rather, God knows, that my heart
 should break in its silence bitter and
 drear
 Than I'd trouble a woman with whispers and
 vows that she doesn't care to hear!"

So I kept to my work with a dogged heart that
 naught could conquer or tame;
 "Since love is denied me," I bitterly said, "I'll
 make myself a name."
 I was up with the first faint streaks of dawn, with
 pallid and haggard looks,
 And midnight found me with aching head, still
 bending over my books.
 And you know the end—how a mist would clog
 my bloodshot waking eyes,
 And circles quiver about the lights in dazzling
 rainbow dyes;
 Then a strange dim blur of letters and lines,
 and then—all darkness there!
 And a poor blind man upon his knees, in an
 agony of prayer.

But it chanced as I sat and brooded alone, one
 summer's afternoon—
 By the pleasant warmth and the scent o' the
 flowers I knew it was "leafy June"—
 Kate came and coaxed me to take her arm, and
 walk out with her, to call
 At the rectory-house, or our friends would think
 I'd quite forgotten them all.
 We sat in the quaint old parlor—ah, how well
 I knew it of old!—

And the good old rector prosed away about his church and his fold,
The parish schools, and the state of the roads,
and the probable price of hay,
Till Bessie at last jumped up from her chair, in her old impulsive way.

"Come, who's for my summer house?" she said; "for it is so warm in here!
What! none of you speak? Then, Charlie here shall be my cavalier.

Mamma, dear, where is that magazine? Oh! here it is, I see:

I want to read to him the poem, you know, that so delighted me."

'Twas Tennyson's last new poem she read, and it may have been very fine,

But somehow her sweet voice trembled so much, I could hardly follow a line;

And at last she gave it up with a sigh, and laid the book away;

"I think it must be the heat," she said, "but I cannot read to-day!"

Then there came a pause—a dreamy pause—when in fancy I could see

The fair flushed face of the gentle friend so full of pity for me:

Then she laid her dainty hand on mine—her hand that trembled so—

And the tears were in her tender voice as she whispered soft and low:

"Charlie, we two are such old, old friends, that you mustn't think me bold

If I ask you to tell me a secret that else would ever be untold!

What was it you wanted to say to me that evening by the mere?

Come, I'm sure you'll tell me, won't you now? for I should so like to hear!

What! you dare not tell me, you say?—ah, well, I think I can guess!—

And, Charlie, dear, I'm sure you know my answer would have been 'Yes!'

You know I loved you without the need of either promise or vow;

And yet—how cruel! how cruel!—you thought I should turn from you now!

Charlie, don't think me unwomanly, dear—unwomanly and weak—

Because I give a voice to the love I know you would never speak!

'Tis better so than that both our lives should be forlorn and lone;

And so—if you care to have me, dear—you may take me for your own!"

And so we were married—Bessie and I—and every hour of my life

I'd cause to bless the happy day that brought me my darling wife:

Such a true and tender helpmeet, she—so patient, and ready and kind,

She almost made we think at times 'twas a blessing to be blind!

'Tis a twelve month ago since first I noticed, with strange surprise,

That the darkness seemed to grow lighter like, at times, to my poor blind eyes,

And a yearning, passionate, trembling hope crept into my heart and brain;

But never a word I said to the wife, lest my thought should be false and vain.

Then I spoke to her of a book I'd planned that I thought would answer well,

But I wanted some talk with a firm in town, to see if they thought 'twould sell;

And Willie had promised to go with me, and see me through it, I said,

For I knew she couldn't leave the bairns, or I'd like her to go instead.

So we went to town for a week or so, and you'll easily understand

My fluttering hopes and doubts and fears, now the test was near at hand;

Enough that wondrous day, Saul-like, the scales dropped off from my sight!

And I fainted in Willie's brotherly arms in a sudden blast of light.

I was dazed and giddy-like for a while, but I soon got round again,

And oh! the grateful, passionate joy that
throbbed in my every vein!

Dear God, what a happy world it was—how
winsome and fair to see!—

The very stones of the London streets seemed
beautiful to me.

And deep, deep down in my heart of hearts
there nestled this crowning bliss;

“Oh! what will she feel, my Bessie, my love,
when she comes to hear of this?”

You can easily guess what my feelings were
when I got back home at last,

And how as I trod on the threshold here, my
heart beat thick and fast;

She put my hat and stick away, and with tender
and wifely care

Led me, who seemed so helpless and dark, to
my old accustomed chair;

And then she left me a minute or so, with a kiss
and a gentle word,

While she ran to bring the children down, and
my heart was strangely stirred.

For what did I see? A wee girl-face, bright
and eager and fair,

With her mother's lips and lustrous eyes, and a
ripple of golden hair,

And a darling rogue of a baby-boy with merry
black eyes; and, ah!

They both were pleading with lips and eyes for
“A story, a story, papa!”

What sort of a story, my dears?—a fairy story, eh?
Well, come, as you've been good children, I hear,

I must humor you to-day;

Once on a time, in a beautiful wood, there lived
a fairy, you know;

I could'nt tell you the year, of course, but 'tis
ever so long ago.

What was she like? Why, Edie, child what a
little plague you are!

Well I fancy—I only fancy, you know, she was
something like mamma;

She'd nice brown eyes, and, let me think—yes,
beautiful golden hair;

And her face was quite a treat to see, it looked
so pleasant and fair,

Now, in this wood a hermit dwelt, in a cottage
lone and poor;

He was blind, like poor papa, my dears, and his
heart was heavy and sore,

Till the fairy found him out one day, as he sat
in his lonely cot,

And thought, ‘Poor man, I must do my best to
brighten and cheer his lot!’

Well, the fairy had a brother, my dears, who
was quite a giant, 'tis said,

And could do, oh! my, such wonderful things
when he took it into his head;

And when his fairy sister was out on an errand
of good, one day,

He went alone to the blind man's hut and gently
led him away.

He led him away to a secret cave, where a
mighty genii dwells,

And with curious bottles and drugs and books,
works wonderful cures and spells;

And he touched the man with his magic wand
on his poor, dark, sightless eyes,

And he saw—oh! the joy, saw again the beauti-
ful fields and skies!

He was cured, my dears, he was blind no more;
and he thought, with a happy smile,

‘I won't let her know it all at once, but keep it
a secret awhile;’

Well, he found the fairy waiting at home, and
she started up from her chair,

With her face all flushed and eager-like, as mam-
ma's is over there;

And she pressed her hands, as mamma does now,
to her throbbing brow—

Why, Bessie, my darling, what is it now? How
you frighten a fellow, dear!”

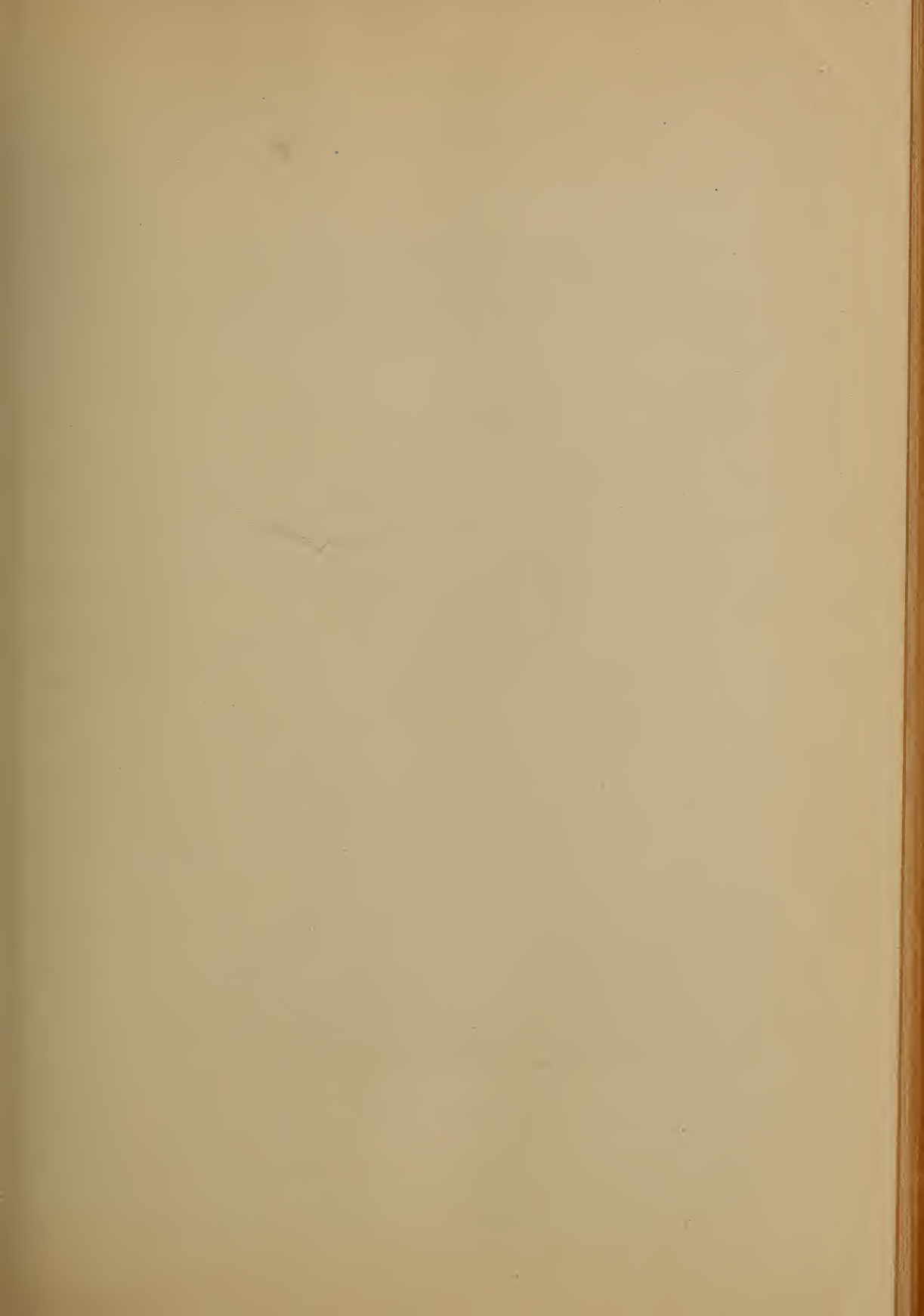
For, ah! she had read my story right, and was
sobbing on my breast,

With her arms about the children and me, my
fairy bonnie and blest;

And I clasped her to my heart of hearts, while
my brimming eyes o'erran—

The truest helpmeet, the sweetest wife, God
ever gave to man!

EDWIN COLLIER.





READY FOR THE OPENING SONG

THE ENGINE DRIVER'S STORY.

WE were driving the down express—
 Will at the steam, I at the coal—
 Over the valleys and villages !

Over the marshes and coppices !
 Over the river, deep and broad !
 Through the mountain, under the road !
 Flying along, tearing along !
 Thunderbolt engine, swift and strong,
 Fifty tons she was, whole and sole !

I had been promoted to the express ;
 I warrant you I was proud and gay,
 It was the evening that ended May,
 And the sky was a glory of tenderness.
 We were thundering down to a midland town ;
 It makes no matter about the name—
 For we never stopped there, or anywhere
 For a dozen of miles on either side :
 So it's all the same—

Just there you slide,
 With your steam shut off, and your brakes in
 hand,
 Down the steepest and longest grade in the land
 At a pace that I promise you is grand.
 We were just there with the express,
 When I caught sight of a muslin dress
 On the bank ahead ; and as we passed—
 You have no notion of how fast—
 A girl shrank back from our baleful blas-

We were going a mile and a quarter a minute
 With vans and carriages down the incline,
 But I saw her face, and the sunshine in it,
 I looked in her eyes, and she looked in mine
 As the train went by, like a shot from a
 mortar,
 A roaring hell-breath of dust and smoke ;
 And I mused for a minute, and then awoke,
 And she was behind us—a mile and a quarter.

And the years went on, and the express
 Leaped in her black resistlessness,
 Evening by evening, England through.
 Will—God rest him !—was found, a mash

Of bleeding rags, in a fearful smash
 He made with a Christmas train at Crewe.
 It chanced I was ill the night of the mess,
 Or I shouldn't now be here alive ;
 But thereafter the five-o'clock out express
 Evening by evening I used to drive.

And I often saw her,—that lady I mean,
 That I spoke of before. She often stood
 A-top o' that bank : it was pretty high—
 Say twenty feet, and backed by a wood.

She would pick the daisies out of the green
 To fling down at us as we went by.
 We had got to be friends, that girl and I,
 Though I was a rugged, stalwart chap,
 And she a lady ! I'd lift my cap,
 Evening by evening, when I'd spy
 That she was there, in the summer air,
 Watching the sun sink out of the sky.

Oh, I didn't see her every night :
 Bless you ! no ; just now and then,
 And not at all for a twelvemonth quite.
 Then, one evening, I saw her again,
 Alone, as ever, but deadly pale,
 And down on the line, on the very rail,
 While a light, as of hell, from our wild wheels
 broke,
 Tearing down the slope with their devilish
 clamors,
 And deafening din, as of giant's hammers
 That smote in a whirlwind of dust and smoke
 All the instant or so that we sped to meet her.
 Never, oh, never, had she seemed sweeter !
 I let yell the whistle, reversing the stroke
 Down that awful incline, and signaled the guard
 To put on his brakes at once, and hard—
 Though we couldn't have stopped. We tattered
 the rail
 Into splinters and sparks, but without avail.

We *couldn't* stop ; and she wouldn't stir,
 Saving to turn us her eyes, and stretch
 Her arms to us ;—and the desperate wretch
 I pitied, comprehending her.

So the brakes let off, and the steam full again,
Sprang down on the lady the terrible train—
She never flinched. We beat her down,
And ran on through the lighted length of the
town

Before we could stop to see what was done.
Oh, I've run over more than one !
Dozens of 'em, to be sure, but none
That I pitied as I pitied her—
If I could have stopped, with all the spur
Of the train's weight on, and cannily—

But it wouldn't do with a lad like me
And she a lady—or had been—si ?
Who was she ? Best say no more of her !
The world is hard ; but I'm her friend,
Stanch, sir,—down to the world's end.
It is a curl of her sunny hair
Set in this locket that I wear.
I picked it off the big wheel there.
Time's up, Jack. Stand clear, sir. Yes ;
We're going out with the express.

W. WILKINS

THE VENICE OF THE AZTECS.

[This beautiful extract from the "History of the Conquest of Mexico," refers to the first sight of the city of Mexico by the Spaniards under Cortes, 1519.]

THE troops, refreshed by a night's rest, succeeded, early on the following day, in gaining the crest of the sierra of Ahualco, which stretches like a curtain between the two great mountains on the north and south. Their progress was now comparatively easy, and they marched forward with a buoyant step, as they felt they were treading the soil of Montezuma.

They had not advanced far, when, turning an angle of the sierra, they suddenly came on a view which more than compensated the toils of the preceding day. It was that of the Valley of Mexico, or Tenochtitlan, as more commonly called by the natives ; which, with its picturesque assemblage of water, woodland, and cultivated plains, its shining cities and shadowy hills, was spread out like some gay and gorgeous panorama before them. In the highly rarefied atmosphere of these upper regions, even remote objects have a brilliancy of coloring and a distinctness of outline which seem to annihilate distance.

Stretching far away at their feet, were seen noble forests of oak, sycamore, and cedar, and beyond, yellow fields of maize and the towering maguey, intermingled with orchards and blooming gardens ; for flowers, in such demand for their religious festivals, were even more abundant in this populous valley than in other parts of Anahuac. In the centre of the great basin were beheld the lakes, occupying then a much larger portion of its surface than at present ; their

borders thickly studded with towns and hamlets, and, in the midst,—like some Indian empress with her coronal of pearls,—the fair city of Mexico, with her white towers and pyramidal temples, reposing, as it were, on the bosom of the waters,—the far-famed "Venice of the Aztecs."

High over all rose the royal hill of Chapultepec, the residence of the Mexican monarchs, crowned with the same grove of gigantic cypresses, which at this day fling their broad shadows over the land. In the distance beyond the blue waters of the lake, and nearly screened by intervening foliage, was seen a shining speck, the rival capital of Tezcucó, and, still further on, the dark belt of porphyry, girdling the valley around, like a rich setting which nature had devised for the fairest of her jewels.

Such was the beautiful vision which broke on the eyes of the conquerors. And even now, when so sad a change has come over the scene ; when the stately forests have been laid low, and the soil, unsheltered from the fierce radiance of a tropical sun, is in many places abandoned to sterility ; when the waters have retired, leaving a broad and ghastly margin, white with the incrustation of salts, while the cities and hamlets on their borders have mouldered into ruins ;—even now that desolation broods over the landscape, so indestructible are the lines of beauty which nature has traced on its features, that no traveler,

however cold, can gaze on them with any other emotions than those of astonishment and rapture.

What, then, must have been the emotions of the Spaniards, when, after working their toilsome way into the upper air, the cloudy tabernacle parted before their eyes, and they beheld these

fair scenes in all their pristine magnificence and beauty! It was like the spectacle which greeted the eyes of Moses from the summit of Pisgah, and, in the warm glow of their feelings and rapturous surprise, they cried out, "It is the promised land!"

WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT.

THE FLIGHT FOR LIFE.



HIDEOUS leagues of straining woods,
Straining back from the sea;
O, woods of pine, and nothing but pine,
Will they never have end for me?

The ceaseless line of the red, red pine—
My very brain it sears;
And the roar of trees, like surging seas,
Is it ever to haunt my ears?

Let me remember it all. 'Twas late—
The burning end of day;
The trees were all in a golden glow,
As with flame they would burn away.

The joyful news to our clearing came
Came as the sun went down:
A ship from England at anchor lay
In the bay of the nearest town.

In that good ship my Alice had come—
Alice, my dainty queen!
Sweet Alice, my own, my own so near—
There was only the wood between!

Now, three days' journey we counted that,
The days and nights were three;
But for thirty days and thirty nights
I had journeyed my love to see.

Before an hour to the night had gone,
Into the wood I went;
The pine-tops yet were bright in the light,
Though below it was all but spent.

"The moon at ten and the dawn at four!"
For this I offered praise;

Though I knew the wood on the hither side,
Knew each of its tortuous ways.

The moon rose redder than any sun,
Through the straight pines it rose;
But glittered on keener eyes than mine,
On the eye of the deadliest foes!

To sudden peril my heart awoke—
And yet it did not quail;
I had skirted Indians in their camp,
And the fiends were upon my trail!

Three stealthy Snakes were upon my track,
Supple and dusk and dread;
A thought of Alice, a prayer to God,
And like wind on my course I sped.

Only in flight, in weariest flight,
Could I my safety find;
But fast or slow, howe'er I might go,
They followed me close behind.

The night wore out and the moon went down,
The sun rose in the sky;
But on and on came the stealthy foes,
Who had made it my doom to die.

With two to follow and one to sleep,
They tracked me through the night;
But one could follow and two to sleep,
In the day's increasing light.

So all day under the burning sky,
All night beneath the stars;

And on, when the moon through ranging pines
Gleamed white as through prison bars.

With some to follow and some to halt,
Their course they well might keep ;
But I—O God, for a little rest,
For a moment of blessed sleep !

Lost in the heart of the hideous wood,
My desperate way I kept ;
For why ? They would take me if I stayed,
And murder me if I slept.

But brain will yield and body will drop ,
And next when sunset came,
I shrieked delirious at the light,
For I fancied the wood on flame.

I shrieked, I reeled ; then venomous eyes
And dusky shapes were there ;
And I felt the touch of gleaming steel,
And a hand in my twisted hair.

A cry, a struggle, and down I sank ;
But sank not down alone—
A shot had entered the Indian's heart,
And his body bore down my own !

Yet an Indian gun that shot had fired—
Most timely, Heaven knows !
For I had chanced on a friendly tribe,
Who were watching my stealthy foes.

And they who fired had kindest hearts ;
They gave me nursing care ;
And when my brain knew aught again,
Lo, my Alice, my own, was there !


Amid their dusky forms she stood,
Fair to my feeble sight,
As a shining angel God had sent
In a halo of blinding light.

Dear Alice ! But O, the straining woods,
Straining back from the sea ;
The woods of pine, and nothing but pine,
They have never an end for me.

The ceaseless line of the red, red pine
My brain to madness sears ;
And the roar of trees, like surging seas,
Is the horror that fills my ears.

WILLIAM SAWYER.

LADY WENTWORTH.

 NE hundred years ago, and something
more,
In Queen-street, Portsmouth, at her
tavern door,

Neat as a pin, and blooming as a rose,
Stood Mistress Stavers in her furbelows,
Just as her cuckoo clock was striking nine.
Above her head, resplendent on the sign,
The portrait of the Earl of Halifax,
In scarlet coat and periwig of flax,
Surveyed at leisure all her varied charms,
Her cap, her bodice, and her white folded arms,
And half resolved, though he was past his prime,
And rather damaged by the lapse of time,
To fall down at her feet, and to declare
The passion that had driven him to despair.

Just then the meditations of the Earl
Were interrupted by a little girl,

Barefooted, ragged, with neglected hair,
Eyes full of laughter, neck and shoulders bare—
A thin slip of a girl, like a new moon,
Sure to be rounded into beauty soon ;
A creature men would worship and adore,
Though now in mean habiliments she bore
A pail of water, dripping, through the street,
And bathing, as she went, her naked feet.

It was a pretty picture, full of grace—
The slender form, the delicate, thin face ;
The swaying motion, as she hurried by ;
The shining feet, the laughing in her eye,
That o'er her face in ripples gleamed and glanced.
As in her pail the shifting sunbeam danced ;
And with uncommon feelings of delight
The Earl of Halifax beheld the sight ;
Not so, Dame Stavers, for he heard her say
These words, or thought he did, as plain as day :

‘ O, Martha Hilton! Fie! how dare you go
About the town half dressed, and looking so!’
At which the Gypsy laughed and straight replied:
“ No matter how I look; I yet shall ride
In my own chariot, ma’am.” And on the child
The Earl of Halifax benignly smiled,
As with her heavy burden she passed on,
Looked back, then turned the corner, and was
gone.

What next, upon that memorable day,
Drew his august attention was a gay
And brilliant equipage, that flashed and spun,
The silver harness glittering in the sun;
Outriders with red jackets, lithe and lank,
Pounding the saddles as they rose and sank,
While all alone within the chariot sat
A portly person, with three-cornered hat;
Crimson velvet coat, head high in air,
Gold-headed cane, and nicely powdered hair.
And diamond buckles sparkling at his knees,
Dignified, stately, florid, much at ease.
Onward the pageant swept, and as it passed,
Fair Mistress Stavers courtesied low and fast;
For this was Governor Wentworth, driving down
To Little Harbor, just beyond the town,
Where his great house stood looking out to sea—
A goodly place, where it was good to be.

It was a pleasant mansion—an abode
Near, yet hidden, from the great high road,
Sequestered among trees, a noble pile,
Baronial and colonial in its style;
Gables and dormer windows everywhere,
And stacks of chimneys rising high in air.
Within unwonted splendors met the eye:
Panels, and floors of oak, and tapestry;
Carved chimney-pieces, where, on brazen dogs,
Reveled and roared the Christmas fire of logs;
And on the walls, in heavy, gilded frames,
The ancestral Wentworths with old Scripture
names.

Such was the mansion where the great man dwelt
A widower and childless, and he felt
The loneliness, the uncongenial gloom
That like a presence haunted every room.

The years came and the years went—seven in all,
And passed in cloud and sunshine o’er the hall;
Moons waxed and waned, the lilacs bloomed and
died,

In the broad river ebbed and flowed the tide:
Ships went to sea, and ships came home from sea,
And the slow years sailed by and ceased to be
And all these years had Martha Hilton served
In the great house and wholly unobserved.
A maid of all work, whether coarse or fine,
A servant who made service seem divine!
The very knocker of the outer door,
If she but passed, was brighter than before.

And now the ceaseless turning of the mill
Of time, that never for an hour stands still,
Ground out the Governor’s sixtieth birthday
And powdered all his hair with silver gray.
He gave a splendid banquet, served on plate,
Such as became the Governor of the State,
Who represented England and the King,
And was magnificent in everything.
He had invited all his friends and peers—
The Pepperels, the Langdons, and the Lears,
The Sparhawks, the Penhallows, and the rest,
For why repeat the name of every guest?
But I must mention one, in bands and gown,
The rector there, the Reverend Arthur Brown,
Of the established Church; with smiling face
He sat beside the Governor and said grace;
And then the feast went on, as others do,
But ended as none others e’er I knew.

When they had drunk the King, with many a
cheer,

The Governor whispered in a servant’s ear,
Who disappeared, and presently there stood
Within the room, in perfect womanhood,
A maiden, modest, and yet self-possessed,
Youthful and beautiful, and simply dressed.
Can this be Martha Hilton? It must be!
Yes, Martha Hilton, and no other, she!
Dowered with the beauty of her twenty years,
How lady-like, how queen-like she appears;
The pale, thin crescent of the days gone by
Is Dian now in all her majesty!

Yet scarce a guest perceived that she was there,
 Until the Governor, rising from his chair,
 Played slightly with his ruffles, then looked down,
 And said unto the Reverend Arthur Brown:
 "This is my birthday, it shall likewise be
 My wedding-day; and you shall marry me!"

The listening guests were greatly mystified,
 None more so than the rector, who replied:
 "Marry you? Yes, that were a pleasant task,
 Your excellency; but to whom, I ask?"
 The Governor answered: "To this lady here,"
 And beckoned Martha Hilton to draw near;

She came and stood, all blushes, at her side.
 The rector paused. The impatient Governor
 cried:

"This is the lady, do you hesitate?
 Then I command you, as chief magistrate."
 The rector read the service loud and clear:
 "Dearly beloved, we are gathered here,"
 And so on to the end. At his command,
 On the fourth finger of her left hand
 The Governor placed the ring; and that was all—
 Matha was Lady Wentworth of the Hall!

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

AN INCIDENT OF THE WAR.

[Sing the verses in Italics.]

DOWN the placid river gliding,
 'Twixt the banks of waving life,
 Sailed a steamboat heavy laden
 'Mid the scenes of former strife.

On the deck a throng of trav'lers
 Listened to a singer's voice,
 As it sung that song of pleading,—
 Song that makes the sad rejoice.—

*"Jesus, lover of my soul,
 Let me to thy bosom fly,
 While the nearer waters roll,
 While the tempest still is high;
 Hide me, O, my Saviour, hide,
 'Till the storm of life is past,
 Safe into the haven guide,
 Oh, receive my soul at last."*

In the throng an aged soldier
 Heard the voice with ears intent,
 And his quickened memory speeding
 O'er the lapse of years was sent.

And he thought of hard-fought battles,
 Of the carnage and the gore,
 And the lonely picket guarding
 On the low Potomac's shore.

Of the clash and roar of cannon,
 And the cry of wounded men,

Of the sick'ning sights of slaughter
 In some Southern prison pen.

And that voice was old, familiar,
 And he'd heard it long ago.
 While his lonely picket guarding
 With a measured beat, and slow.

When it ceased and all was silent,
 Thus the aged soldier cried:
 "Sir, were you a Union Soldier,
 Did you fight against our side?"

"Stranger, 'neath your starry pennon,
 Fought I for the shackled slave,
 For my country and her freedom,
 And her sacred name to save."

"Were you near the calm Potomac
 On a frosty autumn night?
 Did you guard your lonely picket
 As the stars were shining bright?"

"Did you sing that song so grandly,
 Filling all the silent air?
 Did you sing to your Redeemer
 As you paced so lonely there?"

Thus the aged soldier questioned,
 And his eyes were filled with tears

As he heard the singer answer,
At his tale of hopes and fears :

“Yes, I well recall that evening
On the low Potomac’s shore,
As I paced my lonely station,
And re-paced it o’er and o’er.

“And I thought of home and household,—
Of my wife and children three,
And my darling baby Bessie,
Dearest in the world to me.

“Thinking thus, my heart was troubled
With a dread, foreboding ill ;
And I listened, but the midnight
All around was calm and still.

“Then I sang the song my mother
Taught me, bending at her knee ;
And all fear of coming trouble
Quickly passed away from me.”

Thus the singer told his story ;
Then the aged soldier said,—
As his heart was stirred with feeling,
And his thoughts were backward led,—

“And I, too, my lonely station
Paced and re-paced o’er and o’er,
Where the blazing camp-fires flashing,
Lighted up the other shore.

“On the banks, across the river,
There I saw your coat of blue,
And my hand was on the trigger,
As I aimed my gun at you ;

“When across the silent water
Came the song you’ve sung to-day,
And my heart was touched and softened
By that sweet, melodious lay :

“ ‘ Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee ;
Leave, oh, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring,
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.’ ”

“And I brought my gun to carry,
For I could not shoot you then ;
And your humble prayer was answered
By our God, the Lord of men.”

Then they clasped their hands as brothers,
While the steamboat glided on
As they talked of hard-fought battles,
And of deeds long past and gone,—

How Jehovah had been o’er them,
Shielded from the fiery wave,
While they, beneath their banners,
Fought the battles of the brave.

HARRY W. KIMBALL.

THE IDIOT LAD.

THE vesper hymn had died away,
And the benison had been said,
But one remained in church to pray
With a bowed and reverent head.
He could not frame in words the prayer
Which reached the Throne of Grace,
But the Love and Pity present there
Saw the pleading of his face.

In many curls hung his hair of gold
Round a brow of pearly white ;

His face was cast in a graceful mould,
And his eyes were strangely bright.
Gentle his white hand’s touch—his smile
Was tender and sweet and sad,
Nought knew the whole of fraud and guile
Of poor Dick, the idiot lad.

“My boy,” I said, “the tired sun
Sinks low on the west sea’s breast ;
The shades which fall when the day is done
Woo the weary earth to rest,

In the vesper zephyr's gentle stir
 The sleepy tree-tops nod—
 Why wait you here?" and he said "Oh, sir,
 I would see the face of God!

"If the sun is so fair in his noon-day pride,
 And the moon in the silver night;
 If the stars which by angels at eventide
 Are lighted can shine so bright;
 If wood and dell, each flow'r and tree,
 And each grass of the graveyard sod
 Are so full of beauty, oh, what must it be
 To look on the face of God.

"I have sought for the vision wide and near,
 And once, sir, I travelled far
 To a mighty city long leagues from here,
 Where the men of the great world are.
 But the faces I saw were false and mean,
 And cruel, and hard, and bad;
 And none like the face the saints have seen
 Saw poor Dick, the idiot lad.

"In the night, sir, I wander away from home;
 Down the lanes and the fields I go—
 Thro' the silent and lonely woods I roam,
 Patient, and praying, and slow.
 In the early morn on the hills I stand
 Ere yet the mists have past,
 And I eagerly look o'er sea and land
 For the wonderful vision at last.

"When the lightnings flash and the thunders
 roar,
 And the ships fly in from the gale,
 When the waves beat high on the shrinking
 shore,
 And the fishing boats dare not sail,
 I seek it still in the storm and snow
 Lest it may happen to be
 That then it will please the great God to show
 His beautiful Face to me.

"I seek it still when God's gleaming pledge
 In the bright'ning sky appears,

And from tree, and flower, and sparkling hedge
 Earth is weeping her happy tears;
 For I sometimes think that I may behold,
 After yearning years of pain,
 The Face of my God in the quivering gold
 Of the sunshine that follows rain.

"When the fishers return on the homeward tide,
 I ask them nothing but this:
 'Have you seen it out there on the ocean wide,
 Where the sky and the waters kiss?'
 But they smile, and 'Poor Dick' I hear them say,
 And they answer me always 'No.'
 So I think I must be still farther away
 Than even the fishing boats go."

That night while the simple fisher-folk slept,
 From the dreams of the mighty free,
 Down to the beach the Idiot crept
 And launched on the summer sea.
 And the boat sped on, and on, and on
 From the ever-receding shore,
 And brighter and brighter the moonbeams shone
 Which for him were to shine no more.

Far out at sea his boat was found,
 And the tide, which bore to land
 The village fleet from the fishing ground,
 Laid softly upon the sand
 The white wet face of the idiot boy,
 Not yearning and wistful now,
 For perfect peace, and rest, and joy
 Were written upon his brow.

In the poor lad's eyes seemed still the glow
 Of a new and wondrous light;
 And down on the beach the women knelt low
 As they gazed on the holy sight.
 As the fishermen walked to the smiling dead,
 Softly their rough feet trod;
 And bared was each head, as one slowly said,
 "He has looked on the Face of God."

ROBERT OVERTON.

ANCIENT AND MODERN ORATORY.

SPEECH is a Divine gift bestowed upon man. It is the natural method of communicating thought between rational beings. All nations have recognized its power and sought its aid. Monarchs have been elevated and dethroned, constitutions have been modeled and remodeled, wars have been instigated, and the yokes of tyrants have been forever broken by its power.

That style of discourse by which the speaker by argument and eloquence moves the minds of his audience or incites them to action is defined oratory.

As oratory depends for its success on its ability to persuade, the orator must speak with reference to his audience, and he that would study the character of oratory must study that which appeals to the souls of his hearers.

The style of oratory varies with the civilization and temperament of the people. The ancients were more emotional than we. Their education was superficial; books were almost unknown, and the knowledge which they acquired was obtained chiefly from experience and observation, consequently they were keenly alive to their surroundings. The human passions—love, hate, ambition, jealousy and greed—were strong in their hearts. As a natural consequence, long trains of reasonings, necessitating close attention and mental application, were the exceptions. The aim was not to convince their intellects, but to move their passions. The orator spoke of their debt of gratitude, their sense of honor; he noted the evil arising from inaction; he made general observations of their interests, reminding them of their homes, their wives, their children—anything which men held dear.

Notice how Scipio Africanus shook off the charge of peculation. He gave a long account of his achievements for the state, and finally closed by saying that it was no time for angry squabbling, but for religious observance; it was an anniversary of his victory at Zama, therefore it behooved them to go up to the Capitol to

thank the immortal gods and pray that Rome might never want citizens like himself.

The audience was electrified and, rising, they went up to the Capitol and Scipio was freed. He had touched the soul of his audience by appealing to their sense of gratitude.

While ancient oratory neglected logical reasoning and cultivated appeal to the sympathies, modern oratory recognizes reason as the judge upon whose bar must be placed its final appeal. Growth in civilization and knowledge demands a firmer basis. Our oratory is not satisfied with lashing into foam the fickle surface, but seeks below the quiet depths of reason.

The press is a potent factor in the change. While a Demosthenes or a Cicero swayed the multitude within the hearing of his voice, our modern orator strives not only to move the assembled thousands but the millions scattered through the land. As he addresses such an audience the expression, the posture, the voice and the gesture are wanting; all that remain are the cold unimpassioned facts to plead his cause. Is it a wonder that the style of oratory has changed? It is a testimony to our advanced stage of civilization that judgment rules emotions and not emotions judgment.

It has been claimed that oratory has declined—that this age of railroads, telegraphs, telephones and phonographs has killed the orator. It is a well-known fact that great crises develop heroes—that the greatest achievements are the deeds performed by the greatest natures on important occasions. Thus in oratory those bursts which have formed masterpieces for the world were delivered when the fate of nations was in the balance. When Greece, torn by dissensions, had drunk the cup of degradation to the very dregs, when her strength had been exhausted by civil wars, when Philip from the north was threatening to overwhelm her shattered forces, then did Demosthenes deliver those renowned Philippics.

It was not when Rome was at the zenith of

her glory that her oratory culminated. When she was divided by faction, when her magistrates were threatened with assassination, when rich were arrayed against poor and poor against rich. Then it was that Cicero thundered against Cataline.

When the Union was threatened with dismemberment, when the mutterings of the approaching tempest were heard throughout its borders, when Hayne, the champion of the South, had apparently settled the question of States' rights, Webster delivered that thrilling, masterful reply which has rendered his name immortal.

The age of peace and prosperity is not best adapted to draw out the latent power of the orator. The times do not demand it. The theme which fired a Demosthenes, a Cicero and a Webster are lacking; but, notwithstanding this, oratory has not declined. Oratory is an attribute of the soul. It has its foundation in love, sympathy and reason. When humanity sinks so low that it will not respond to these three, and not till then, will oratory fail to sway the hearts of men and wield its kingly sceptre over human thought and action.

BENSON N. WYMAN.

SCIPIO.

[As an instance of Scipio's magnanimity, ancient authors state that, after the taking of New Carthage, he restored a captive maiden to her lover, and gave them, as a marriage dowry, the money which her parents had brought to pay her ransom.]

ALL silent now the clash of war, the Roman
hosts have won;
The knights, who held the city's gates,
lie bleeding in the sun.

Proud Rome, in victory, will quaff the Carthaginian wine;
And lictors, lords and plumed knights will in the feast combine.

And to the conqueror will be given a captive maid so fair,
There's not a single maid in Rome with beauty half so rare.

And Scipio, 'tis said, will be so raptured with her charms,
He'll boast her love with greater pride than all his deeds of arms.

But lo! where yonder chariot moves, the axes all are hung
With garlands, and the banners wave the laureled knights among.

Behold how sways the surging crowd, the victors' robes they know;
And mark the rabble's noisy shout, "Make way for Scipio."

Before the open palace doors now prance the fretful steeds;
From chariot wheels to banquet hall, a flowery pathway leads.

O'er arch and pillared portals hang the perfumed wreath and vine,
While from within the battered arms and costly trophies shine.

Right haughtily the hero smiles, the laurel on his brow;
To joyous sounds of revelry right proudly treads he now.

The curule chair he slowly mounts, with kingly air looks round,
When, from the crowded doorway, comes a low, a murmuring sound.

With slow and faltering steps they come, the captive maid and knight;
The pompous lictors lead them in, to kneel in Scipio's sight.

What wondrous eyes, so darkly bright! How pale her brow and cheek!
She cannot meet the dreaded glance, her mute lips dare not speak.

Through her despair, one last hope gleams ; with
white hands wildly pressed,
She kneels, her dark dishevelled hair upon her
heaving breast :

“Oh ! If in chains you must take me, upon
your Appian way,
Give freedom to my lover knight, I plead, I
kneel, I pray.”

First looked he on the silent knight, and then
upon the maid ;
And when the murmuring crowd was still, with
haughty mien he said ;

“Right royal maid and knight, the laws of war,
by land and sea,
Give to the conqueror, ye know, the spoils of
victory.

“Proud Carthage knew no mercy, when on
Cannæ's bloody plain,

Full fifty thousand Roman knights were left
among the slain.

“The Roman pride has long succumbed to Car-
thaginian power ;
Our daughters have been captives made, e'en at
the bridal hour ;

“And, though they ever knelt in vain, their
prayers and pleading spurned,
Though coldly have your victors from our sup-
pliants ever turned ;

“Yet Rome will deem the mercies, which in
war her victor shows,
Worth more than all the honors won in conflict
from her foes.”

And while in wonder, looking on, stood vassals,
lords, and all,
He freed the captive maid and knight, and led
them from the hall.

WALTER S. KEPLINGER.

RODNEY'S RIDE.

IN that soft mid-land where the breezes bear
The north and the south on the genial air,
Through the county of Kent, on affairs of
state,
Rode Cæsar Rodney, the delegate.

Burly and big, and bold and bluff,
In his three-cornered hat and his suit of snuff,
A foe to King George and the English state
Was Cæsar Rodney, the delegate.

Into Dover village he rode apace,
And his kinsfolk knew from his anxious face,
It was matter grave that had brought him there,
To the counties three upon Delaware.

“Money and men we must have,” he said,
“Or the Congress fails and our cause is dead.
Give us both and the king shall not work his will ;
We are men, since the blood of Bunker Hill !”

Comes a rider swift on a panting bay :
“Hold, Rodney, ho ! you must save the day,
For the Congress halts at a deed so great,
And your vote alone may decide its fate !”

Answered Rodney then : “I will ride with speed ;
It is liberty's stress ; it is freedom's need.
When meets it ?” “To-night. Not a moment
spare,
But ride like the wind, from the Delaware.”

“Ho, saddle the black ! I've but half a day,
And the Congress sits eighty miles away,—
But I'll be in time, if God grants me grace,
To shake my fist in King George's face.”

He is up ; he is off ! and the black horse flies,
On the northward road ere the “God-speed !”
dies.

It is gallop and spur, as the leagues they clear,
And the clustering milestones move a-rear.

It is two of the clock; and the fleet hoofs fling
The Fieldsboro's dust with a clang and cling.
It is three; and he gallops with slack rein where
The road winds down to the Delaware.

Four! and he spurs into Newcastle town,
From his panting steed he gets him down—
"A fresh one, quick; not a moment's wait!"
And off speeds Rodney, the delegate.

It is five; and the beams of the western sun
Tinge the spires of Wilmington, gold and dun;
Six; and the dust of the Chester street
Flies back in a cloud from his courser's feet.

It is seven; the horse boat, broad of beam,
At the Schuylkill ferry crawls over the stream;

And at seven-fifteen by the Rittenhouse clock
He flings his rein to the tavern Jock.

The Congress is met; the debate's begun,
And liberty lags for the vote of one—
When into the hall, not a moment late,
Walks Cæsar Rodney, the delegate.

Not a moment late! and that half-day's ride
Forwards the world with a mighty stride,—
For the Act was passed, ere the midnight stroke
O'er the Quaker City its echoes woke.

At Tyranny's feet was the gauntlet flung;
"We are free!" all the bells through the colonies
rung,
And the sons of the free may recall with pride
The day of delegate Rodney's ride.

ELBRIDGE S. BROOKS.

THE INDIANS.

THERE is, in the fate of these unfortunate beings, much to awaken our sympathy, and much to disturb the sobriety of our judgment; much which may be urged to excuse their own atrocities; much in their characters, which betrays us into an involuntary admiration. What can be more melancholy than their history? By a law of their nature, they seem destined to a slow, but sure extinction. Everywhere, at the approach of the white man, they fade away. We hear the rustling of their footsteps, like that of the withered leaves of autumn, and they are gone forever. They pass mournfully by us, and they return no more.

Two centuries ago, the smoke of their wigwams and the fires of their councils rose in every valley, from Hudson's Bay to the farthest Florida, from the ocean to the Mississippi and the lakes. The shouts of victory and the war-dance rang through the mountains and the glades. The thick arrows and the deadly tomahawk whistled through the forests; and the hunter's trace and dark encampment startled the wild beasts in their lairs. The warriors stood forth in their glory.

The young listened to the songs of other days. The mothers played with their infants, and gazed on the scene with warm hopes of the future. The aged sat down; but they wept not. They should soon be at rest in fairer regions, where the Great Spirit dwelt, in a home prepared for the brave, beyond the western skies.

Braver men never lived; truer men never drew the bow. They had courage, and fortitude, and sagacity, and perseverance, beyond most of the human race. They shrank from no dangers, and they feared no hardships. If they had the vices of savage life, they had the virtues also. They were true to their country, their friends, and their homes. If they forgave not injury, neither did they forget kindness. If their vengeance was terrible, their fidelity and generosity were unconquerable also. Their love, like their hate, stopped not on this side of the grave.

But where are they? Where are the villagers, and warriors, and youth; the sachems and the tribes; the hunters and their families? They have perished. They are consumed. The wasting pestilence has not alone done the mighty

work. No,—nor famine, nor war. There has been a mightier power, a moral canker, which has eaten into their heart-cores—a plague, which the touch of the white man communicated—a poison, which betrayed them into a lingering ruin. The winds of the Atlantic fan not a single region which they may now call their own.

Already the last feeble remnants of the race are preparing for their journey beyond the Mississippi. I see them leave their miserable homes, the aged, the helpless, the women, and the warriors, “few and faint, yet fearless still.” The ashes are cold on their native hearths. The smoke no longer curls round their lowly cabins. They move on with a slow, unsteady step. The white man is upon their heels, for terror or despatch; but they heed him not.

They turn to take a last look of their deserted villages. They cast a last glance upon the graves of their fathers. They shed no tears; they utter no cries; they heave no groans. There

is something in their hearts which passes speech. There is something in their looks, not of vengeance or submission; but of hard necessity, which stifles both; which chokes all utterance; which has no aim or method. It is courage absorbed in despair. They linger but for a moment. Their look is onward. They have passed the fatal stream. It shall never be repassed by them,—no, never. Yet there lies not between us and them an impassable gulf. They know and feel that there is for them still one remove further, not distant, nor unseen. It is to the general burial-ground of their race.

Reason as we may, it is impossible not to read in such a fate much that we know not how to interpret; much of provocation to cruel deeds and deep resentments; much of apology for wrong and perfidy; much of pity mingling with indignation; much of doubt and misgiving as to the past; much of painful recollections; much of dark forebodings. JOSEPH STORY.

THE DIAMOND WEDDING.

COME sit close by my side, my darling,
Sit up very close to-night:

Let me clasp your tremulous fingers

In mine, as tremulous quite.

Lay your silvery head on my bosom,

As you did when 'twas shining gold:

Somewhat I know no difference,

Though they say we are very old.

'Tis seventy-five years to-night, wife,

Since we knelt at the altar low,

And the fair young minister of God

(He died long years ago,)

Pronounced us one that Christmas eve—

How short they've seemed to me,

The years—and yet I'm ninety-seven,

And you are ninety-three.

That night I placed on your finger

A band of purest gold;

And to-night I see it shining

On the withered hand I hold.

How it lightens up the memories

That o'er my vision come!

First of all are the merry children

That once made glad our home.

There was Benny, our darling Benny,

Our first-born pledge of bliss,

As beautiful a boy as ever

Felt a mother's loving kiss.

'Twas hard—as we watched him fading

Like a floweret day by day—

To feel that He who had lent him

Was calling him away.

My heart it grew very bitter

As I bowed beneath the stroke;

And yours, though you said so little,

I knew was almost broke.

We made him a grave 'neath the daisies

(There are five now, instead of one),

And we've learned, when our Father chastens,

To say, “Thy will be done.”

Then came Lillie and Allie—twin cherubs,
 Just spared from the courts of heaven—
 To comfort our hearts for a moment:
 God took as soon as he'd given.
 Then Katie, our gentle Katie!
 We thought her very fair,
 With her blue eyes soft and tender,
 And her curls of auburn hair

Like a queen she looked at her bridal
 (I thought it were you instead);
 But her ashen lips kissed her first-born,
 And mother and child were dead.
 We said that of all our number
 We had two, our pride and stay—
 Two noble boys, Fred and Harry;—
 But God thought the other way.

Far away, on the plains of Shiloh,
 Fred sleeps in an unknown grave;
 With his ship and noble sailors
 Harry sank beneath the wave.
 So sit closer, darling, closer—
 Let me clasp your hand in mine:
 Alone we commenced life's journey,
 Alone we are left behind.

Your hair, once gold, to silver
 They say by age has grown;
 But I know it has caught its whiteness
 From the halo round His throne.
 They give us a diamond wedding
 This Christmas eve, dear wife;
 But I know your orange-blossoms
 Will be a crown of life.

'Tis dark; the lamps should be lighted;
 And your hand has grown so cold,
 Has the fire gone out? how I shiver!
 But, then, we are very old.
 Hush! I hear sweet strains of music;
 Perhaps the guests have come.
 No—'tis the children's voices—
 I know them, every one.

On that Christmas eve they found them,
 Their hands together clasped;
 But they never knew their children
 Had been their wedding guests.
 With her head upon his bosom,
 That had never ceased its love,
 They held their diamond wedding
 In the mansion house above.

XERXES AT THE HELLESPONT.

“**C**ALM is now that stormy water,—it has
 learned to fear my wrath:
 Lashed and fettered, now it yields me
 for my hosts an easy path!”
 Seven long days did Persia's monarch on the
 Hellespontine shore,
 Throned in state, behold his armies without
 pause defiling o'er;
 Only on the eighth the rearward to the other side
 were past,—
 Then one haughty glance of triumph far as eye
 could reach he cast;
 Far as eye could reach he saw them, multitudes
 equipped for war,—
 Medians with their bows and quivers, linked
 armor and tiar;

From beneath the sun of Afric, from the snowy
 hills of Thrace,
 And from India's utmost borders, nations gath-
 ered in one place:
 At a single mortal's bidding all this pomp of war
 unfurled—
 All in league against the freedom and the one
 hope of the world!
 “What though once some petty trophies from my
 captains thou hast won,
 Think not, Greece, to see another such a day as
 Marathon:
 Wilt thou dare await the conflict, or in battle
 hope to stand,

When the lord of sixty nations takes himself his
cause in hand ?

Lo ! they come, and mighty rivers, which they
drink of once, are dried ;

And the wealthiest cities beggared, that for them
one meal provide.

Power of number by their numbers infinite are
overborne,

So I measure men by measure, as a husband-
man his corn.

Mine are all,—this sceptre sways them,—mine is
all in every part ! ”

And he named himself most happy, and he
blessed himself in heart—

Blessed himself, but on that blessing tears abun-
dant followed straight,

For that moment thoughts came o'er him of
man's painful brief estate :

Ere a hundred years were finished, where would
all those myriads be ?

Hellespont would still be rolling his blue waters
to the sea ;

But of all those countless numbers, not one living
would be found,—

A dead host with their dead monarch, silent in
the silent ground.

R. C. TRENCH.

THE LAST REDOUBT.

KACELYEVO'S slope still felt
The cannon's bolts and the rifles' pelt ;
© For the last redoubt up the hill re-
mained,

By the Russ yet held, by the Turk not gained.

Mehemet Ali stroked his beard ;
His lips were clinched and his look was weird ;
Round him were ranks of his ragged folk,
Their faces blackened with blood and smoke.

“Clear me the Muscovite out ! ” he cried,
Then the name of “Allah ! ” echoed wide,
And the fezzes were waved and the bayonets
lowered,

And on to the last redoubt they poured.

One fell, and a second quickly stopped.
The gap that he left when he reeled and dropped ;
The second,—a third straight filled his place ;
The third,—and a fourth kept up the race.

Many a fez in the mud was crushed,
Many a throat that cheered was hushed,
Many a heart that sought the crest
Found Allah's arms and a houri's breast.

Over their corpses the living sprang,
And the ridge with their musket-rattle rang,

Till the faces that lined the last redoubt,
Could see their faces and hear their shout.

In the redoubt a fair form towered,
That cheered up the brave and chid the coward ;
Brandishing blade with a gallant air :
His head erect and his bosom bare.

“Fly ! they are on us ! ” his men implored ;
But he waved them on with his waving sword.
“It cannot be held ; 'tis no shame to go ! ”
But he stood with his face set hard to the foe.

Then clung they about him and tugged, and
knelt ;

He drew a pistol from out his belt,
And fired it blank at the first that set
Foot on the edge of the parapet.

Over that first one toppled : but on
Clambered the rest till their bayonets shone ;
As hurriedly fled his men dismayed,
Not a bayonet's length from the length of his
blade.

“Yield ! ” But aloft his steel he flashed,
And down on their steel it ringing clashed ;
Then back he reeled with a bladeless hilt,
His honor full, but his life-blood spilt.

They lifted him up from the dabbled ground ;
His limbs were shapely and soft and round,
No down on his lip, on his cheek no shade,—
“Bismillah !” they cried, “ ’tis an infidel
maid ! ”

Mehemet Ali came and saw
The riddled breast and the tender jaw,
“Make her a bier of your arms,” he said,
“And daintily bury this dainty dead !
“Make her a grave where she stood and fell,

’Gainst the jackal’s scratch and the vulture’s
smell.

Did the Muscovite men like their maidens fight,
In their lines we had scarcely supped to-night.”

So a deeper trench ’mong the trenches there
Was dug, for the form as brave as fair ;
And none, till the judgment trump and shout,
Shall drive her out of the last redoubt.

ALFRED AUSTIN.

THE HEROISM OF THE PILGRIMS.

IF one were called upon to select the most glittering of the instances of military heroism to which the admiration of the world has been most constantly attracted, he would make choice, I imagine, of the instance of that desperate valor, in which, in obedience to the laws, Leonidas and his three hundred Spartans cast themselves headlong, at the passes of Greece, on the myriads of their Persian invaders. From the simple page of Herodotus, longer than from the Amphictyonic monument, or the games of the commemoration, that act speaks still to the tears and praise of all the world.

Judge of, that night, as they watched the dawn of the late morning their eyes could ever see ; as they heard with every passing hour the stilly hum of the invading host, his dusky lines stretched out without end, and now almost encircling them around ; as they remembered their unprofaned home, city of heroes and the mother of heroes,—judge if, watching there, in the gateway of Greece, this sentiment did not grow to the nature of madness, if it did not run in torrents of literal fire to and from the laboring heart ; and when morning came and passed, and they had dressed their long locks for battle, and when, at a little after noon, the countless invading throng was seen at last to move, was it not with a rapture, as if all the joy, all the sensation of life, was in that one moment, that they cast themselves, with the fierce gladness of mountain torrents, headlong upon that brief revelry of glory.

I acknowledge the splendor of that transaction

in all its aspects. I admit its morality, too, and its useful influence on every Grecian heart in that greatest crisis of Greece.

And yet, do you not think that whoso could, by adequate description, bring before you that winter of the Pilgrims,—its bright sunshine ; the night of the storm, slow waning ; the damp and icy breath, felt to the pillow of the dying ; its destitutions, its contrasts with all their former experience in life, its utter insulation and loneliness, its death-beds and burials, its memories, its apprehensions, its hopes ; the consultations of the prudent ; the prayers of the pious ; the occasional cheerful hymn, in which the strong heart threw off its burdens, and, asserting its unvanquished nature, went up, like a bird of dawn, to the skies ;—do ye not think that whoso could describe them calmly waiting in that defile, lonelier and darker than Thermopylæ, for a morning that might never dawn, or might show them, when it did, a mightier arm than the Persian raised as in the act to strike, would he not sketch a scene of more difficult and rarer heroism ? A scene, as Wordsworth has said, “melancholy, yea, dismal, yet consolatory and full of joy ;” a scene even better fitted to succor, to exalt, to lead the forlorn hopes of all great causes, till time shall be no more !

I have said that I deemed it a great thing for a nation, in all the periods of its fortunes, to be able to look back to a race of founders, and a principle of institution, in which it might rationally admire the realized idea of true heroism.

That felicity, that pride, that help, is ours. Our past, with its great eras, that of settlement, and that of independence, should announce, should compel, should spontaneously evolve as from a germ, a wise, moral, and glowing future. Those heroic men and women should not look down on a dwindled posterity. That broad foundation, sunk below the frost or earthquake, should bear

up something more permanent than an encampment of tents, pitched at random, and struck when the trumpet of march sounds at next day-break. It should bear up, as by a natural growth, a structure in which generations may come, one after another, to the great gift of the social life.

RUFUS CHOATE.

LITTLE ROCKET'S CHRISTMAS.

I 'LL tell you how the Christmas came
To Rocket—no, you never met him,
That is, you never knew his name,
Although 'tis possible you've let him
Display his skill upon your shoes;
A bootblack—Arab, if you choose.
Has inspiration dropped to zero
When such material makes a hero?

And who was Rocket? Well, an urchin,
A gamin, dirty, torn, and tattered,
Whose chiefest pleasure was to perch in
The Bowery gallery; there it mattered
But little what the play might be—
Broad farce or point-lace comedy—
He meted out his just applause
By rigid, fixed, and proper laws.

A father once he had, no doubt,
A mother on the Island staying,
Which left him free to knock about
And gratify a taste for straying
Through crowded streets. 'Twas there he found
Companionship and grew renowned.
An ash-box served him for a bed—
As good, at least, as Moses' rushes—
And for his daily meat and bread,
He earned them with his box and brushes.

An Arab of the city's slums,
With ready tongue and empty pocket,
Unaided left to solve life's sums,
But plucky always—that was Rocket!
'Twas Christmas eve, and all the day
The snow had fallen fine and fast;

In banks and drifted heaps it lay
Along the streets. A piercing blast
Blew cuttingly. The storm was past,
And now the stars looked coldly down
Upon the snow-enshrouded town.
Ah, well it is if Christmas brings
Good will and peace which poet sings!
How full are all the streets to-night
With happy faces, flushed and bright!
The matron in her silks and furs,
The pompous banker, fat and sleek,
The idle, well-fed loiterers,
The merchant trim, the churchman meek,
Forgetful now of hate and spite,
For all the world is glad to-night!
All, did I say? Ah, no, not all,
For sorrow throws on some its pall;
And here, within the broad, fair city,
The Christmas time no beauty brings
To those who plead in vain for pity,
To those who cherish but the stings
Of wretchedness and want and woe,
Who never love's great bounty know,
Whose grief no kindly hands assuage,
Whose misery mocks our Christian age.
Pray ask yourself what means to them
That Christ is born in Bethlehem!

But Rocket? On this Christmas eve
You might have seen him standing where
The city's streets so interweave
They form that somewhat famous square
Called Printing House. His face was bright,
And at this gala, festive season
You could not find a heart more light—

I'll tell you in a word the reason :
 By dint of patient toil in shining
 Patrician shoes and wall street boots
 He had within his jacket's lining,
 A dollar and a half—the fruits
 Of pinching, saving, and a trial
 Of really Spartan self-denial.

That dollar and a half was more
 Than Rocket ever owned before.
 A princely fortune, so he thought,
 And with those hoarded dimes and nickels
 What Christmas pleasures may be bought !

A dollar and a half ! It tickles
 The boy to say it over, musing
 Upon the money's proper using ;
 "I'll go a gobbler, leg and breast,
 With cranberry sauce and fixin's nice,
 And pie, mince pie, the very best,
 And puddin'—say a double slice !
 And then to doughnuts how I'll freeze ;
 With coffee—guess that ere's the cheese !
 And after grub I'll go to see
 The 'Seven Goblins of Dundee.'
 If this yere Christmas ain't a buster,
 I'll let you rip my Sunday duster !"

So Rocket mused as he hurried along,
 Clutching his money with grasp yet tighter,
 And humming the air of a rollicking song,
 With a heart as light as his clothes—or lighter.
 Through Centre street he makes his way,
 When, just as he turns the corner at Pearl,
 He hears a voice cry out in dismay,
 And sees before him a slender girl,
 As ragged and tattered in dress as he,
 With hand stretched forth for charity.

In the street-light's fitful and flickering glare
 He caught a glimpse of the pale, pinched
 face—

So gaunt and wasted, yet strangely fair,
 With a lingering touch of childhood's grace
 On her delicate features. Her head was bare,
 And over her shoulders disordered there hung
 A mass of tangled, nut-brown hair.

In misery old as in years she was young,
 She gazed in his face. And, oh ! for the eyes—
 The big, blue, sorrowful, hungry eyes,—
 That were fixed in a desperate frightened
 stare.

Hundreds have jostled her by to-night—
 The rich, the great, the good, and the wise,
 Hurrying on to the warmth and light
 Of happy homes—they have jostled her by,
 And the only one who has heard her cry,
 Or, hearing, has felt his heartstrings stirred,
 Is Rocket—this youngster of coarser clay,
 This gamin, who never so much as heard
 The beautiful story of Him who lay
 In the manger of old on Christmas day !

With artless pathos and simple speech,
 She stands and tells him her pitiful tale ;
 Ah, well, if those who pray and preach
 Could catch an echo of that sad wail !
 She tells of the terrible battle for bread,
 Tells of a father brutal with crime,
 Tells of a mother lying dead,
 At this, the gala Christmas-time ;
 Then adds, gazing up at the starlit sky,
 "I'm hungry and cold, and I wish I could die."

What is it trickles down the cheek
 Of Rocket—can it be a tear ?
 He stand and stares, but does not speak ;
 He thinks again of that good cheer
 Which Christmas was to bring ; he sees
 Visions of turkey, steaming pies,
 The play-bills—then, in place of these,
 The girl's beseeching, hungry eyes ;
 One mighty effort, gulping down
 The disappointment in his breast,
 A quivering of the lip, a frown,
 And then, while pity pleads her best,
 He snatches forth his cherished hoard,
 And gives it to her like a lord !
 "Here, freeze to that ; I'm flush, yer see,
 And then you needs it more 'an me !"
 With that he turns and walks away,
 So fast the girl can nothing say,

So fast he does not hear the prayer
That sanctifies the winter air.
But He who blessed the widow's mite
Looked down and smiled upon the sight.

No feast of steaming pies or turkey,
No ticket for the matinee,
All drear and desolate and murky,
In truth, a very dismal day.

With dinner on a crust of bread,
And not a penny in his pocket,
A friendly ash-box for a bed—
Thus came the Christmas day to Rocket,
And yet—and here's the strangest thing—
As best befits the festive season,
The boy was happy as a king—
I wonder can you guess the reason?

VANDYKE BROWN.

THE WRECK.

I OPENED the yard gate and looked into the empty street. The sand, the sea-weed, and the flakes of foam were driving by, and I was obliged to call for assistance before I could shut the gate again, and make it fast against the wind.

There was a dark gloom in my lonely chamber, when I at length returned to it; but I was tired now, and, getting into bed again, fell into the depths of sleep until broad day; when I was aroused at eight or nine o'clock by some one knocking and calling at my door.

"What is the matter?"

"A wreck! close by!"

"What wreck?"

"A schooner from Spain or Portugal, laden with fruit and wine. Make haste, sir, if you want to see her! It's thought down on the beach she'll go to pieces every moment."

I wrapped myself in my clothes as quickly as I could, and ran into the street, where numbers of people were before me, all running in one direction,—to the beach. I ran the same way, outstripping a good many, and soon came facing the wild sea. Every appearance it had before presented bore the expression of being *swelled*; and the height to which the breakers rose and bore one another down, and rolled in, in interminable hosts, was most appalling.

In the difficulty of hearing anything but wind and waves, and in the crowd, and the unspeakable confusion, and my first breathless efforts to stand against the weather, I was so confused that I looked out to sea for the wreck, and saw nothing but the foaming heads of the great waves.

A boatman laid a hand upon my arm, and pointed. Then I saw it, close in upon us.

One mast was broken short off, six or eight feet from the deck, and lay over the side, entangled in a maze of sail and rigging; and all that ruin, as the ship rolled and beat,—which she did with a violence quite inconceivable,—beat the side as if it would stave it in. Some efforts were being made to cut this portion of the wreck away; for as the ship, which was broadside on, turned towards us in her rolling, I plainly descried her people at work with axes,—especially one active figure, with long curling hair. But a great cry, audible even above the wind and water, rose from the shore, the sea, sweeping over the wreck, made a clean breach, and carried men, spars, casks, planks, bulwarks, heaps of such toys, into the boiling surge.

The second mast was yet standing, with the rags of a sail, and a wild confusion of broken cordage, flapping to and fro. The ship had struck once, the same boatman said, and then lifted in, and struck again. I understood him to add that she was parting amidships. As he spoke, there was another great cry of pity from the beach. Four men arose with the wreck out of the deep, clinging to the rigging of the remaining mast; uppermost the active figure with the curling hair.

There was a bell on board; and as the ship rolled and dashed, this bell rang; and its sound, the knell of those unhappy men, was borne towards us on the wind. Again we lost her, and again she rose. Two of the four men were gone.

I noticed that some new sensation moved the people on the beach, and I saw them part, and Ham came breaking through them to the front.

Instantly I ran to him, for I divined that he meant to wade off with a rope. I held him back with both arms; and implored the men not to listen to him, not to let him stir that sand.

Another cry arose, and we saw the cruel sail, with blow on blow, beat off the lower of the two men, and fly up in triumph round the active figure left alone upon the mast. Against such a sight, and against such determination as that of the calmly desperate man, who was already accustomed to lead half the people present, I might as hopefully have entreated the wind.

I was swept away to some distance, where the people around me made me stay; urging, as I confusedly perceived, that he was bent on going, with help or without, and that I should endanger the precautions for his safety by troubling those with whom they rested. I saw hurry on the beach, and men running with ropes, and penetrating into a circle of figures that hid him from me. Then I saw him standing alone, in a seaman's frock and trousers, a rope in his hand, another round his body, and several of the best men holding to the latter.

The wreck was breaking up. I saw that she was parting in the middle, and that the life of the solitary man upon the mast hung by a thread. He had a singular red cap on, not like a sailor's cap, but of a finer color; and as the few planks between him and destruction rolled and bulged, and as his death knell rung, he was seen by all of us to wave this cap. I saw him do it now, and thought I was going distracted, when his action brought an old remembrance to my mind of a once dear friend, *the* once dear friend,—Steerforth.

Ham watched the sea until there was a great retiring wave; when he dashed in after it, and in a moment was buffeting with the water, rising with the hills, falling with the valleys, lost beneath the foam,—borne in towards the shore, borne on towards the ship.

At length he neared the wreck. He was so near, that with one more of his vigorous strokes, he would be clinging to it, when, a high, green, vast hill-side of water moving on shoreward from beyond the ship, he seemed to leap up into it with a mighty bound,—and the ship was gone!

They drew him to my very feet, insensible, dead. He was carried to the nearest house, and every means of restoration was tried; but he had been beaten to death by the great wave, and his generous heart was stilled for ever.

As I sat beside the bed, when hope was abandoned, and all was done, a fisherman who had known me when Emily and I were children, and ever since, whispered my name at the door.

"Sir, will you come over yonder?"

The old remembrance that had been recalled to me was in his look, and I asked him, "Has a body come ashore?"

"Yes."

"Do I know it?"

He answered nothing. But he led me to the shore. And on that part of it where she and I had looked for shells, two children,—on that part of it where some lighter fragments of the old boat blown down last night had been scattered by the wind,—among the ruins of the home he had wronged,—I saw him lying with his head upon his arm, as I had often seen him lie at school.

CHARLES DICKENS.

SUPPOSED SPEECH OF REGULUS.

THE palaces and domes of Carthage were burning with the splendors of noon, and the blue waves of her harbor were rolling and gleaming in the gorgeous sunlight. An attentive ear could catch a low murmur, sounding

from the centre of the city, which seemed like the moaning of the wind before a tempest. And well it might. The whole people of Carthage, startled, astounded by the report that Regulus had returned, were pouring, a mighty tide, into

the great square before the Senate House, a great outpouring of the populace.

There were mothers in that throng, whose captive sons were groaning in Roman fetters; maidens, whose lovers were dying in the distant dungeons of Rome; gray-haired men and matrons, whom Roman steel had made childless; men, who were seeing their country's life crushed out by Roman power; and with wild voices, cursing and groaning, the vast throng gave vent to the rage, the hate, the anguish of long years.

Calm and unmoved as the marble walls around him, stood Regulus, the Roman! He stretched his arm over the surging crowd with a gesture as proudly imperious, as though he stood at the head of his own gleaming cohorts. Before that silent command the tumult ceased—the half-uttered execration died upon the lip—so intense was the silence that the clank of the captive's brazen manacles smote sharp on every ear, as he thus addressed them :

"Ye doubtless thought, judging of Roman virtue by your own, that I would break my plighted faith, rather than by returning, and leaving your sons and brothers to rot in Roman dungeons, to meet your vengeance. Well, I could give reasons for this return, foolish and inexplicable as it seems to you; I could speak of yearnings after immortality—of those eternal principles in whose pure light a patriot's death is glorious, a thing to be desired; but, by great Jove! I should debase myself to dwell on such high themes to *you*. If the bright blood which feeds *my* heart were like the slimy ooze that stagnates in *your* veins, I should have remained at Rome, saved my life and broken my oath.

"If, then, you ask, why I have come back, to let you work your will on this poor body which I esteem but as the rags that cover it,—enough reply for you, it is *because I am a Roman!* As such, here in your very capital I defy you! What I have done, ye never can *undo*; what *ye* may do, I care not. Since first my young arm knew how to wield a Roman sword, have I not routed your armies, burned your towns, and

dragged your generals at my chariot wheels? And do ye now expect to see me cower and whine with dread of Carthaginian vengeance? Compared to that fierce mental strife which my heart has just passed through at Rome, the piercing of this flesh, the rending of the sinews, would be but sport to me.

"Venerable senators, with trembling voices and outstretched hands, besought me to return no more to Carthage. The generous people, with loud wailing, and wildly-tossing gestures, bade me stay. The voice of a beloved mother,—her withered hands beating her breast, her gray hairs streaming in the wind, tears flowing down her furrowed cheeks—praying me not to leave her in her lonely and helpless old age, is still sounding in my ears. Compared to anguish like this, the paltry torments *you* have in store is as the murmur of the meadow brook to the wild tumult of the mountain storm.

"Go! bring your threatened tortures! The woes I see impending over this fated city will be enough to sweeten death, though every nerve should tingle with its agony. I die—but mine shall be the triumph; yours the untold desolation. For every drop of blood that falls from my veins, your own shall pour in torrents! Woe, unto thee, O Carthage! I see thy homes and temples all in flames, thy citizens in terror, thy women wailing for the dead. Proud city! thou art doomed! the curse of Jove, a living, lasting curse is on thee! The hungry waves shall lick the golden gates of thy rich palaces, and every brook run crimson to the sea. Rome, with bloody hand, shall sweep thy heart-strings, and all thy homes shall howl in wild response of anguish to her touch. Proud mistress of the sea, disrobed, uncrowned, and scourged—thus again do I devote thee to the infernal gods!

"Now, bring forth your tortures! *Slaves!* while you tear this quivering flesh, remember, how often Regulus has beaten your armies and humbled your pride. Cut as he would have carved you! Burn deep as his curse! You may slay Regulus, but cannot conquer him."

ELIJAH KELLOGG.

NELL.

YOU'RE a kind woman, Nan! ay, kind and true!

God will be good to faithful folk like you!
You knew my Ned!

A better, kinder lad never drew breath.

We loved each other true, and we were wed
In church, like some who took him to his death;

A lad as gentle as a lamb, but lost
His senses when he took a drop too much.

Drink did it all—drink made him mad when
crossed—

He was a poor man, and they're hard on such.

O Nan! that night! that night!

When I was sitting in this very chair,

Watching and waiting in the candlelight,
And heard his foot come creaking up the stair,
And turned, and saw him standing yonder,
white

And wild, with staring eyes and rumpled hair!

And when I caught his arm and called in
fright,

He pushed me, swore, and to the door he passed
To lock and bar it fast.

Then down he drops just like a lump of lead,
Holding his brow, shaking, and growing whiter,
And—Nan!—just then the light seemed growing
brighter,

And I could see the hands that held his head,
All red! all bloody red!

What could I do but scream? He groaned to
hear,

Jumped to his feet and gripped me by the wrist;
"Be still, or I shall kill thee, Nell!" he hissed.

And I *was* still, for fear.

"They're after me—I've knifed a man!" he
said.

"Be still!—the drink—drink did it!—he is
dead!"

Then we grew still, dead still. I couldn't
weep;

All I could do was cling to Ned and hark,
And Ned was cold, cold, cold, as if asleep,
But breathing hard and deep.

The candle flickered out—the room grew
dark—

And—Nan!—although my heart was true and
tried—

When all grew cold and dim,
I shuddered—for fear of them outside,

But just afraid to be alone with *him*.

"Ned! Ned!" I whispered—and he moaned
and shook,

But did not heed or look!

"Ned! Ned! speak, lad! tell me it is not true!"

At that he raised his head and looked so
wild;

Then, with a stare that froze my blood, he threw

His arms around me, crying like a child,
And held me close—and not a word was spoken,
While I clung tighter to his heart, and pressed
him,

And did not fear him, though my heart was
broken,

But kissed his poor stained hands, and cried,
and blessed him.

Then, Nan, the dreadful daylight, coming cold
With sound o' falling rain—

When I could see his face, and it looked old,

Like the pinched face of one that dies in pain;
Well, though we heard folk stirring in the sun,

We never thought to hide away or run,
Until we heard those voices in the street,

That hurrying of feet.

And Ned leaped up, and knew that they had
come.

"Run, Ned!" I cried, but he was deaf and
dumb!

"Hide, Ned!" I screamed, and held him;
"Hide thee, man!"

He stared with bloodshot eyes, and hearkened
Nan!

And all the rest is like a dream—the sound
Of knocking at the door—

A rush of men—a struggle on the ground—

A mist—a tramp—a roar;

For when I got my senses back again,
The room was empty—and my head went round !

God help him? God *will* help him ! Ay, no
fear !

It was the drink, not Ned—he meant no
wrong ;

So kind ! so good !—and I am useless here,
Now he is lost that loved me true and long.

. . . That night before he died,
I didn't cry—my heart was hard and dried ;
But when the clocks went "one," I took my
shawl

To cover up my face, and stole away,
And walked along the silent streets, where all
Looked cold and still and gray,
And on I went and stood in Leicester Square,
But just as "three" was sounded close at hand
I started and turned east, before I knew,
Then down Saint Martin's Lane, along the
Strand,
And through the toll-gate on to Waterloo.

Some men and lads went by,
And turning round, I gazed, and watched 'em
go,

Then felt that they were going to see him die,
And drew my shawl more tight, and followed
slow,

More people passed me, a country cart with hay
Stopped close beside me, and two or three
Talked about *it* ! I moaned and crept away !

Next came a hollow sound I knew full well,
For something gripped me round the heart—
and then

There came the solemn tolling of a bell !
O God ! O God ! how could I sit close by,
And neither scream nor cry?

As if I had been stone, all hard and cold,
I listened, listened, listened, still and dumb,
While the folk murmured, and the death-bell
tolled.

And the day brightened, and his time had
come,
Till—Nan !—all else was silent, but the knell
Of the slow bell !

And I could only wait, and wait, and wait,
And what I waited for I couldn't tell—
At last there came a groaning deep and great—
Saint Paul's struck "eight"—

I screamed, and seemed to turn to fire, and fell !
ROBERT BUCHANAN.

THE LIGHTKEEPER'S DAUGHTER.

THE pale moon hid her face; the glittering
stars

Retired above the blackness of the night.
The wild winds moaned, as if some human soul
In fetters bound was struggling to be free;
The ocean leaped and swayed his long white
arms
Up in the darkness with a sullen roar.
Across the heavy gloom of night there came
The faint light from the tower, and when the
moon
Peeped from her floating veil of clouds, she sent
A gleam across the waters, rushing mad.

Against the angry sky
The lighthouse stood, whose beacon light fore-
told

The danger to bold ships that neared the rocks
While daylight slept.

In the tower by the sea, there all alone,
The keeper's pretty daughter trimmed the lamp,
And as the water sparkled in the light,
"God save the sailors on the sea," she prayed;
"The night is wild; my father gone, and near
Are rocks which vessels wreck when storms are
high;
I will not sleep, but watch beside the light,
For some may call for help."

And so she sat
Beside the window o'er the sea, and scanned
With large dark eyes the troubled water's foam,

Unheeding as the wind her tresses tossed,
Or spray baptized her brow.

A muffled sound
Trembles upon the air, above the storm;
Why strain her eager eyes far in the night?
Was it the wind, or but the ocean's heart
Beating against the cliffs?

Ah, no! Ah, no!
It was the signal-gun—the cry for help!
Now seen, now lost, the lights upon the ship
Glimmer above the wave.
Her inmost soul, with anguish stirred, sobs out,
“A vessel on the rocks, and none to save!”
Again that far, faint death-knell of the doomed
Upon her young heart falls. “They shall not
die!

I rescue them, or perish in their grave!”
Her strong arms, nerved by heart long trained
To suffer and to dare for highest good,
Conquers in spite of warring elements;
The boat is launched; one instant does she
pause
And lift her soul in prayer. 'Tis silent,
But angels hear, and bear it on their wings
To the All-Father, and the strength comes down.

The wind howls loud; the cruel, sullen waves
Toss the frail bark as children toss a toy;
All nature tries to baffle one brave soul
As, beautiful and bold, she still toils on,
Unheeding all except one thought, one hope.

She nears the vessel, beating 'gainst the rocks;
A wave sweeps o'er her, but her heart is stayed
By cries for “help” from hearts half dead with
fear;

Upon the tossing ship they watch and pray,
While nearer draws deliverance. One more
bound,

The ship is reached, and not a moment lost.
The boat is filled. Again she braves the sea,
This time with precious freight, the while the
waves,

Thus cheated of their prey, mourn in revenge.
The moon between the clouds in pity smiles,
The waves are broken into tears above
The boat of life; resisting wind and wave,
They near the land, an unseen Hand directs,
And one eye, never sleeping, watches all.

Upon the shore the fishers' wives knelt down
And clasped their loved ones, given from the
grave.

Young children sobbed their gratitude, and clung
To fathers they had never hoped to kiss;
Strong men were not afraid of tears, which fell
Like April rain, as with their wives and babes
They knelt upon the bleak seashore, to pray.
Up to the skies a glad thanksgiving rose;
The wind ceased wailing, and the stars came out;
Joy filled all hearts, and noble Grace was blessed
The earth grew brighter, for the angels sang,
In heaven, to God a glad, sweet song of praise.

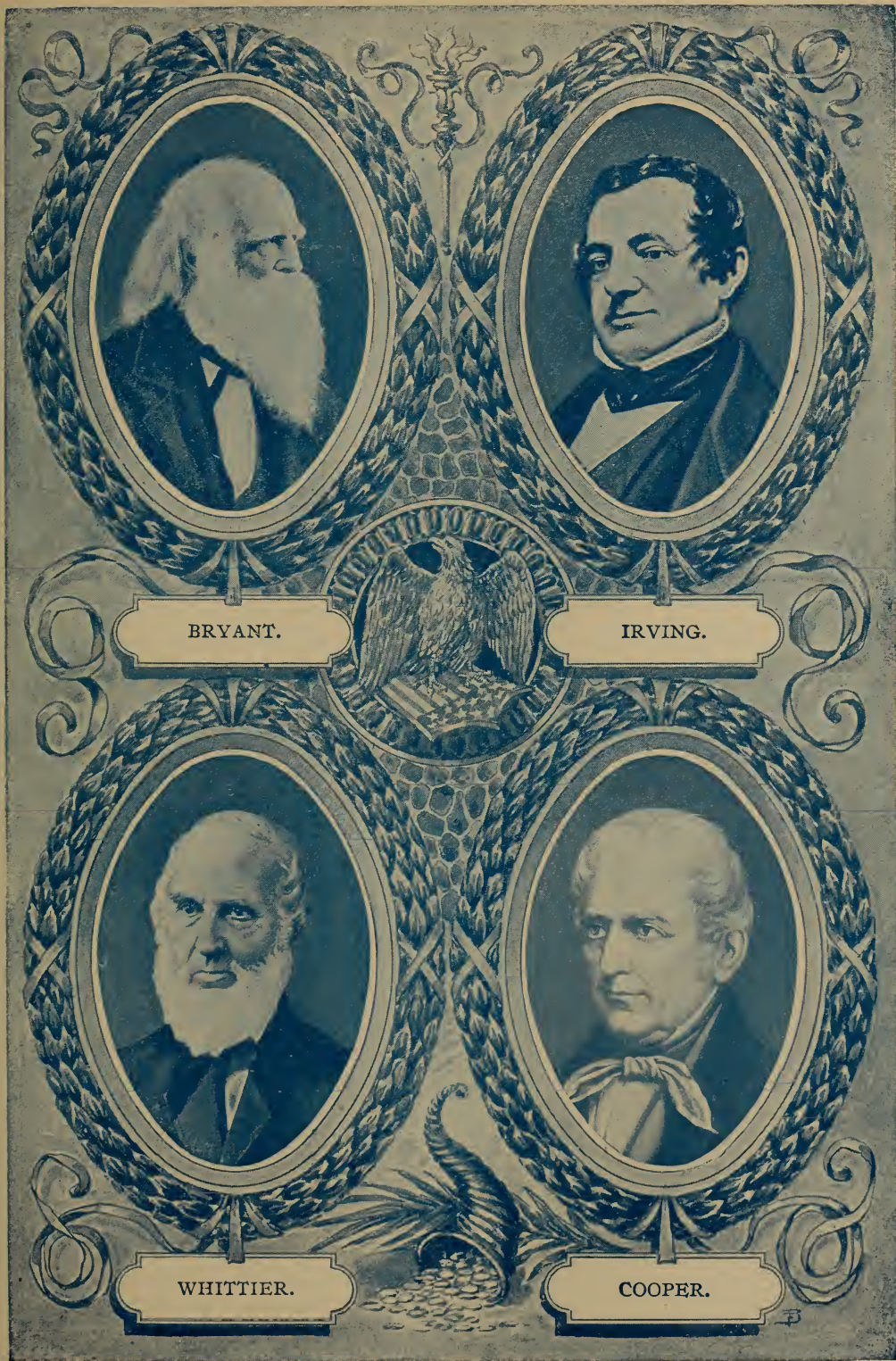
MYRA A. GOODWIN.

POPULAR ELECTIONS.

SIR, if there is any spectacle from the contemplation of which I would shrink with peculiar horror, it would be that of the great mass of the American people sunk into a profound apathy on the subject of their highest political interests. Such a spectacle would be more portentous to the eye of intelligent patriotism, than all the monsters of the earth, and fiery signs of the heavens, to the eye of trembling superstition. If the people could be indifferent to the fate of a contest for the presi-

dency, they would be unworthy of freedom. If I were to perceive them sinking into this apathy, I would even apply the power of political galvanism, if such a power could be found, to rouse them from their fatal lethargy.

Keep the people quiet! Peace! peace! Such are the whispers by which the people are to be lulled to sleep, in the very crisis of their highest concerns. Sir, “you make a solitude, and call it peace!” Peace? 'Tis death! Take away all interest from the people, in the election of



BRYANT.

IRVING.

WHITTIER.

COOPER.



BYRON.



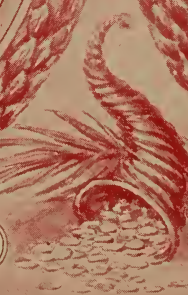
TENNYSON.



SCOTT.



SHELLEY.



their chief ruler, and liberty is no more. What sir, is to be the consequence? If the people do not elect the President, somebody must.

There is no special providence to decide the question. Who, then, is to make the election, and how will it operate? You throw a general paralysis over the body politic, and excite a morbid action in particular members. The general patriotic excitement of the people, in relation to the election of the President, is as essential to the health and energy of the political system, as circulation of the blood is to the health and energy of the natural body. Check that circulation, and you inevitably produce local inflammation, gangrene, and ultimately death.

Make the people indifferent, destroy their

legitimate influence, and you communicate a morbid violence to the efforts of those who are ever ready to assume the control of such affairs—the mercenary intriguers and interested office-hunters of the country. Tell me not, sir, of popular violence! Show me a hundred political factionists—men who look to the election of a President as the means of gratifying their high or their low ambition—and I will show you the very materials for a mob; ready for any desperate adventure connected with their common fortunes. The reason of this extraordinary excitement is obvious. It is a matter of self-interest, of personal ambition. The people can have no such motives. They look only to the interest and glory of the country.

GEORGE M' DUFFIE.

THE GLADIATOR.

S TILLNESS reigned in the vast amphitheatre, and from the countless thousands that thronged the spacious inclosure, not a breath was heard. Every tongue was mute with suspense, and every eye strained with anxiety toward the gloomy portal where the gladiator was momentarily expected to enter. At length the trumpet sounded, and they led him forth into the broad arena. There was no mark of fear upon his manly countenance, as with majestic step and fearless eye he entered. He stood there, like another Apollo, firm and unbending as the rigid oak. His fine proportioned form was matchless, and his turgid muscles spoke his giant strength.

"I am here," he cried, as his proud lip curled in scorn, "to glut the savage eye of Rome's proud populace. Aye, like a dog you throw me to a beast; and what is my offense? Why, forsooth, I am a *Christian*. But know, ye can not fright my soul, for it is based upon a foundation stronger than the adamant rock. Know ye, whose hearts are harder than the flinty stone, my heart quakes not with fear; and here I aver, I would not change conditions with the blood-stained Nero, crowned though he be. not for the

wealth of Rome. Blow ye your trumpet—I am ready."

The trumpet sounded, and a long, low growl was heard to proceed from the cage of a half-famished Numidian lion, situated at the farthest end of the arena. The growl deepened into a roar of tremendous volume, which shook the enormous edifice to its very centre. At that moment the door was thrown open, and the huge monster of the forest sprang from his den, with one mighty bound to the opposite side of the arena. His eyes blazed with the brilliancy of fire, as he slowly drew his length along the sand, and prepared to make a spring upon his formidable antagonist. The gladiator's eyes quailed not; his lip paled not; but he stood immovable as a statue, waiting the approach of his wary foe.

At length, the lion crouched himself into an attitude for springing, and with the quickness of lightning, leaped full at the throat of the gladiator. But he was prepared for him, and bounding lightly on one side, his falchion flashed for a moment over his head, and in the next it was deeply dyed in the purple blood of the monster. A roar of redoubled fury again resounded through the spacious amphitheatre, as the enraged ani-

mal, mad with the anguish from the wound he had just received, wheeled hastily round, and sprang a second time at the Nazarene.

Again was the falchion of the cool and intrepid gladiator deeply planted in the breast of his terrible adversary; but so sudden had been the second attack, that it was impossible to avoid the full impetus of his bound, and he staggered and fell upon his knee. The monster's paw was upon his shoulder, and he felt its hot fiery breath upon his cheek, as it rushed through his wide distended nostrils. The Nazarene drew a short dagger from his girdle, and endeavored to regain his feet. But his foe, aware of his design, precipitating himself upon him, threw him with violence to the ground.

The excitement of the populace was now wrought up to a high pitch, and they waited the result with breathless suspense. A low growl of satisfaction now announced the noble animal's

triumph, as he sprang fiercely upon his prostrate enemy. But it was of short duration; the dagger of the gladiator pierced his vitals, and together they rolled over and over, across the broad arena. Again the dagger drank deep of the monster's blood, and again a roar of anguish reverberated through the stately edifice.

The Nazarene, now watching his opportunity, sprang with the velocity of thought from the terrific embrace of his enfeebled antagonist, and regaining his falchion, which had fallen to the ground in the struggle, he buried it deep in the heart of the infuriated beast. The noble king of the forest, faint from the loss of blood, concentrated all his remaining strength in one mighty bound; but it was too late; the last blow had been driven home to the centre of life, and his huge form fell with a mighty crash upon the arena, amid the thundering acclamations of the populace.

GINEVRA.

IF thou shouldst ever come by choice or chance

To Modena, where still religiously
Among her ancient trophies is preserved
Bologna's bucket (in its chain it hangs
Within that reverend tower, the Guirlandine),
Stop at a Palace near the Reggio-gate,
Dwelt in of old by one of the Orsini.
Its noble gardens, terrace above terrace,
And rich in fountains, statues, cypresses,
Will long detain thee; * * * a summer sun
Sets ere one-half is seen; but, ere thou go,
Enter the house—pry thee, forget it not—
And look awhile upon a picture there.

'Tis of a Lady in her earliest youth,
The very last of that illustrious race,
Done by Zampieri—but by whom I care not.
He, who observes it—ere he passes on,
Gazes his fill, and comes and comes again,
That he may call it up, when far away.

She sits, inclining forward as to speak,
Her lips half open, and her finger up,
As though she said "Beware!" her vest of gold

Broidered with flowers, and clasped from head
to foot,

An emerald stone in every golden clasp;
And on her brow, fairer than alabaster,
A coronet of pearls. But then her face,
So lovely, yet so arch, so full of mirth,
The overflowings of an innocent heart—
It haunts me still, though many a year has fled,
Like some wild melody!

Alone it hangs,
Over a mouldering heirloom, its companion,
An oaken chest, half eaten by the worm,
But richly carved by Antony of Trent
With Scripture stories from the life of Christ;
A chest that came from Venice, and had held
The ducal robes of some old ancestor.
That by the way—it may be true or false—
But don't forget the picture; and thou wilt not,
When thou hast heard the tale they told me
there.

She was an only child; from infancy
The joy, the pride of an indulgent Sire.
Her Mother dying of the gift she gave,

That precious gift, what else remained to him?
 The young Ginevra was his all in life,
 Still as she grew, for ever in his sight;
 And in her fifteenth year became a bride,
 Marrying an only son, Francesco Doria,
 Her playmate from her birth, and her first love.
 Just as she looks there in her bridal dress,
 She was all gentleness, all gaiety,
 Her pranks the favorite theme of every tongue.
 But now the day was come, the day, the hour;
 Now, frowning, smiling, for the hundredth time,
 The nurse, that ancient lady, preached decorum;
 And in the lustre of her youth, she gave
 Her hand, with her heart in it, to Francesco.

Great was the joy; but at the bridal feast,
 When all sat down the Bride was wanting there.
 Nor was she to be found! Her father cried,
 "'Tis but to make a trial of our love!"
 And filled his glass to all; but his hand shook,
 And soon from guest to guest the panic spread.
 'Twas but that instant she had left Francesco,
 Laughing and looking back and flying still,
 Her ivory-tooth imprinted on his finger.
 But now, alas! she was not to be found;
 Nor from that hour could anything be guessed,
 But that she was not. Weary of his life,
 Francesco flew to Venice, and forthwith

Flung it away in battle with a Turk.
 Orsini lived; and long was to be seen
 And old man wandering as in quest of some-
 thing,


Something he could not find—he knew not what.
 When he was gone, the house remained awhile
 Silent and tenantless—then went to strangers

Full fifty years were passed, and all forgot,
 When on an idle day, a day of search
 'Mid the old lumber in the Gallery,
 That mouldering chest was noticed; and 'twas
 said

By one as young, as thoughtless as Geneva,
 "Why not remove it from its lurking place?"
 'Twas done as soon as said; but on the way
 It burst, it fell; and lo, a skeleton,
 With here and there a pearl, an emerald stone,
 A golden clasp, clasping a shred of gold.
 All else had perished—save a nuptial ring,
 And a small seal, her mother's legacy,
 Engraven with a name, the name of both,
 "Ginevra."—There then had she found a grave!
 Within that chest had she concealed herself,
 Fluttering with joy, the happiest of the happy;
 When a spring lock, that lay in ambush there,
 Fastened her down forever!

SAMUEL ROGERS.

THE DYNAMITER'S DAUGHTER.

UFFLED tones in secret conclave
 Tell of deeds already done;
 Ruthless orders executed
 Heedless of the dangers run;
 Bringing ruin, death, and terror,
 Only two short days before;
 Now the lots are cast to settle
 Names for two explosions more.
 Breathless silence while the chairman
 Speaks in accents whispered low,
 "Netherson and Stowe are chosen,
 Three days hence they strike the blow."

One by one they leave the meeting,
 Netherson his home to seek;
 Through the slumbering city by-ways.

Facing fitful night winds bleak.
 Furtively through shadows stealing,
 Cast by lofty buildings near;
 Like an awful spirit watchful,
 High above one star burns clear;
 While beyond the narrow opening,
 Robed in mystery by the gloom,
 Stern as sentinels on duty,
 Towers and spires forbidding loom.

Visions lurid chase each other
 Through his terror-heated brain;
 Dark and darker seems the prospect,
 All regrets he knows are vain.
 Easy 'twas to plan for others,
 Now the work his own becomes;

Must he steep his hands in murder?
 How the thought his heart benumbs?
 Must he cast all pity from him;
 Must he crush each feeling mild?
 Kill, aye, die, yet never falter?
 Then he thought upon his child.

Morning came; she stood beside him,
 Knowing naught of what was near;
 Dimpled cheeks in sunny tresses,
 Eyes like sparkling fountains clear.
 "Father," gently speaks the maiden,
 While her arms his form embrace,
 "In the paper I've been reading,"
 Something blanched her glowing face,
 "How some men explosive hiding,
 Cruel harm have done, and wrong;
 Wounding people poor and helpless,
 Fighting not the great and strong.

"Father, dear, it seems so dreadful!
 And I hear the people talk,
 'Curse the hands that work such evil,'
 And I dread abroad to walk;
 It were well if they were punished,"
 And her voice more awesome grew;
 "I'd be glad to know they'd caught them,
 Yes, dear father, so would you."
 Then she kissed his chilly forehead,
 With a kiss impassioned, warm;
 Knew not that within his bosom,
 She had fanned a raging storm.

Then she went to school and left him;
 Soon forgot the evil thing.
 All alone, she thought she left him,
 But her words incessant ring
 Through and through his inmost being,
 Peopling the teeming air
 With the forms of fiendish creatures,
 Circling near him everywhere;
 Laughing, jibing, taunting, mocking,
 Flashing on him eyes of flame,
 Goading him to desperation,
 Hurrying on to darkest shame.

Slowly speed the days of waiting,
 Came the fated hour at last;
 Netherson had gained his station,
 Stowe to his had safely passed,
 There deposited his missile,
 On a little distance went,
 Scarce a pause, a booming shudder
 Through the startled air was sent.
 Stones, and bricks, and glass came falling,
 Dust clouds filled the air around;
 And when men could search the ruins,
 In their midst a child was found.

Stricken down in girlhood's morning,
 Tender, delicate, and fair,
 Breathing still, but crushed and mangled,
 Blood-stains dyed the flaxen hair,
 Tenderly strong arms upraised her,
 Near at hand was willing aid;
 Soon their palpitating burden
 In the hospital was laid;
 But the man who wrought the evil,
 Wist not who was hurt or killed;
 Fled in silence, never heeding
 Whether beds or graves were filled.

Scathless from his coward's exploits
 Netherson his home has gained.
 Evening shadows fallen round it,
 Dark and voiceless it remained.
 Fearing first to meet his daughter,
 Now her absence wakes his dread,
 Has some evil overwhelmed her?
 Does she know his hands are red
 With his fellow creature's life blood?
 Does she shrink from his embrace?
 Seems once more that gloomy chamber
 Peopled by a fiendish race.

Night crept on with gloomy silence;
 "Oh, my daughter, come again!"
 But no voice, no footsteps answer,
 While he sees the crimson stain,
 Through the midnight darkness glowing,

On his hands like flaming light;
 There she sat enchained in silence,
 Spell-bound by the ghastly sight;
 Like a culprit iron fettered,
 There he sat, nor moved, nor spoke;
 Night was passed, the light grew broader;
 Once again the world awoke.

Gently glowed the springtide morning,
 Bringing hopes of love and life,
 Though it snapped the spell of silence,
 Could not soothe the inward strife,
 Could not calm the wayward passions,
 Fiercely warring in his mind;
 Hate of power, the dread of equals,
 Fear lest others would unwind,
 Thread by thread, the secret meshes,
 Woven by his own poor skill;
 Self, and worse, his child in danger,
 Wilder grew the tumult still.

Watch him reading now the paper:
 "Yesterday at four o'clock,
 Several streets were rudely shaken,
 Damaged by the sudden shock
 Caused by dynamite explosion.
 When they cleared the wreck away,
 'Neath the debris, badly wounded,
 Nearly dead a sweet girl lay;
 Long and full her flaxen tresses;
 To the hospital conveyed—"
 Quickly all the truth flashed on him,
 Then aside the sheet was laid.

She, the only one that loved him,
 Loved with fond affection she,
 Should he run the risk to seek her,
 Or from quick detection flee?
 Others grieved, and others suffered,
 Now the plot had wounded him;
 She, his darling, suffering, dying,
 Every other sense was dim;
 Like a lion by hunters driven,

Held at bay he madly stood;
 Till upon him flashed her features,
 And the hair all stained with blood.

Long he pondered, undecided;
 Then o'erborne by impulse strong,
 Formed a hasty resolution;
 Hurriedly he passed along,
 Sought the place, the ward discovered,
 There he knelt beside the bed;
 And the last faint rays of sunlight
 Fell upon his prostrate head;
 Wan the cheeks so lately ruddy,
 Lost was every golden tress;
 One brief glance, he could not bear it,
 Down he bent in blank distress.

"Weep not, father, darling father,
 Yes, the pain grows very bad;
 Long with you I may not linger;
 Lonely you will feel and sad.
 Father, I forgive the people—
 Do you think they'll catch the men?
 Sure I am, I never wronged them,
 Tell them, father, tell them then—
 Kiss me, father, I am dying;
 Oh, so dark—now bright it seems;
 Listen, father, are they singing?
 Angels, like I've seen in dreams?"

Tender words, how deep they cut him,
 One long kiss, he left the bed,
 Daylight, life, and love seemed dying;
 From the building as he fled
 Two strong men his progress hindered;
 Vain to make attempt at flight;
 Quickly to the station hurried,
 Walls and doors shut out the light,
 Baffled, thwarted, captured, prisoned,
 As upon him close the doors,
 Freed from pain, his daughter's spirit,
 Angel-guarded, heavenward soars.

E. STANWAY JACKSON.

BERNARDO DEL CARPIO.

THE warrior bowed his crested head, and
tamed his heart of fire,
And sued the hearty king to free his long-
imprisoned sire:

"I bring thee here my fortress-keys, I bring my
captive train,
I pledge thee faith, my liege, my lord!—oh,
break my father's chain!"

"Rise, rise! even now thy father comes a
ransomed man, this day:
Mount thy good horse, and thou and I will meet
him on his way."
Then lightly rose that loyal son, and bounded
on his steed,
And urged, as if with lance in rest, the charger's
foamy speed.

And lo! from far, as on they pressed, there came
a glittering band,
With one that 'midst them stately rode, as a
leader in the land;
"Now haste, Bernardo, haste! for there, in
very truth, is he,
The father whom thy faithful heart hath yearned
so long to see."

His dark eye flashed, his proud breast heaved,
his cheek's blood came and went;
He reached that gray-haired chieftain's side,
and there, dismounting, bent;
A lowly knee to earth he bent, his father's hand
he took,—
What was there in its touch that all his fiery
spirit shook?

That hand was cold—a frozen thing—it dropped
from his like lead:
He looked up to the face above—the face was of
the dead!
A plume waved o'er the noble brow—the brow
was fixed and white;
He met at last his father's eyes—but in them
was no sight!

Up from the ground he sprang, and gazed, but
who could paint that gaze?
They hushed their very hearts, that saw its
horror and amaze;
They might have chained him, as before that
stony form he stood,
For the power was stricken from his arm, and
from his lip the blood.

"Father!" at length he murmured low, and
wept like childhood then—
Talk not of grief till thou hast seen the tears of
warlike men!—
He thought on all his glorious hopes, and all his
young renown,—
He flung his falchion from his side, and in the
dust sat down.

Then covering with his steel-gloved hands his
darkly mournful brow,
"No more, there is no more," he said, "to lift
the sword for now.—
My king is false, my hope betrayed, my father
—oh! the worth,
The glory and the loveliness are passed away
from earth!"

"I thought to stand where banners waved, my
sire! beside thee yet—
I would that *there* our kindred blood on Spain's
free soil had met!
Thou wouldst have known my spirit then—for
thee my fields were won,—
And thou hast perished in thy chains, as though
thou hadst no son!"

Then, starting from the ground once more, he
seized the monarch's rein,
Amidst the pale and wildered looks of all the
courtier train;
And with a fierce, o'ermastering grasp, the rear-
ing war-horse led,
And sternly set them face to face—the king
before the dead!—

"Came I not forth upon thy pledge, my father's
hand to kiss?—

Be still, and gaze thou on, false king ! and tell
me what is this !

The voice, the glance, the heart I sought—give
answer, where are they?—

—If thou wouldst clear thy perjured soul, send
life through this cold clay !

"Into these glassy eyes put light—Be still !
keep down thine ire,—

Bid these white lips a blessing speak—this earth
is *not* my sire !

Give me back him for whom I strove, for whom
my blood was shed,—

Thou canst not—and a king ! His dust be
mountains on thy head !"

He loosed the steed ; his slack hand fell—~~upon~~
the silent face

He cast one long, deep, troubled look—then
turned from that sad place :

His hope was crushed, his after fate untold in
martial strain,—

His banner led the spears no more, amidst the
hills of Spain.

FELICIA D. HEMANS.

BURNING OF THE LEXINGTON.

RIGHT rested on the sea—the moon alone,
O'er the wide waste of rolling waters
shone ;

The glorious sun had sunk in western skies,
And the dim stars looked down like angels' eyes,
As if they wept in heaven the approaching doom,
And dropped their tears o'er that untimely tomb !

The warm hand pressed with many a generous
token,

The long embrace once o'er, and farewell
spoken,

The buoyant boat swift leaves the crowded shore ;
To gaze on forms they shall behold no more,
Upon the deck, friends strain their anxious eyes,
Till evening drops her curtain o'er the skies.

Now o'er the waters, where the wanderers sleep,
Went forth that train upon the treacherous deep ;
They thought of friends to whom they should
return,

Nor thought, alas ! those friends so soon would
mourn.

In blissful dreams they think no more they roam,
But tread again the happy halls of home ;
Childhood and Age, and Beauty brightly blest,
Thoughtless of danger on the dark waves rest ;
When lo ! there comes upon the ear a cry,
And the word Fire ! sweeps roaring through the
sky ;

The red flames flash upon the rolling flood,
Till the wild waters seem one sea of blood ;
On the cold blast dread Azrael comes in ire,
Waves his dark wings, and fans the fearful fire ;
Wild o'er the deck and with disheveled hair,
Rush the sad victims, shrieking in despair :
"Where is my son ?" the frantic father cries,
And "Where my sire ?" the weeping son re-
plies.

Amid that scene of terror and alarms,
Dear woman, wailing, throws her ivory arms ;
And shall she perish ? nay, one effort saves—
Quick, launch the boats upon the boiling waves ;
They're lost ! O God ! they sink to rise no more !
A hundred voices mingle in one roar.

From post to post the affrighted victims fly
While the red flames illumine sea and sky ;
The piteous look of infancy appeals
For help, but oh ! what heart in danger feels ?
None save a mother's ; see her clasp her boy !
Floating she looks to find her second joy ;
She sees him now, and with a transport wild,
Save ! save ! oh save ! she cries, my drowning
child !

She lifts her arms, and in the next rude wave
The mother and her children find a grave ;
Locked in her arms her boy sinks down to rest,
His head he pillows on her clay-cold breast ;

A mother's love not death itself can part,
 She hugs her dying children to her heart ;
 And fain would perish more than once to save
 Her blooming boys from ocean's awful grave.

A sail ! a sail ! a hundred voices rave—
 In the dim distance, on the brilliant wave,
 She comes, and hope cheers up those hearts
 again,

They shall be saved—alas ! that hope is vain !
 The dastard wretch beholds the imploring crew,
 Looks on the blazing boat, then bids adieu ;
 Leaves them to perish in a watery grave,
 Rather than stretch his coward hand to save.
 Go, thou inhuman being ; be thy name
 A demon's watchword, and the mark of shame ;
 Go teach the tiger what to thee is given,
 And be the scoff of man, the scorn of Heaven ;
 Be all those mourning mothers' tears thy own,
 Till human feelings melt thy heart of stone.

Now o'er the ice-cold sea the victims swim,
 Their limbs are helpless, and their eyes grow
 dim ;

With cries for help they yield their lingering
 breath,

As one by one they close their eyes in death ;
 The blazing wreck a moment shines more
 bright,

One cry is heard, she sinks, and all is night.
 The moon hath set—a darkness shrouds the
 lee,

No voice is heard upon that moonless sea ;
 Soft pity spreads her wings upon the gale,
 And few are left to tell the dreadful tale.
 From down-beds warm, and from their joyous
 sleep,

Full many an eye afar shall wake to weep ;
 Full many a heart a hapless parent mourn,
 From friends and home, alas ! untimely torn.

MILFORD BARD.

POMPEII.

AND lo, a voice from Italy ! It comes like
 the stirring of the breeze from the moun-
 tains ! It floats in majesty like the echo
 of the thunder ! It breathes solemnity like a
 sound from the tombs ! Let the nations hearken ;
 for the slumber of ages is broken, and the buried
 voice of antiquity speaks again from the gray
 ruins of Pompeii.

Roll back the tide of eighteen hundred years.
 At the foot of the vine-clad Vesuvius stands a
 royal city ; the stately Roman walks its lordly
 streets, or banquets in the palaces of its splendor.
 The bustle of busied thousands is there ; you
 may hear it along thronged quays ; it raises from
 the amphitheatre and the forum. It is the home
 of luxury, of gayety, and of joy. There togged
 royalty drowns itself in dissipation ; the lion
 roars over the martyred Christian ; and the
 bleeding gladiator dies at the beck of applauding
 spectators. It is a careless, a dreaming, a devoted
 city.

There is a blackness in the horizon, and the
 earthquake is rioting in the bowels of the moun-

tain ! Hark ! a roar, a crash ! and the very
 foundations of the eternal hills are belched forth
 in a sea of fire ! Woe for that fated city ! The
 torrent comes surging like the mad ocean ; it
 boils above wall and tower, palace and fountain,
 and Pompeii is a city of tombs !

Ages roll on ; silence, darkness, and desolation
 are in the halls of buried grandeur. The forum
 is voiceless ; and the pompous mansions are ten-
 anted by skeletons ! Lo ! other generations live
 above the dust of long lost glory ; and the slum-
 ber of the dreamless city is forgotten.

Pompeii beholds a resurrection ! As sum-
 moned by the blast of the first trumpet, she hath
 shaken from her beauty the ashes of centuries,
 and once more looks forth upon the world,
 sullied and somber, but interesting still. Again
 upon her arches, her courts, and her colonnades
 the sun lingers in splendor, but not as erst, when
 the reflected luster from her marbles dazzled like
 the glory of his own true beam.

There, in their gloomy boldness, stand her
 palaces, but the song of carousal is hushed for-



EDWARD
EVERETT



BRET HARTE



H. W. LONGFELLOW



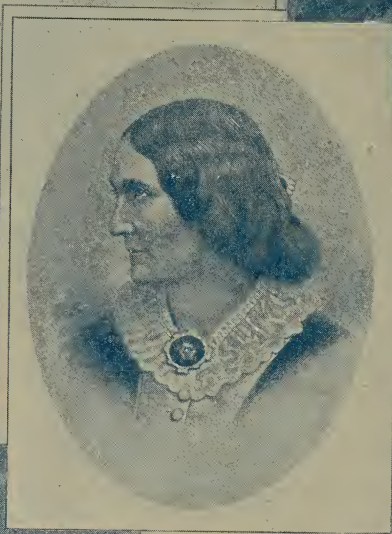
G. HOLLAND



R. H. STODDARD



H. B. STOWE



ALICE CARY



ELIZ PHELPS WARD

ever. You may behold the places of her fountains, but you will hear no murmur; they are as the water-courses, of the desert. There, too, are her gardens; but the barrenness of long antiquity is theirs. You may stand in her amphitheater, and you shall read utter desolation on its bare and dilapidated walls.

Pompeii! moldering relic of a former world! Strange redemption from the sepulcher! How vivid are the classic memories that cluster around thee! Thy loneliness is rife with tongues; for the shadows of the mighty are thy sojourners! Man walks thy desolated and forsaken streets, and is lost in his dreams of other days.

He converses with the genius of the past, and the Roman stands as freshly recalled as before the billow of lava had stiffened above him. A Pliny, a Sallust, a Trajan, are in his musing, and

he visits their very homes. Venerable and eternal city! The storied urn to a nation's memory! A disentombed and risen witness for the dead! Every stone of thee is consecrated and immortal. Rome was; Thebes was; Sparta was; thou wast, and art still. No Goth or Vandal thundered at thy gates, or reveled in thy spoil.

Man marred not thy magnificence. Thee wast scathed by the finger of Him who alone knew the depth of thy violence and crime. Babylon of Italy! thy doom was not revealed to thee. No prophet was there, when thy towers were tottering and the ashy darkness obscured thy horizon, to construe the warning. The wrath of God was upon thee heavily; in the volcano was the "hiding of his power;" and, like thine ancient sisters of the plain, thy judgment was sealed in fire!

WHAT IS A GENTLEMAN.

WHAT is a gentleman? Is it a thing
Decked with a scarf-pin, a chain, and
a ring,

Dressed in a suit of immaculate style,
Sporting an eye-glass, a lip, and a smile?
Talking of operas, concerts, and balls,
Evening assemblies and afternoon calls,
Sunning himself at "At Homes" and bazars,
Whistling mazurkas, and smoking cigars?

What is a gentleman? Say, is it one
Boasting of conquests and deeds he has done?
One who unblushingly glories to speak
Things which should call up a flush to his cheek?
One, who, whilst railing at actions unjust,
Robs some young heart of its pureness and trust;
Scorns to steal money, or jewels, or wealth,
Thinks it no crime to take honor by stealth?


What is a gentleman? Is it not one
Knowing instinctively what he should shun,
Speaking no word that can injure or pain,
Spreading no scandal and deep'ning no stain?

One who knows how to put each at his ease,
Striving instinctively always to please;
One who can tell, by a glance at your cheek,
When to be silent, and when he should speak?

What is a gentleman? Is it not one
Honestly eating the bread he has won,
Living in uprightness, fearing his God,
Leaving no stain on the path he has trod,
Caring not whether his coat may be old,
Prizing sincerity far above gold,
Recking not whether his hand may be hard,
Stretching it boldly to grasp its reward?

What is a gentleman? Say, is it birth
Makes a man noble, or adds to his worth?
Is there a family tree to be had
Spreading enough to conceal what is bad?
Seek out the man who has God for his Guide;
Nothing to blush for, and nothing to hide;
Be he a noble, or be he in trade,
This is the gentleman Nature has made.

A BOY HERO.


 'ER "The Devil's Gulch," a chasm wide,
 Sprung a mighty bridge; a roaring
 tide

Rushed headlong through the depths below.
 From a watch-tower high, a shining glow
 The watchman, nightly, made to shed
 Its warning signals of green or red,
 As the mighty engine thundered down,
 At morn and eve, from a far-off town.

A great storm rages o'er steep and fell,
 And "The Devil's Gulch" is a roaring hell
 Of waters, foaming wild and white,
 While darkness deepens into night.
 Carl Springel takes his poor old crutch
 (The watchman's son, he's lame, and Dutch),
 And goes forth, hobbling through the night.
 Though his steps are heavy, his heart is light,
 For he carries to his father dear
 His evening meal and helpful cheer.

What cares *he* for the wind and rain?
 First, love and duty, then home again.
 Now he rounds the curve of the mountain
 track—

What is that he hears?—a deafening crack!
 Then a rumbling crash through the blinding
 storm—

The bridge! oh, the bridge? *the bridge is gone!*
 "Oh, father! *father!*" hear him cry,

But his voice is lost in the howling sky;
 And the train—the train is speeding down,
 With its living load from the distant town!
 Though bitter grief his heart doth rack,
 He sees the hand-car on the track,
 He sees the lantern's blood-red gleam,
 He hears the engine's whistle scream!


He climbs on the car! the crank he turns,
 First slow, then faster; his heart it burns
 With anguish, sorrow, hopes and fears;
 He tugs and strains? and now he hears
 The train come thundering through the night,
 And *now* he sees the head-light bright.
 He knows he's numbered with the dead!
 But waves the lantern above his head.

He shouts: "The bridge! the bridge is down!
 The bridge is down! the bridge is—"
 Drowned in the awful din of train and storm.
 The engine strikes! and his mangled form
 Is dashed a hundred feet aside—
 But the train stops short of the roaring tide.

In Germany the tale is told,
 On a tombstone white, in words of gold:
 "Carl Springel's grave,
 Aged fourteen.

The crippled hero and martyr gave
 His life two hundred lives to save."

SAL PARKER'S GHOST.


 OW far to Oaklands now, Sir? Well, I
 should think it were five mile quite;
 But I sha'n't be long a-coaching yer
 there, this beautiful moonlight night.
 She's as good a hoss as the Squire has got, is
 this old mare, yer know;
 Just feel her mouth, and give her her head, and
 then she's bound to go.

Can I give yer a song to pass the time? Well,
 no; I can holler and shout;

But I warn't in the way, yer see, when *they* g
 the singing faces out;
 I should frighten you and the hoss as well, I
 tried my wocal skill,
 So I think I'll say—Kim up, yer brute; I
 teach yer to shy, I will.

What was the most remarkablest thing that ever
 happened to me?
 Well, I'm blowed if I know, sir, and that's the
 truth; and I kind o' fancy, yer see,

You're looking out for a bit o' life, as'll do to
 put in a tale,
 For I heerd 'em say 'twas a littery gent as I'd
 got to meet at the rail.

Ha, ha! you're right, sir. I warn't brought up
 in this present crib of mine,
 Which driving a hansom cab in town has bin
 my reg'lar line;
 And that reminds me of sumthink once that was
 werry strange and queer—
 You may put *that* down in a book, if yer like,
 for 'tis true as I'm sittin' here.

When I fust went up to London, yer see, as a
 hulking country lad,
 I got a helper's place in a mews, work heavy
 and wages bad;
 But I jest kept on in my ploddin' way, for I
 didn't mean to be beat,
 Fill, step by step, I'd rose in life to a hansom
 cabman's seat.

And then I married—at last, at last!—for me
 and my pretty Sal
 Had bin sweethearts in the dear old days, as
 country boy and gal;
 And she promised to wait for me when I went
 to London to try my fate,
 With the thought of her in her country home to
 keep me steady and straight.

I used to wonder like at times whatever it was
 she could see,
 Such a wee, sweet, pretty, modest lass, in a
 great rough fellow like me;
 But she left her country lanes, dear heart, and
 her sweetest smiles she brought
 To brighten the cabman's happy home in a
 dingy London court.

And we was werry happy, we was; and I think
 we was happier still
 When there come a little baby to nuss, and a
 little mouth to fill!

It ain't all pleasure, a cabman's life, but when
 hard thoughts 'ud come,
 I'd only to think of the wee bit babe, and the
 bonnie wife at home.

So things went on for a couple o' years, in
 humble comfort and joy;
 With two little children in our home—a gal and
 a baby boy!
 When the fever come to our little court on a
 sudden like, yer know,
 And the light o' my happy home went out, and
 my heart was broke at a blow!

I'd wanted the missus and bairns to go to her
 mother's house to stay,
 But she wouldn't hear of leaving me, not even
 for a day,
 So we just kept on, and left it to God; and Sal
 she was allus found
 Acting a Sister o' Mercy's part to the poor sick
 creeturs around.

But when the fever fust broke out she'd made
 me promise, yer see,
 With her arms about my neck, one night as she
 sat upon my knee,
 That if so be she was took herself, for the
 children's sake and my own,
 I'd get her into horspital at once to take her
 chance alone.

'Twas a trying time, and no mistake, with death
 a-hovering near;
 And I used to watch the missus and kids with a
 jealous kind o' fear,
 Till I noticed one day, that her bonnie face
 looked flushed and heavy-eyed,
 And ah! she was taken ba' that night a-lyin by
 my side.

I thought me then of the promise I'd made, and
 mp heart was strangely stirred,
 But the poor dear wife was braver than me, and
 she made me keep my word;

She went without a good-by to the bairns,
 though it almost broke her heart,
 And wouldn't even give me a kiss when the time
 had come to part.

I got some neighbors to look to the bairns, and
 I went to my work next day,
 But how I got through the weary time 'twould
 puzzle me to say,
 For I seemed quite dazed and misty-like, as
 though in a dream or worse,
 And a leaden dread of sorrow to come hung
 over me like a curse.

She'd made me promise I wouldn't try to see
 her while she was bad,
 But of course I was allus about the place what
 little leisure I had,
 And when they said she was getting round, and
 'ud soon be home once more,
 I thought to myself that welcomer words I'd
 never heerd before.

But the sixth day arter she left her home, I got
 a letter as said—
 O God, it makes me shudder now!—that my
 Sally was dead—was dead!
 She was dead of the fever, and confined down
 forever from mortal sight,
 And if I'd see her put in her grave I'd have to
 come that night.

What followed was like a dreadful dream. I lost
 my head, I think;
 I know there was tearful women about, who
 brought me food and drink;
 And I had some black put on to my hat, and was
 taken out somewhere,
 And I stood at night by an open grave, and saw
 a coffin there.

They brought me home, and by slow degrees it
 all grew clear and plain,
 And I mind me well of the passionate tears that
 I fancy saved my brain;

And I fell on my knees beside the bed—though
 I thought my heart would break—
 And prayed for strength to bear it all for her
 little children's sake.

Her children's sake! The two wee bairns, who
 was orphans now, yer know,
 The neighbors had took 'em away for a bit—
 and perhaps it was better so;
 God knows that better or truer friends had never
 man before;
 Ah, 'tis little you gentlefolks can know of the
 care of the poor for the poor!

A week had passed and I sat one night, by the
 dying fire alone,
 A brooding and broken-hearted man, whose
 hope in life was gone,
 When I heerd a sudden footfall without, that
 kind o' startled me then,
 For 'twas like the step of the dear dead wife
 who would never walk agen.

I thought 'twas a neighbor about, maybe, and
 went to the window near,
 But I started back, with a bitter cry and a sud-
 den frightful fear,
 For there, with its wild white face to the pane,
 I saw as plain as life,
 An awful something a-peering in, in the likeness
 of my wife!

It beckoned to me with its phantom hand, and
 I felt that my hour was nigh,
 And I soon must join my Sally again in the
 better home on high,
 When, ah, the door flew open, and there, oh
 there, it stood on the floor!
 And a sudden mist come over me, and I recol-
 lect no more.

When I come to myself I was lying down on our
 bit of a sofy there,
 And the neighbors was gathered about me then
 with a pitying, startled air;

I felt quite dazed and misty at fust, and I
swooned agen almost
When the terrible truth come back to me—the
open door and the ghost!

They tried to soothe me, the women did, and
said I must bear it well,
But there'd been a sad mistake, and they'd got
some happy news to tell;
Then I heerd a sudden sob and a cry, that come
from behind the rest,
And my Sally was kneeling by my side, with
her head upon my breast!

* * * * *

Her story was simple. With care and skill she'd
begun to mend apace,
So was moved to the convalescent ward for
another to take her place;
But in the hurry her name, yer see, was left up
over the bed,

So that when the other poor creetur sunk they
thought it was Sal was dead!

* * * * *

I'm a roughish sort myself, I am, but I leave
yer to understand

What my feelings was as we sat that night
a-talking hand in hand,

With the light of my life brought suddenly back.
when all seemed shadder and gall,

And my heart aglow with passionate thanks to
the merciful Giver of all.

But I'd had enough of yer London courts, and
we both was shaky and queer;

So I wrote for a crib as was advertised by the
good old master here.

And here's the lodge, with Sally herself a wait-
ing to open the gate—

Hi, Sal! yer may cook them bloaters now; I'll
be in directly, mate!

EDWIN COLLIER.

FOUNDERING OF THE DOLPHIN.

NO ruffling wind or howling storm dis-
turbed the placid sea,
No rocky cliff or hidden reef lay on the
Dolphin's lee.

The setting sun's last rays transformed the sea
to crimson light,
The failing breeze scarce forced the ship across
the waters bright.

Fair, fair the prospect; naught but sky the fair
horizon bound;

The brooding stillness was unbroken by e'en the
slightest sound,

Save where, near by, a school of fish disported
in the waves

Like recreant mermaids, truant from their pearly
ocean caves.

The bright tints deepened on the sea—then
faded—as the sun

In dazzling glory disappeared beneath the hori-
zon.

Then night stole on, and overhead each constel-
lation bright

Arose and shone in splendor through the beau-
teous tropic night.

As when the cloud rose from the sea, in size
like human hand,

So far away a form arose like mist from distant
land;

But all so dim and specter-like, so indistinct and
small,

One, through the darkness, scarce might tell if
it were cloud at all.

But larger grew the o'erspreading cloud—it
veiled the dark blue sky;

The vaulted heaven's bright eyes of fire were
hidden from the eye;

The sea grew black; the lowering sky o'erhung
like funeral pall;

And onward toward the Dolphin driven, came a
black watery wall.

"All hands on deck!" the boatswain piped;
 "Aloft!" the captain cried;
 "Furl quickly all the light sails, we shall yet
 the storm outside!
 Stow fore and mizzen courses, and close-reef the
 great mainsail!
 Stow jib and top-sails—helmsman, put the ship
 before the gale!"

Meanwhile, in majesty, the sea came rushing on
 behind:
 It struck the ship—she righted—then paid off
 before the wind;
 The ocean, just before so calm, now heaved, a
 raging main,
 And swiftly sped the Dolphin on before the hur-
 ricane.

A thousand voices seemed to scream through
 every splintered sail;
 A thousand shrieking demons through the rigging
 seemed to wail;
 And o'er the ship the foaming sea from stem to
 stern was poured;
 Before the blast the tall mainmast went crashing
 by the board.

The morning dawned, but scarce the sun could
 pierce the dark'ning cloud
 Which hung above the inky sea,—a heavy sable
 shroud;
 And only served, the pale, dim light, to show
 how grand, how high
 The billows rolled, reflecting dark the color of
 the sky.

The hurricane increased as though its rage could
 ne'er be quenched;
 The rudder, with a fearful shock, was from its
 fastenings wrenched.
 It flashed alike on every one—the ship must be
 their grave,
 For now she drifted helpless at the mercy of the
 wave.

A mighty sea rose at her stern—foam dripped
 from off its breast,
 And death, destruction lurked beneath its white
 and curling crest;
 It hung a moment o'er the ship, then fell with
 sullen roar,
 A surge—a whirlpool in the sea—a blank, and
 all was o'er.

C. E. REED.

MOUNTAINS.

MOUNTAINS! who was your builder?
 Who laid your awful foundations in
 the central fires, and piled your rocks
 and snow-capped summits among the clouds?
 Who placed you in the gardens of the world,
 like noble altars, on which to offer the sacrificial
 gifts of many nations?

Who reared your rocky walls in the barren
 desert, like towering pyramids, like monumental
 mounds, like giants' graves, like dismantled piles
 of royal ruins, telling a mournful tale of glory,
 once bright, but now fled forever, as flee the
 dreams of a midsummer's night? Who gave
 you a home in the islands of the sea,—those
 emeralds that gleam among the waves,—those
 stars of ocean that mock the beauty of the stars
 of night?

Mountains! I know who built you. It was
 God! His name is written on your foreheads.
 He laid your cornerstones on that glorious morn-
 ing when the orchestra of heaven sounded the
 anthem of creation. He clothed your high, im-
 perial forms in royal robes.

He gave you a snowy garment, and wove for
 you a cloudy vail of crimson and gold. He
 crowned you with a diadem of icy jewels;
 pearls from the Arctic seas; gems from the frosty
 pole. Mountains! ye are glorious. Ye stretch
 your granite arms away toward the vales of the
 undiscovered; ye have a longing for immortality.

But, Mountains! ye long in vain. I called
 you glorious, and truly ye are; but your glory
 is like that of the starry heavens,—it shall pass
 away at the trumpet-blast of the angel of the

Most High. And yet ye are worthy of a high and eloquent eulogium. Ye were the lovers of the daughters of the gods; ye are the lovers of the daughters of Liberty and Religion now; and in your old and feeble age the children of the skies shall honor your bald heads.

The clouds of heaven—those shadows of Olympian power, those spectral phantoms of dead Titans—kiss your summits, as guardian angels kiss the brow of infant nobleness. On your sacred rocks I see the footprints of the Creator; I see the blazing fires of Sinai, and hear its awful voice; I see the tears of Calvary, and listen to its mighty groans.

Mountains! ye are proud and haughty things. Ye hurl defiance at the storm, the lightning, and the wind; ye look down with deep disdain upon the thunder-cloud; ye scorn the devastating tempest; ye despise the works of puny man; ye shake your rock-ribbed sides with giant laughter, when the great earthquake passes by. Ye stand as giant sentinels, and seem to say to

the boisterous billows,—“Thus far shalt thou come, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed!”

Mountains! ye are growing old. Your ribs of granite are getting weak and rotten; your muscles are losing their fatness; your hoarse voices are heard only at distant intervals; your volcanic heart throbs feebly and your lava-blood is thickening, as the winters of many ages gather their chilling snows around your venerable forms.

The brazen sunlight laughs in your old and wrinkled faces; the pitying moonlight nestles in your hoary locks; and the silvery starlight rests upon you like the halo of inspiration that crowned the heads of dying patriarchs and prophets. Mountains! ye must die. Old Father Time, that sexton of earth, has dug you a deep, dark tomb; and in silence ye shall sleep after sea and shore shall have been pressed by the feet of the apocalyptic angel, through the long watches of an eternal night. Ye shall have your grave and burial.

E. M. MORSE

FROM THE WRECK.

“TURN out, boys.”—“What’s up with our super to night?

The man’s mad. Two hours to day-break, I’d swear.

Stark mad—why, there isn’t a glimmer of light

“Take Bolingbroke, Alec, give Jack the young mare;

Look sharp. A large vessel lies jammed on the reef,

And many on board still, and some washed on shore.

Ride straight with the news—they may send some relief

From the township; and we,—we can do little more.

“You, Alec, you know the near cuts, you can cross

The Sugarloaf ford with a scramble, I think;

Don’t spare the blood filly, nor yet the black horse;

Should the wind rise, God help them! the ship will soon sink.

Old Peter’s away down the paddock, to drive

The nags to the stockyard as fast as he can,—A life and death matter; so, lads, look alive.”

Half dressed, in the dark to the stockyard we ran.

There was bridling with hurry, and saddling with haste,

Confusion and cursing for lack of a moon.

“Be quick with these buckles, we’ve no time to waste.”

“Mind the mare, she can use her hind legs to some tune.”

“Make sure of the crossing-place; strike the old track,

They’ve fenced off the new one. Look out for the holes

On the Wornbat hills.' 'Down with the slip
rails; stand back.

"And ride, boys, the pair of you, ride for
your souls."

In the low branches heavily laden with dew,
In the long grasses spoiling with deadwood
that day,

Where the blackwood, the box, and the bastard
oak grew,

Between the tall gumtrees we galloped away.
We crashed through a brush fence, we splashed
through a swamp,

We steered for the north, near "the Eagle-
hawk's Nest,"

We bore to the left, just beyond "the Red
Camp,"

And round the black tea-tree belt,—wheeled
to the west.

We crossed a low range, sickly scented with
musk

From wattle-tree blossom—we skirted a marsh,
Then the dawn faintly dappled with orange the
dusk,

And pealed overhead the jay's laughter note
harsh,

And shot the first sunstreak behind us, and soon
The dim, dewy uplands were dreamy with
light;

And full on our left flashed "the reedy lagoon,"
And sharply "The Sugarloaf" reared on our
right.

A smothered curse broke through the bushman's
brown beard,

He turned in his saddle, his brick-colored
cheek

Flushed feebly with sundawn, said, "Just what
I feared;

Last fortnight's late rainfall has flooded the
creek."

Black Bolingbroke snorted and stood on the
brink

One instant, then deep in the dark sluggish
swirl

Plunged headlong. I saw the horse suddenly
sink,

Till round the man's armpits the wave seemed
to curl.

We followed,—one cold shock, and deeper we
sank

Than they did, and twice tried the landing in
vain;

The third struggle won it—straight, straight up
the steep bank

We staggered, then out on the skirts of the
plain.

The stockrider, Alec, at starting had got
The lead, and had kept it throughout; 'twas
his boast

That through thickest of scrub he could steer
like a shot,

And the black horse was counted the best on
the coast.

The mare had been awkward enough in the dark,
She was eager and headstrong, and barely half-
broke;

She had had me too close to a big stringy bark,
And made a near thing of a crooked she-oak;
But now on the open, lit up by the morn,

She flung the white foam flakes from nostril to
neck,

And chased him,—I, hatless, with shirt-sleeves
all torn,

(For he may ride ragged who rides from a
wreck)—

And faster and faster across the wide heath

We rode till we raced. Then I gave her her
head,

And she—stretching out with the bit in her
teeth—

She caught him, outpaced him, and passed
him, and led.

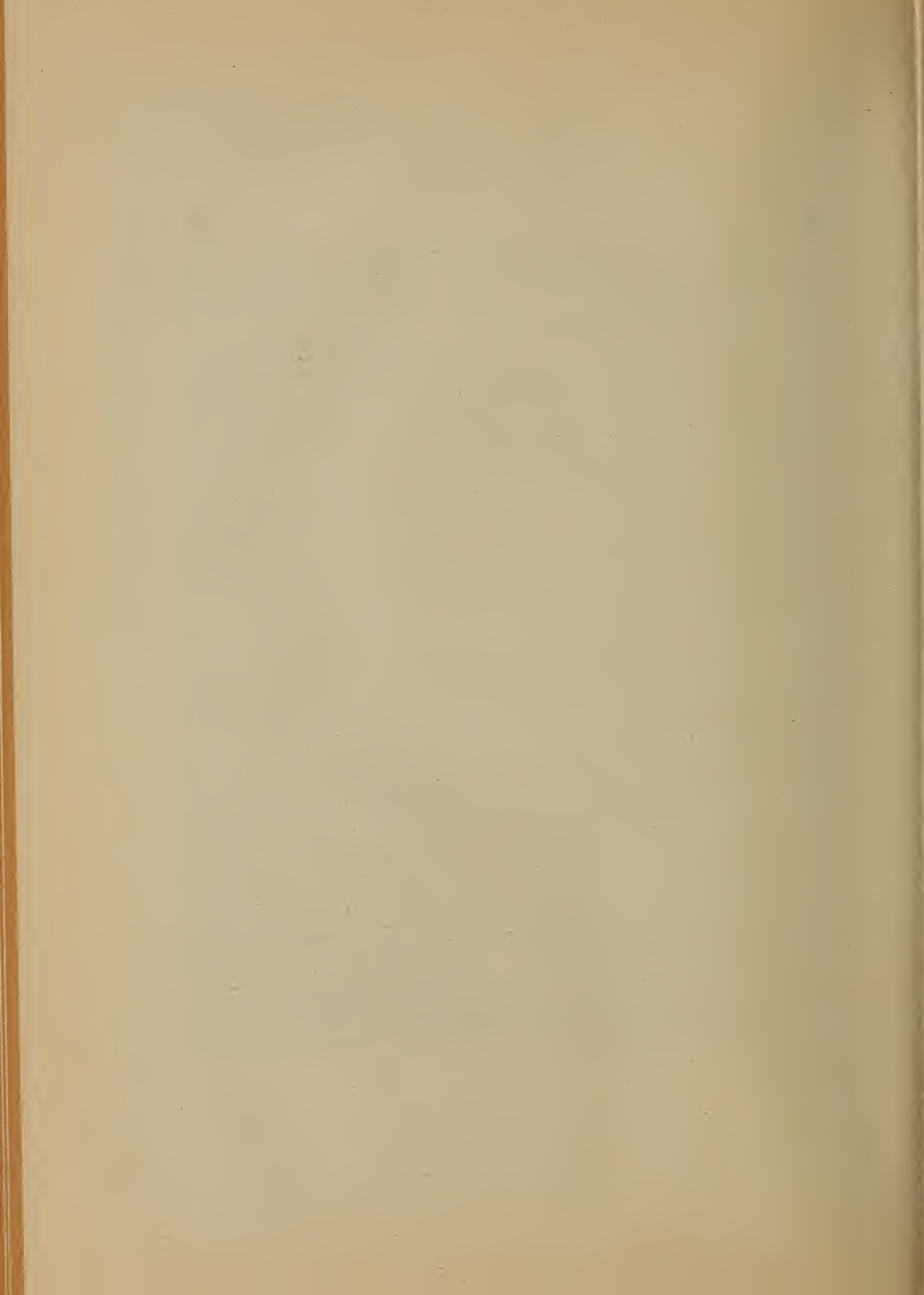
We neared the new fence; we were wide of the
track;

I looked right and left—she had never been
tried

At a stiff leap. 'Twas little he cared on the
black.



ORIENTAL, COSTUME



"You're more than a mile from the gateway,"
he cried.

I hung to her neck, touched her flank with the
spurs

(In the red streak of rail not the ghost of a
gap);

She shortened her long stroke, she pricked her
sharp ears,

She flung it behind her with hardly a rap.

I saw the post quiver where Bolingbroke struck,
And guessed that the pace we had come the
last mile

Had blown him a bit (he could jump like a
buck).

We galloped more steadily then for a while.

The heath was soon passed; in the dim distance
lay

The mountain. The sun was just clearing the
tips

Of the ranges to eastward. The mare—could
she stay?

She was bred very nearly as clean as Eclipse.
She led, and as oft as he came to her side

She took the bit, free and untiring as yet;
Her neck was arched double, her nostrils were
wide,

And the tips of her tapering ears nearly met.

"You're lighter than I am," said Alec at last,
"The horse is dead beat and the mare isn't
blown.

She must be a good one—ride on and ride fast,
You know your way now." So I rode on
alone.

Still galloping forward we passed the two flocks
At M'Intyre's hut and M'Allister's hill,
She was galloping strong at the Warrigal Rocks,
On the Wallaby Range she was galloping still.

And over the waste land and under the wood,
By down and by dale, and by fell and by flat,
She galloped, and here in the stirrups I stood
To ease her, and there in the saddle I sat
To steer her. We suddenly struck the red loam

Of the track near the troughs, then she reeled
on the rise;

From her crest to her croup covered over with
foam,

And blood-red her nostrils and bloodshot her
eyes.

A dip in the dell where the wattle fire bloomed—
A bend round a bank that had shut out the
view—

Large framed in the mild light the mountain had
bloomed,

With a tall purple peak bursting out from the
blue.

I pulled her together, I pressed her, and she
Shot down the decline to the Company's yard,
And on by the paddocks, yet under my knee
I could feel her heart thumping the saddle
flaps hard.

Yet a mile and another, and now we were near
The goal, and the fields and the farms flitted
fast,

And 'twixt the two fences I turned with a cheer,
For a green, grass-fed mare 'twas a far thing
and fast!

And laborers, roused by her galloping hoofs,
Saw the bare-headed rider and foam-sheeted
steed;

And shone the white walls and the slate-colored
roofs

Of the township. I steadied her then—I had
need—

Where stood the old chapel (where stands the
new church—

Since chapels to churches have changed in
that town),

A short, sidelong stagger, a long forward lurch,
A slight choking sob, and the mare had gone
down.

I slipped off the bridle, I slackened the girth,
I ran on and left her, and told them my news;
I saw her soon afterwards. What was she worth?
How much for her hide? She had never
worn shoes.

[ADAM LINDSAY GORDON.

HOME.

HERE is something in the word home, that wakes the kindest feelings of the heart.

It is not merely friends and kindred who render that place so dear; but the very hills and rocks and rivulets throw a charm around the place of one's nativity. It is no wonder that the loftiest harps have been tuned to sing of "home, sweet home." The rose that bloomed in the garden where one has wandered in early years a thoughtless child, careless in innocence, is lovely in its bloom, and lovelier in its decay.

No songs are sweet like those we heard among the boughs that shade a parent's dwelling, when the morning or the evening hour found us gay as the birds that warbled over us. No waters are bright like the clear silver streams that wind among the flower-decked knolls, where, in childhood, we have often strayed to pluck the violet or the lily, or to twine a garland for some loved schoolmate.

We may wander away and mingle in the "world's fierce strife," and form new associations and friendships, and fancy we have almost forgotten the land of our birth; but at some evening hour, as we listen perchance to the autumn winds, the remembrance of other days comes over the soul, and fancy bears us back to childhood's scenes. We roam again the old familiar haunts, and press the hands of companions long since cold in the grave, and listen to the voices we shall hear on earth no more. It is then a feeling of melancholy steals over us, which, like Ossian's music, is pleasant, though mournful to the soul.

The African, torn from his willow-braided hut, and borne away to the land of strangers, and of toil, weeps as he thinks of home, and sighs and pines for the cocoa-land beyond the waters of the sea. Years may have passed over him; strifes and toils may have crushed his spirits; all his kindred may have found graves upon the corals of the ocean; yet, were he free, how soon would he seek the shores and skies of his boyhood dreams?

The New England mariner, amid the icebergs of the Northern seas, or breathing the spicy gales of the ever green isles, or coasting along the shores of the Pacific, though the hand of time may have blanched his raven locks, and care have plowed deep furrows on his brow, and his heart have been chilled by the storms of the ocean, till the fountains of his love have almost ceased to gush with the heavenly current; yet, upon some summer's evening, as he looks out upon the sun sinking behind the western wave, he will think of home; his heart will yearn for the loved of other days, and his tears flow like the summer rain.

How, after long years of absence, does the heart of the wanderer beat, and his eyes fill, as he catches a glimpse of the hills of his nativity; and when he has pressed the lip of a brother or sister, how soon does he hasten to see if the garden, and the orchard, and the stream look as in days gone by! We may find climes as beautiful, and skies as bright, and friends as devoted; but that will not usurp the place of home, the dearest spot on earth.

SIMON GRUB'S DREAM.

THE text was this: "Inasmuch as ye Have done it to these ye have done it to me."

Soon Simon slept, for 'twas sultry weather, And the dream and the sermon went on together.

He dreamed that he died and stood at the gate Of the outer court where the angels wait

For those who heard the glad "well done," And can enter the realms of the Holy One.

While Simon waited and wondered if he Had forgotten the password, or lost the key, A voice above him said, loud and clear, "Do you know you must bring your witnesses here?"

"Of witnesses there are many," said he
 "My brethren and neighbors will all speak for
 me."

But the brethren and neighbors came not near,
 And he heard only a whinny, familiar and clear.

And old Grayfoot, the horse, stood just at his
 right,

While around on the other side, just coming in
 sight,

Was a crowd of dumb creatures so forlorn and
 so poor

That the angel wept as he opened the door.

Then Simon grew pale, and trembling with fear
 Said, "O why are not some of my brethren here?
 Pray wait, pray wait, they'll surely come."

'Twas Grayfoot that spoke then, and Simon was
 dumb :

On wintry nights I've stood in my stall
 When the cold winds blew through the cracks in
 the wall

Till every joint and sinew and bone
 Seemed frozen and dead as the coldest stone.

"I've shivered the dreary time away
 With only some wisps of the poorest hay ;
 Then put to work with shout and blow,
 So hungry and faint I could scarcely go."
 Then old Brindle came, and with soft brown eyes
 Fixed on her master in sad surprise,
 Told a pitiful tale of starvation and cold,
 And how he had sold her food for gold.

The poor sheep told their story, too,
 Of bitter wrongs their whole life through ;
 Turned out in cold and stormy weather
 To starve and freeze and cry together.

They were lowly cries, but they turned to prayer,
 And floating upward had rested there
 Close by the ear of Him who says,
 "I will hear the cries of my poor always."

The old house dog, though treated ill,
 Came near and fawned on his master still,

Because the love these dumb things know
 Is more than human, more faithful, more true.

Then conscience woke, like some torpid thing
 That is brought to life by the sun in spring,
 And it lashed and stung him like poisoned
 thongs

As memory brought him his train of wrongs,
 Forgetting nothing of word or deed,
 Of cruel blows or selfish greed.

His cruelly-treated friends that were dumb,
 Would they follow him on through the ages to
 come ?

Must he see them forever gaunt, hungry or cold ?
 For "Time and eternity never grow old."

How oft in dumb pleading they'd ask'd a caress
 From his hands that had beaten and starved
 them ! Ah, yes,

He remembered it all, and it stung him to know
 That the love they had craved had met only a
 blow.

Oh, could he live over the life that was past,
 And leave out its sins, to stand here at last
 With a soul that was white for a happier fate :
 Was it conscience that whispered, "Too late,
 too late !"

He'd cruelly passed over life's narrowing track,
 Till remorse claimed its own—for that never
 turns back—

And sins scarce remembered, remembered too
 late,
 Grew black as he saw them from heaven's barred
 gate.

'Twas in vain that he strove to speak, to say
 Those sweet old words, "Forgive, I pray ;"
 Sin's last sad cry: he was silent there ;
 He was dumb, with such woful need of prayer.

Then voices seemed floating on every breeze :
 "Ye did it to these, ye did it to these !
 Go hence, be homeless, go starve and freeze ;
 Ye did it to these, ye did it to these !

"And when you are faint and weary with woe
You will still hear the shout, you will still feel
the blow,
While a voice from which you shall never be
free

Will whisper beside you, 'Ye did it to me.'"

But hark! What melody over him rolls?
Do the angels sing requiems over lost souls?
His last hope has fled. In an agony new
He awoke—to find himself safe in his pew.

What his dumb friends thought none ever knew
When food was plenty and blows were few,
But the teacher who follows us ever, it seems,
Gives his strongest lessons, sometimes, in dreams.

Remember, dear friends, that the lips that are
dumb

May be those that will speak when our time
shall come

To stand at the entrance, and watch and wait
For the angel to open or close the gate.

THE CORONATION-PAGEANT OF ANNE BOLEYN.

GLORIOUS as the spectacle was, perhaps, however it passed unheeded. Those eyes were watching all for another object, which now drew near. In an open space behind the constable there was seen approaching "a white chariot," drawn by two palfreys in white damask which swept the ground, a golden canopy borne above it making music with silver bells: and in the chariot sat the observed of all observers, the beautiful occasion of all this glittering homage; fortune's plaything of the hour, the Queen of England—queen at last!—borne along upon the waves of this sea of glory, breathing the perfumed incense of greatness which she had risked her fair name, her delicacy, her honor, her self-respect, to win; and she had won it.

There she sat, dressed in white tissue robes, her fair hair flowing loose over her shoulders, and her temples circled with a light coronet of gold and diamonds—most beautiful—loveliest—most favored, perhaps, as she seemed at that hour, of all England's daughters. Alas! "within the hollow round of that coronet—

when the fountains are broken loose of the great deeps of thought, and nations are in the throes of revolution; when ancient order and law and traditions are splitting in the social earthquake; and as the opposing forces wrestle to and fro, those unhappy ones who stand out above the crowd become the symbols of the struggle, and fall the victims of its alternating fortunes.

And what if into an unsteady heart and brain, intoxicated with splendor, the outward chaos should find its way, converting the poor silly soul into an image of the same confusion—if conscience should be deposed from her high place, and the Pandora box be broken loose of passions and sensualities and follies; and at length there be nothing left of all which man or woman ought to value, save hope of God's forgiveness.

Three short years have yet to pass, and again, on a summer morning, Queen Anne Boleyn will leave the Tower of London—not radiant then with beauty on a gay errand of coronation, but a poor, wandering ghost, on a sad, tragic errand, from which she will never more return, passing away out of an earth where she may stay no longer, into a presence where, nevertheless, we know that all is well—for all of us—and therefore for her.

Did any twinge of remorse, any pang of painful recollection, pierce at that moment the incense of glory she was inhaling? Did any vision flit across her of a sad, mournful figure which had once stood where she was standing, now desolate,

"Kept Death his court, and there the antick sate
Scoffing her state and grinning at her pomp;
Allowing her a little breath, a little scene
To monarchize, be feared, and kill with looks,
Infusing her with self and vain conceit,
As if the flesh which wall'd about her life
Were brass impregnable; and humored thus,
Bored thro' her castle walls; and farewell, Queen!"

Fatal gift of greatness! so dangerous ever! so more than dangerous in those tremendous times

neglected, sinking into the darkening twilight of a life cut short by sorrow? Who can tell? At such a time, that figure would have weighed heavily upon a noble mind, and a wise mind would have been taught by the thought of it, that, although life be fleeting as a dream, it is long enough to experience strange vicissitudes of fortune.

But Anne Boleyn was not noble and was not

wise—too probably she felt nothing but the delicious, all-absorbing, all-intoxicating present; and if that plain, suffering face presented itself to her memory at all, we may fear that it was rather as a foil to her own surpassing loveliness. Two years later she was able to exult over Katharine's death; she is not likely to have thought of her with gentler feelings in the first glow and flush of triumph.

J. A. FROUDE.

THE ROMAN SENTINEL.

"In the excavations made by the government authorities to restore the ancient city of Pompeii, the workmen discovered the bones of a Roman soldier in the sentry box at one of the city's gates. As rocks of shelter were near at hand, and escape from the volcanic fiery deluge thus rendered possible, the supposition is that this brave sentinel chose to meet death, rather than desert his post of duty."

THE morning sun rose from his crimson couch

In the Orient-land, and bathed the world
In golden showers of refreshing light:
With orange and with jasmine the gardens
Of Pompeii were beautiful and fragrant;
The gray rocks, robed and crowned with vines
and flowers,
Were lulled to sleep upon the bosom of the Bay.
The merchant ships and pleasure boats lay still
And lifeless—or, drifting aimlessly between
The blue of the skies and the blue of the sea.

Sailing away on silvery pinions,
A pair of cloud-lovers, with cheeks of pearl,
Blushed to discover, in the sea below,
Their mirrored images: The distant isles
Answered back smiles of happy contentment
To voices calling from the mainland shores.
The hazy air, mild and calm, wrapped this proud
Old Italian city in a mantle
Of dreamful repose. On her streets the tramp
Of feet, now and then, broke the lazy quiet—
Some bought, some sold, some danced, some
played, some slept;
And each one went about his daily work,
Nor dreamed of danger near.

At a gate commanding entrance to Pompeii
Was placed a trusty sentinel. His tall,
Erect and warlike stature told a tale

Of dauntless courage. Proud of the faith and
Confidence placed in his loyal heart,
The sentinel's eyes shone like brilliant stars:
His trumpet, sword, and buckler hung about
His frame with airy lightness, while his face,
His bearing and his every action
Proclaimed in terms and force significant—
"*Here stands a Roman Soldier!*"

While pacing to and fro his measured beat,
And dreaming dreams of long expected honors,
There comes, beneath him, a strange quick
movement!

He stops—waits—listens. Ah, it comes again!
Then he knows the awful truth,—an earthquake,
That dreadful harbinger of volcanic
Action! A third time, and the ground doth
heave

Like ocean billows! Up, through ev'ry vein
The soldier's blood darts with freezing torture!
He looks towards the Bay,—it boils and strug-
gles

In its mad contention, lashing itself
As it lashes the shore! He lifts his trumpet
And sounds a loud alarm! Back from the
throat

Of great Vesuvius returns the answer,—
A rumble, rumble, rumble, like distant
Artillery! Volumes of smoke, dense and
Gigantic, roll from the maddened crater!
Daylight ceases! no sun! no moon! no stars!

Now dreadful, appalling, and magnificent
Blazes the weird, Plutonian candle!
The ground heaves! It rocks again! The waters
Leap beyond their shores! See—the giant moun-
tain

Trembles! Then one long, unnatural, roaring
Peal of wild volcanic thunder, and the
Fiery lakes of hell are hurled, seething,
Into the clouds above! Sound the danger
Signals! Rouse the thoughtless people! Fly! fly!
Fly for your lives! Too late! too late! forever
Too late! A molten sea of liquid fire]
Pours down upon the fated city!
Ghastly imps, the spectres of ruin, gloat
Above the hissing surges! Now a rain
Of red-hot ashes, stones, and cinders falls
Thick and fast for miles around! In the streets,
In their shops, in their homes that startled mass
Of poor humanity is suddenly
Clasped in the arms of unexpected Death!
Old age, manhood, bouyant youth, and helpless
Infancy all, all at once are buried
'Neath the burning fury of that awful
Avalanche!

When the peal up ire
Of grim Vesuvius had burst its massive
Prison bars, the soldier thought: "What shall

I do? To yon projecting rock I quick
Can fly and safety find! But can I thus betray
My sacred trust and win the name of Coward?
Is life a gem worth such a price to me?
Could e'er again these Roman lips repeat
The name my father bore? No! no! no! here!
Here will I stand; so let the fiends of hell
Exhaust their utmost fury! Trumpet, sound
My challenge bold! Ye heavens, wear your
blackest face!
Volcano, hurl your wildest fires! For though
I choke—I burn—I sink—I die—yet ne'er
Will I forsake my post of duty!"

Seventeen

Hundred years rolled by ere again the light
Of day shone on the buried city;
Then excavation broke the seals which held
The solemn secret. Two hundred thousand
Skulls and more were found entombed beneath
The ashes. Every stone and piece of metal
Lifted from the ancient ruins, told o'er
And o'er the horrors of that dark eruption.
At his post the sentinel's bones had kept
Their long and ghastly vigil. As in life
So e'en in death, the sacred trust was not
Deserted.

WARD M. FLORENCE.

THE STAGE-DRIVER'S STORY.

JAKE Poole was staging the route from Gal-
latin to Helena, in Montana, driving a
four horse coach in summer and a "jerky"
in winter, seventy miles a day through the wild-
est region, and over one of the most dangerous
routes in the United States. The country through
which this trail ran—for it was little less than a
trail—was totally uninhabited, but for the three
stage stations, where horses were changed, and
which were dugouts, or huts, twenty miles apart.
The Indians, although generally friendly, were
liable to become enemies at a moment's warn-
ing; road agents and outlaws were thicker upon
the Gallatin route than any other north of the
Union Pacific Railroad, and the route itself ran

through precipices, as though originally laid out
by mountain sheep. Notwithstanding all this,
Jake was a successful driver, made better time,
lost fewer mails and express safes, and ran his
coach at a smaller expense to the company than
any other man in their employ. But when mis-
fortune did overtake him, it was no light hand
that the genius of evil laid upon him, which the
following adventure proves:

One muggy morning, in early May, as Poole
hauled up in front of the stage office and pre-
pared to receive mails, express and messengers,
and passengers, if any there should be for Helena,
the Wells Fargo agent called to him from within.
Throwing the reins over the foot-brake, Poole

descended from his perch and entered the office. The agent shut the door behind him; then drawing near he said, in a half whisper: "There's fifteen thousand in currency in the safe, to take over to-day."

"All right!" responded Jake. "I've carried more before now and carried it safely."

"But," said the agent, drawing nearer, "Dick's sick and there's no messenger."

"Ah!" said the driver, meditatively; then, touching the revolvers which hung at his belt: "I'll be messenger and coachman both then."

"But," still continued the other, "there's one thing more," and he leaned forward so that his lips touched his companion's ear, "Copper Tom and his pal, old Jim, are on the road. A man from Cross Trees was robbed by them last night."

Poole whistled long and low, and his hand fell from his pistol butt. "Copper Tom" was the worst road agent in Montana,—a desperado with both courage and brains.

"Don't send the rags."

"I must!" said the expressman anxiously. "The order is peremptory; the money must go to-day, messenger or no messenger. Now, will you take it and carry it through?"

Jake laughed. "I'll take it; that's part of my business. Throw the safe under the seat and give me your pistol, I may want two," and he took the other's revolver from the desk where it lay and thrust it into his boot-top. "As to carrying it through that's another matter, with these fellows to stop it. But I'll promise you this,—if I go through the safe shall!"

The agent grasped his hand and shook it warmly. The door was thrown open, the driver mounted his seat, the iron box was stowed beneath his feet, the single passenger (an old woman, to be left at the first station) got in, the whip cracked, the horses plunged, the coach lurched heavily forward and, amid a shower of mud, disappeared down the steep mountain road. Although it was May, the morning was cold, and it was not until the sun had climbed well up the eastern sky that the chill thawed out of the air, and by that hour Poole was more than

twenty miles upon his journey, with fresh horses in their traces, and an empty coach behind him. He began to brighten with the sun.

"After I get through the Devil's Pass," said he to himself "Copper Tom or any other man may whistle for me, for from that to Dickson's is as handsome a road as ever a horse struck foot upon, and whoever tries to stop me there, unless he shoots first, will go under the leader's feet. I intend to make that little seven miles in just twenty-eight minutes without brakes." And he gathered his reins with a firmer hand, "Let's see," he continued, "if nothing goes wrong and the road's all right, I ought to make my last change by five o'clock and reach the Pass before six. I'll strike Dick's before seven certain. Beyond that the road is too open and too much traveled into Helena to be dangerous. "By Jove," he concluded, his heart warming as he struck his heel against the safe beneath the seat, "I don't see where the agents can stop me unless—good heaven! what if they try it in the very Pass itself? I had not thought of that!"

The man was silent for a moment and his face grave; then brightening he shook his reins, loosened his revolvers in boot and belt, and concluded his soliloquy with the remark: "Well, if they meet me in the Pass 'twill be about an even thing. If they miss their first shot I'll run 'em down, drive 'em into the canyon, or drop 'em with my pistols. If they don't miss, why then the swag's theirs!" It was now high noon and soon station two was reached, where horses were again changed and where Poole dined upon jerked bear meat, hot bread and black coffee. Strong food, but none too strong for the long ride yet before him.

As he mounted the box and prepared to depart the keeper of the station slipped from his dugout and drew near. "There's an old pard down the road a bit that'll want a ride. He war here 'bout two hours ago. He'll bear watchin'." And the rough frontiersman touched the pistol butt which protruded from his open shirt front to emphasize his warning.

Jake nodded. "Thanks, Tom, I'll keep my

eyes open. So long!" The fresh steeds in harness sprang strongly forward, and the empty coach whirled away.

"It's old Jim, sure," said he to himself, as his trained eye searched the road before him. "The old devil wants to ride so that he'll be on hand when Copper Tom turns up in the Pass. 'I see it all.' The teeth closed with a snap. 'Good,' he continued a moment later. 'He shall ride.' Some five miles were passed, when in the shadow of a pine that grew near the trail, Jake espied his prospective passenger prone upon the ground apparently resting. As the coach drew near the man arose slowly.

"Hullo, driver! Kin ye favor an old beggar with a lift? I'm too old to tramp as I used to, an' too poor to pay for a ride. Kin ye give me one?" He stepped forward as he spoke. Poor he was, if tattered garments betoken poverty. Old he surely was, for the withered skin and scanty gray locks, the claw-like hands and sunken eyes could not well be disguised. Half in scorn and half in pity, yet fully awake to his danger, Jake drew rein and replied: "Yes. Be lively; I'm behind time now. Where do you go!" The old man answered, as he struggled to a seat at the driver's side: "Dickson's." A touch of the whip and the horses were again upon a trot. Poole eyed his companion and almost unconsciously dropped his hand to his boot top and loosened the revolver there.

"Cold day for May," said the new comer shivering. "This yer wind's sharp."

"Yes," responded the other, wondering where about his ragged clothes the scoundrel had concealed his weapons, "it is cold; but you'll find it warmer in the Pass."

"Sure?" said the old man, leering in Jake's face.

"Sure," responded that worthy, his blood chilling with the covert hint in the word, and he urged his horses to yet greater speed.

The grade was sharply descending now, and the road rocky and rough. A mile more and the Pass would be reached. The coach fairly swayed under its rapid motion. Old Jim was forced to

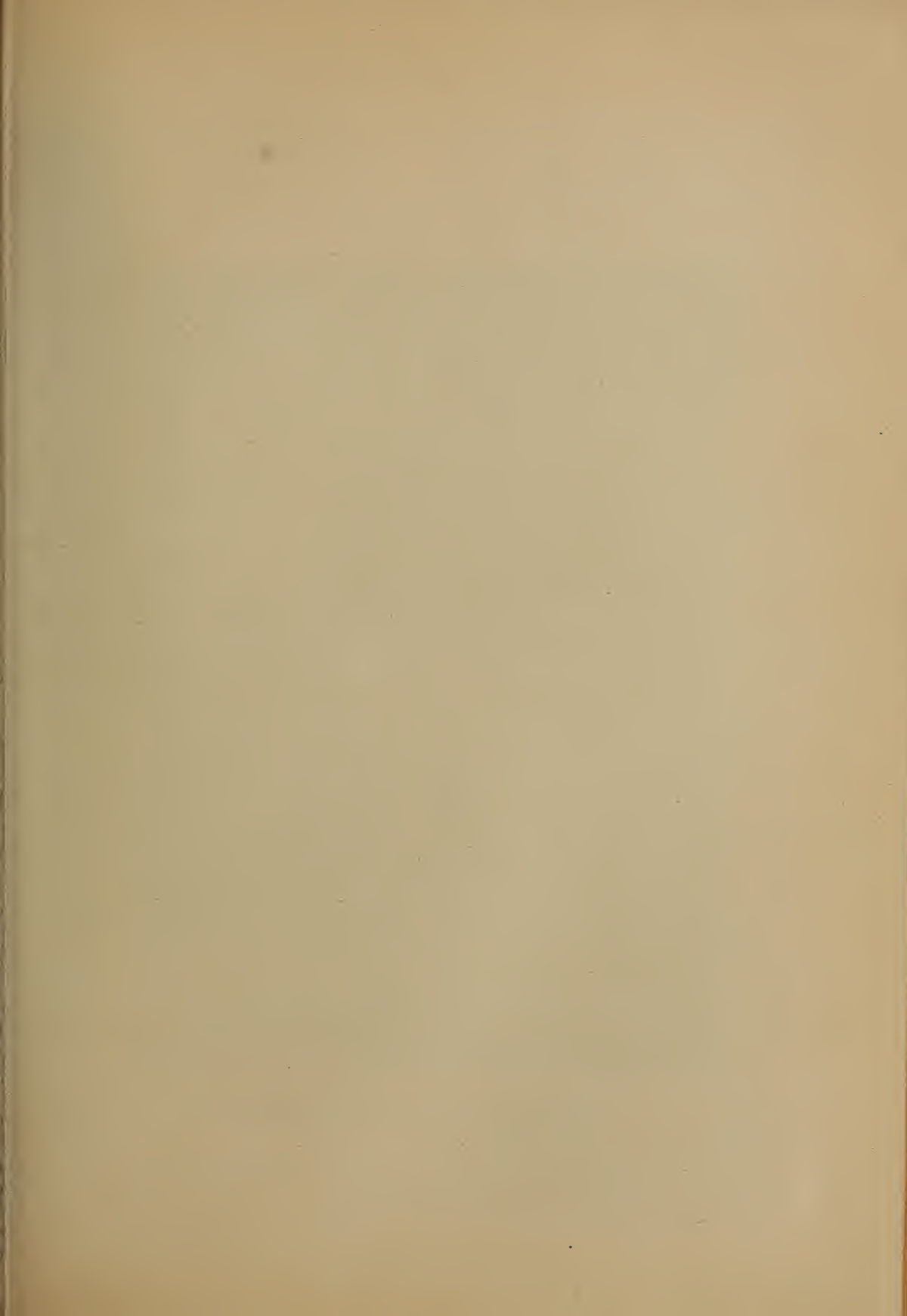
cling to the seat with both hands, in order to avoid being hurled to the ground. This was as Jake desired, and he smiled grimly as he noticed the other's action.

"Yer-a-drivin'-purty-fast!" screamed the gray-headed desperado, the words fairly jerked from him as the coach sprang forward, rocking from side to side. "You'll-hev-to-hold-up-at-the-Pass-I-reckon!"

Jake set his teeth. The granite walls of the Pass were now just before them, and the roadway descending and steep, ran into the shadow of the coming night and the gloom of the grave-like opening,—a narrow path, but little wider than the coach itself. The roar of the angry river below knelled a never ending warning, as it ran, ragged and torn among the jagged rocks, and the deathlike mist that crept up was deep and chill.

"I won't hold up!" and with these words the driver struck his horses sharply, and snorting, they sprang forward into the Devil's Pass. At the same instant, half way through the terrible gorge, standing motionless in the centre of the roadway, a beetling wall of rock upon one hand, a chasm of unknown depth upon the other, was seen a man. Copper Tom was awaiting his quarry. The old man at Poole's side uttered a cry, and loosening his grip of the seat with one hand he would have thrust it into his breast; but the other leaned suddenly toward him, and pressing a revolver muzzle against his forehead, whispered hoarsely: "Down with yer hands! If ye stir ag'in I'll kill ye! I know ye, old Jim, an' ye can't catch Jake Poole nor his load this time! Down with yer hands!"

The shuddering rascal's hand fell at his side; his face grew ashen-hued, and his eyes stared before him. They were rapidly approaching Copper Tom. For an instant as they came, that worthy stood facing them; then through the fading light he saw the position of his pal, upon whom he had depended—he saw the stern, set face of the driver—he saw the furious horses plunging down upon him—and with a terror-stricken cry he turned and fled! Could he but





OH, COLUMPIA, THE GEM OF THE OCEAN,
THE HOME OF THE BRAVE AND THE FREE.

reach the lower end of the causeway he might escape, could he but find a single spot to turn aside he would be safe ; but it was not to be.

Nearer and nearer thundered the iron-shod hoof behind him, narrower and still narrower grew the fatal road, until there rang a horrible, despairing cry, mingled with the frightened snort of the horses, a dark something bent down before the plunging steeds, rolled an instant before their grinding feet, and then, spurned by the flying wheels, was hurled into the canyon beneath, and the coach sped on. Half an hour

later Jake Poole pulled into the corral at Dickson's ranch, and tumbling a half fainting man from the seat at his side into the arms of astounded hostlers he said : "Bind that man and give him to the sheriff! It's old Jim, the road agent! His pard's at the bottom of the gulch in the Pass ; and I reckon this one will stretch hemp when the officers get him. I've driven my last run from Gallatin! There's too much risk about the business for me." And Jake kept his word. Bold and brave as he was, he would not take any more chances of that sort.

THE MISER'S WILL.

THIS tale is true, for so the records show ;
'Twas in Germany, not many years ago :

Young Erfurth loved. But ere the wedding day
His dearest friend stole with his bride away.
The woman false that he had deemed so true,
The friend he trusted but an ingrate, too,
What wonder that, his love to hatred grown,
His heart should seem to all mankind a stone?
All kindred ties he broke, himself be banned
And sought a solitude in stranger land.
Grief finds relief in something found to do,
The mind must find some object to pursue ;
And so, ere long, his being was controlled
By sole, debasing, longing greed for gold.
How soon his little multiplied to much!
His hand seemed gifted with a Midas touch;
Yet still he kept himself unto himself,
None seeing but for increase of his pelf.

Death came at last ; discovering ere he died,
His heart had yet one spot unpetrified ;
For, on his bed, his hand upon it still,
There, open, lay the poor old miser's will.

The will was read ; there to his brothers three
He left to each a thousand marks ; and he,
The friend who caused him all his grief and
shame,
Was, with his free forgiveness, left the same ;
But none of these, to whom such wealth he gave
Should follow his remains unto the grave

On pain of *forfeit*. 'Neath his pillow pressed
Was found a letter, sealed ; and thus addressed ;
"To my dear native city of Berlin."

The brothers heard, and thought it was no sin
To stay away ; besides, his absence long
Had quenched the love not ever over-strong.
What did the faithless friend? He knelt in
tears,

Looked back in anguish o'er the vanished years,
Saw once again their happy boyhood's time,
Their manhood's friendship, his repented crime.
"Oh, my wronged Erfurth, now in death, so
cold,

I've your forgiveness, care I for your gold?"
And, at the funeral, striving to atone,
The single mourner there, he walked alone.

The letter opened at the Mayor's will,
Was found to hold the miser's codicil,
Wherein he gave his hoarded gold and lands
To him that *disobeyed* the will's commands,
Should such there be,—whose heart knew love
or pity,—

Or, failing, all went to his native city.

And so the friend who stole his bride away ;
Who turned to night his joyous morn of day,
Humbly repentant, when his victim died,
Received his pardon and his wealth beside.

GEORGE BIRDSEYE.

THE QUEEN OF PRUSSIA'S RIDE.

At the battle of Jena, when the Prussian army was routed, the Queen, mounted on a superb charger, remained on the field attended by three or four of her escort. A band of hussars seeing her, rushed forward at full gallop, and with drawn swords dispersed the little group, and pursued her all the way to Weimar. Had not the horse which her Majesty rode possessed the fleetness of a stag, the fair Queen would infallibly have been captured.

FAIR Queen, away! To thy charger speak—
A band of hussars they capture seek.
Oh, haste! escape! they are riding this
way.

Speak—speak to thy charger without delay;
They're nigh.

Behold! They come at a break-neck pace,
A smile triumphant illumines each face.
Queen of the Prussians, now for a race,
To Weimar for safety—fly!

She turned, and her steed with a furious dash—
Over the fields like the lightning's flash—
fled.

Away, like an arrow from steel cross-bow,
Over hill and dale in the sun's fierce glow,
The Queen and her enemies thundering go,
On toward Weimar they sped.

The royal courser is swift and brave,
And his royal rider he strives to save—
But no!

"*Vive l'empereur!*" rings sharp and clear;

She turns and is startled to see them so near,
Then softly speaks in her charger's ear
And away he bounds like a roe.

He speeds as though on the wings of the wind,
The Queen's pursuers are left behind.

No more
She fears, though each trooper grasps his reins,
Stands up in his stirrups, strikes spurs and
strains,

For ride as they may, her steed still gains
And Weimar is just before.

Safe! The clatter now fainter grows;
She sees in the distance her laboring foes,
The gates of the fortress stand open wide
To welcome the German nation's bride
so dear.

With gallop and dash, into Weimar she goes,
And the gates at once on her enemies close.
Give thanks, give thanks! She is safe with
those

Who hail her with cheer on cheer!
A. L. A. SMITH.

THE MARTYR OF THE ARENA.

HONORED be the hero evermore
Who at mercy's call has nobly died,
Echoed by his name from shore to shore,
With immortal chronicles allied!
Verdant be the turf upon his dust,
Bright the sky above, and soft the air.
In the grove set up his marble bust,
And with garland crown it, fresh and fair.

In melodious numbers, that shall live
With the music of the rolling spheres,
Let the minstrel's inspiration give
His eulogium to the future years.
Not the victor in his country's cause,
Not the chief who leaves a people free.

Not the framer of a nation's laws
Shall deserve a greater fame than he.

Hast thou heard, in Rome's declining day,
How a youth, by Christian zeal impelled,
Swept the sanguinary games away
Which the Coliseum once beheld?
Filled with gazing thousands were the tiers,
With the city's chivalry and pride,
When two gladiators, with their spears,
Forward sprang from the arena's side.

Rang the dome with plaudits loud and long
As, with shields advanced, the athletes stood.
Was there no one in that eager throng

To denounce the spectacle of blood?
 Ay, Telemachus, with swelling frame,
 Saw the inhuman sport renewed once more.
 Few among the crowd could tell his name,
 For a cross was all the badge he wore.

Yet, with heart elate and god-like mien
 Stepped he forth upon the circling sand,
 And, while all were wond'ring at the scene,
 Checked the encounter with a daring hand.
 "Romans," cried he, "let this reeking sod
 Never more with human blood be stained,
 Let no image of the living God
 In unhallowed combat be profaned!

Ah! too long has this colossal dome
 Failed to sink, and hide your brutal shows;
 Here, I call upon assembled Rome,
 Now to swear they shall for ever close!"
 Parted thus, the combatants, with joy,
 Mid the tumult found the means to fly.
 In the arena stood the undaunted boy,
 And, with looks adoring, gazed on high.

Pealed the shout of wrath on every side,
 Every hand was eager to assail.
 "Slay him! Slay!" a hundred voices cried,
 Wild with fury. But he did not quail.
 Hears he, as, entranced, he looks above,
 Strains celestial, that the menace drown.
 Sees he angels, with their eyes of love,
 Beckoning to him with a martyr's crown.

Fiercer swelled the people's frantic shout,
 Launched against him flew the stones like
 rain.

Death and terror circled him about;
 But he stood and perished—not in vain:
 Not in vain the youthful martyr fell,
 Then and there he crushed a bloody creed,
 And his high example shall impel
 Future heroes to as great a deed.
 Stony answers yet remain for those
 Who would question and precede the time.
 In their season may they meet their foes,
 Like Telemachus, with front sublime.

THE SIOUX CHIEF'S DAUGHTER.

TWO gray hawks ride the rising blast;
 Dark cloven clouds drive to and fro
 By peaks pre-eminent in snow;

A sounding river rushes past,
 So wild, so vortex-like, and vast.
 A lone lodge tops the windy hill;
 A tawny maiden, mute and still,
 Stands waiting at the river's brink,
 As weird and wild as you can think.
 A mighty chief is at her feet;
 She does not heed him wooing so—
 She hears the dark, wild waters flow;
 She waits her lover, tall and fleet,
 From far gold fields of Idaho,
 Beyond the beaming hills of snow.

He comes! The grim chief springs in air—
 His brawny arm, his blade is bare.
 She turns; she lifts her round, brown hand;
 She looks him fairly in the face;
 She moves her foot a little pace

And says, with coldness and command,
 "There's blood enough in this lorn land.

"But see! a test of strength and skill,
 Of courage and fierce fortitude;
 To breast and wrestle with the rude
 And storm-born waters, now I will
 Bestow you both. Stand either side!
 Take you my left, tall Idaho;
 And you, my burly chief, I know
 Would choose my right. Now peer you low
 Across the waters wild and wide.
 See! leaning so this morn I spied
 Red berries dip yon farther side.
 See, dipping, dripping in the stream,
 Twin boughs of autumn berries gleam!
 Now this, brave men, shall be the test:
 Plunge in the stream, bear knife in teeth
 To cut yon bough for bridal wreath.
 Plunge in! and he who bears him best,
 And brings yon ruddy fruit to land

The first shall have both heart and hand."
 Two tawny men, tall, brown, and thewed
 Like antique bronzes rarely seen,
 Shot up like flame. She stood between
 Like fixed, impassive fortitude.
 Then one threw robes with sullen air,
 And wound red fox-tails in his hair;
 But one with face of proud delight
 Entwined a crest of snowy white.

She stood between. She sudden gave
 The sign, and each impatient brave
 Shot sudden in the sounding wave;
 The startled waters gurgled round;
 Their stubborn strokes kept sullen sound.

They near the shore at last; and now
 The foam flies spouting from a face
 That laughing lifts from out the race.

The race is won, the work is done!
 She sees the climbing crest of snow;
 She knows her tall, brown Idaho.
 She cries aloud, she laughing cries,
 And tears are streaming from her eyes.
 "O splendid, kingly Idaho!
 I kiss his lifted crest of snow;
 I see him clutch the bended bough!
 'Tis cleft—he turns! is coming now!

"My tall and tawny king come back!
 Come swift, O sweet! why falter so?
 Come! Come! What thing has crossed your
 track?

I kneel to all the gods I know.
 Oh come, my manly Idaho!
 Great Spirit, what is this I dread?
 Why there is blood! the wave is red!
 That wrinkled chief, outstripped in race,
 Dives down, and, hiding from my face,
 Strikes underneath! He rises now!
 Now plucks my hero's berry bough,
 And lifts aloft his red fox head,
 And signals he has won for me.
 Hist, softly! Let him come and see.

"Oh come! my white-crowned hero, come!
 Oh come! and I will be your bride,

Despite yon chieftain's craft and might.
 Come back to me! my lips are dumb,
 My hands are helpless with despair;
 The hair you kissed, my long, strong hair,
 Is reaching to the ruddy tide,
 That you may clutch it when you come.

"How slow he buffets back the wave!
 O God, he sinks! O Heaven! save
 My brave, brave boy! He rises! See!
 Hold fast, my boy! Strike! strike for me.
 Strike straight this way! Strike firm and
 strong!
 Hold fast your strength. It is not long—
 O God, he sinks! He sinks! Is gone!
 His face has perished from my sight.

"And did I dream, and do I wake?
 Or did I wake and now but dream?
 And what is this crawls from the stream?
 Oh, here is some mad, mad mistake!
 What, you! The red fox at my feet?
 You first, and failing from a race?
 What! You have brought me berries red?
 What! You have brought your bride a
 wreath?
 You sly red fox with wrinkled face—
 That blade has blood between your teeth!

"Lie still! lie still! till I lean o'er
 And clutch your red blade to the shore.
 Ha! ha! Take that! and that! and that!
 Ha! ha! So through your coward throat
 The full day shines! Two fox-tails float
 And drift and drive adown the stream.

"But what is this? What snowy crest
 Climbs out the willows of the west,
 All weary, wounded, bent, and slow,
 And dripping from his streaming hair?
 It is! it is my Idaho!

"The gray hawks pass, O love! and doves
 O'er yonder lodge shall coo their loves.
 My love shall heal your wounded breast,
 And in yon tall lodge two shall rest."

JOAQUIN MILLER.

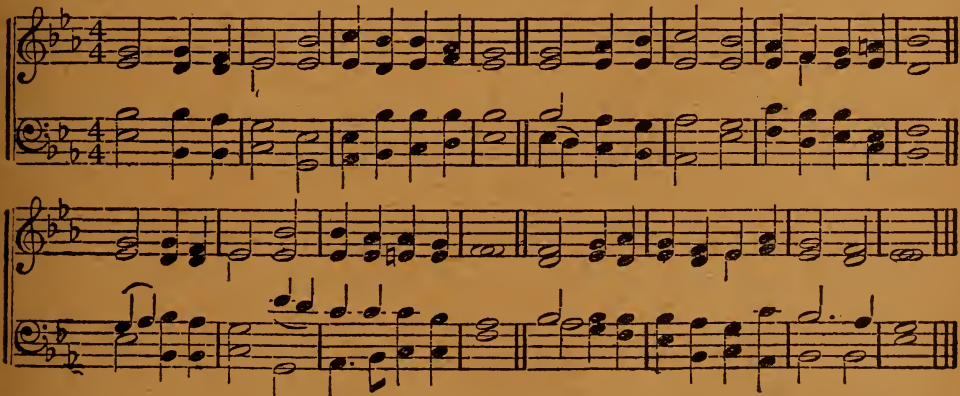
RECITATIONS WITH MUSIC.

The reader should make selections of the parts to be sung from the following recitals. Snatches of music woven in with the recitation can be given with excellent effect.]

"ABIDE WITH ME."

"**A**BIDE with me, fast falls the eventide,"
A simple maiden sang with artless
feeling,
"The darkness deepens, Lord, with me abide,"
While in her voice the tender accents stealing,
Fell softly as the dying day,
From those sweet lips and died away.

"The darkness deepens," and the years go by;
The maiden 'neath the shadows oft has wan-
dered;
Joy, like a bird, has left its nest to fly,
And bonds of love and happiness are sundered;
Lo, all the friendliness of earth
Has taken wings, with joy and mirth.



"Abide with me" she could not know the
plea—
The utter consecration—in her dreaming;
Joy, like a bird, made life a melody,
And spring, its sun along her pathway beaming,
Stirred her young heart with gentle fires.
And quickened her with sweet desires.

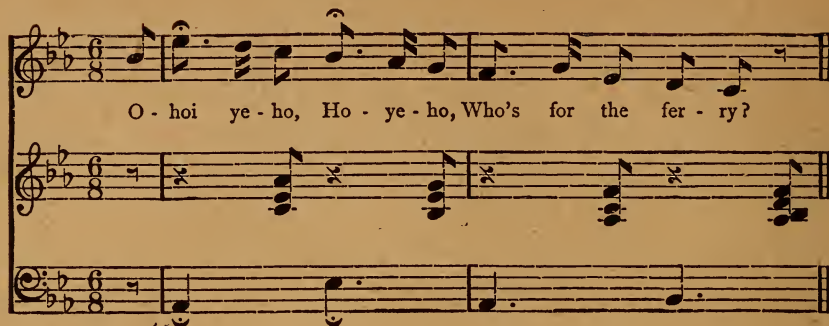
"The darkness deepens," slowly fell the sound,
As if with plaintive grief the notes were laden,
Yet not a sorrow had her bosom owned,
Nor ever sadness touched the lovely maiden;
How could she sing "Abide with me,"
Or know its hidden mystery?

Despair, the tearless offspring of all woe—
The lonely progeny of a world of sorrow—
Has turned upon her, like a sudden foe,
To snatch Hope's only legacy,—to-morrow;
And, shuddering in her dumb distress,
She drinks the cup of bitterness

"Fast falls the eventide;" yet, to her eyes,
The golden light of morn is faintly dawning;
"Earth's joys grow dim," but from eternal skies
Is borne the answer to her spirit's longing;
And now, as "falls the eventide,"
She whispers, "Lord, with me abide."

S. H. THAYER.

TWICKENHAM FERRY.



HOI-YE-HO, HO-YE-HO, Who's for the ferry!

The briars in bud, the sun going down,
And I'll row ye so quick and I'll row ye so steady,

And 'tis but a penny to Twickenham Town.
The ferryman's slim and the ferryman's young,
And he's just a soft twang in the turn of his tongue,

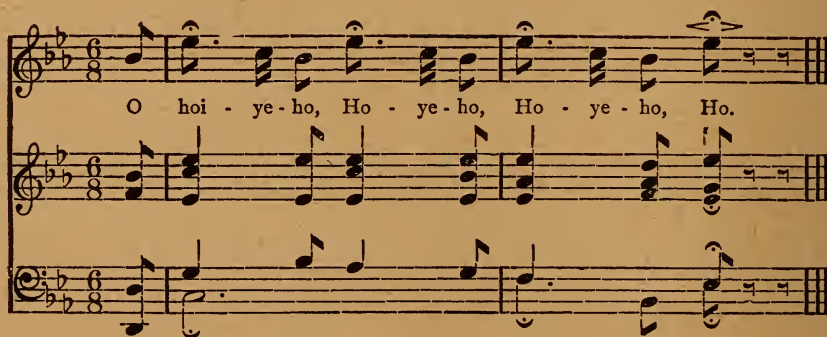
And he's fresh as a pippin and brown as a berry,
And 'tis but a penny to Twickenham Town.
O hoi-ye-ho, Ho-ye-ho, Ho-ye-ho, Ho.

With her cheeks like a rose and her lips like a cherry,

"And sure and you're welcome to Twickenham Town."

O hoi-ye-ho, Ho-ye-ho, Ho-ye-ho, Ho.

O hoi-ye-ho, Ho, you're too late for the ferry,
The briars in bud and the sun going down,
And he's not rowing quick and he's not rowing steady,
You'd think 'twas a journey to Twickenham Town.



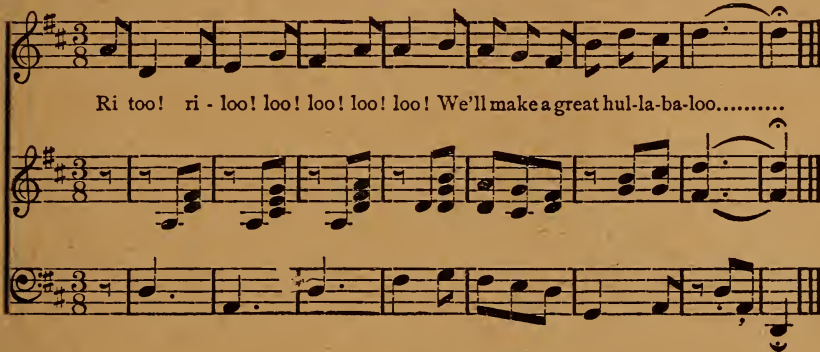
O hoi-ye-ho, Ho-ye-ho, I'm for the ferry,
The briars in bud, the sun going down,
And its late as it is, and I haven't a penny,
And how shall I get me to Twickenham Town?
She'd a rose in her bonnet, and oh! she looked sweet
As the little pink flower that grows in the wheat,

"O hoi, and O ho," you may call as you will,
The moon is a-rising on Petersham Hill,
And with love like a rose in the stern of the wherry,
There's danger in crossing to Twickenham Town.
O hoi-ye-ho, Ho-ye-ho, Ho-ye-ho, Ho.

TWO LITTLE ROGUES.

SAYS Sammy to Dick,
 "Come, hurry! come quick!
 And we'll do, and we'll do, and we'll do!
 Our mammy's away,
 She's gone for to stay,
 And we'll make a great hullabaloo!
Ri too! ri loo! loo! loo! loo! loo!
We'll make a great hullabaloo."

"Now roll up the table,
 Far up as you are able,
 Chairs, sofa, big easy-chair too!
 Put the lamps and the vases
 In funny old places.
 How's this for a hullabaloo?
Ri too! ri loo! loo! loo! loo! loo!
How's this for a hullabaloo?



Says Dick to Sam,
 "All weddy I am
 To do, and to do, and to do,
 But how doesth it go?
 I so 'ittle to know,
 Thay, what be a hullabawoo?
Ri too! ri loo! woo! woo! woo! woo!
Thay, what be a hullabawoo?"

"Let the dishes and pans
 Be the womans and mans;
 Everybody keep still in their pew!
 Mammy's gown I'll get next,
 And preach you a text.
 Dick! hush with your hullabaloo!
Ri too! ri loo! loo! loo! loo! loo!
Dicky! hush with your hullabaloo!"

"Oh, slammings and bangings,
 And whingings and whangings;
 And very bad mischief we'll do!
 We'll clatter and shout,
 And knock things about,
 And that's what's a hullabaloo!
Ri too! ri loo! loo! loo! loo! loo!
And that's what's a hullabaloo!

As the preacher in gown
 Climbed up and looked down,
 His queer congregation to view,
 Said Dicky to Sammy,
 "Oh, dere comes our mammy!
 She'll 'pank for dis hullubawoo!
Ri too! ri loo! woo! woo! woo! woo!
She'll 'pank for dis hullabawoo!

"Slide down the front stairs!
 Tip over the chairs!
 Now into the pantry break throughn!
 Pull down all the tin-ware,
 And pretty things in there!
 All aboard for a hullabaloo!
Ri too! ri loo! loo! loo! loo! loo!
All aboard for a hullabaloo!

"O mammy! O mammy!"
 Cried Dicky and Sammy,
 "We'll never again, certain true!"
 But with firm step she trod
 To take down the rod—
 Oh, then came a hullabaloo!
Bohoo! bohoo! woo! woo! woo! woo!
Oh, then came a hullabaloo!

MRS. A. M. DIAZ.

THE DROWNING SINGER.

THE Sabbath day was ending in a village by
the sea,
The uttered benediction touched the
people tenderly,
And they rose to face the sunset in the glowing,
lighted west,
And then hastened to their dwellings for God's
blessed boon of rest.

But they looked across the waters, and a storm
was raging there ;
A fierce spirit moved above them—the wild
spirit of the air—
And it lashed and shook and tore them, till they
thundered, groaned and boomed,
And alas for any vessel in their yawning gulfs
entombed !

Very anxious were the people on that rocky coast
of Wales,
Lest the dawns of coming morrows should be
telling awful tales,
When the sea had spent its passion, and should
cast upon the shore
Bits of wreck and swollen victims, as it had done
heretofore.

'She has parted in the middle ! Oh, the half
of her goes down !
God have mercy ! Is heaven far to seek for
those who drown ?'
Lo ! when next the white, shocked faces looked
with terror on the sea,
Only one last clinging figure on the spar was
seen to be.

Nearer the trembling watchers came the wreck,
tossed by the wave,
And the man still clung and floated, though no
power on earth could save.
"Could we send him a short message? Here's
a trumpet. Shout away !"
'Twas the preacher's hand that took it, and he
wondered what to say.

Any memory of his sermon? Firstly? Sec-
ondly? Ah, no !
There was but one thing to utter in the awful
hour of woe ;
So he shouted through the trumpet, "Look to
Jesus ! Can you hear ?"
And "Aye, aye, sir !" rang the answer o'er the
waters loud and clear.

Then they listened. He is singing, "*Jesus,
lover of my soul !*"
And the winds brought back the echo, "*While
the nearer waters roll ;*"
Strange, indeed, it was to hear him, "*Till the
storm of life is past,*"
Singing bravely from the waters, "*Oh, receive
my soul at last !*"

He could have no other refuge ! "*Hangs my
helpless soul on thee,
Leave, ah, leave me not !*" The singer dropped
at last into the sea,
And the watchers, looking homeward through
their eyes with tears made dim,
Said, "He passed to be with Jesus in the singing
of that hymn."

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

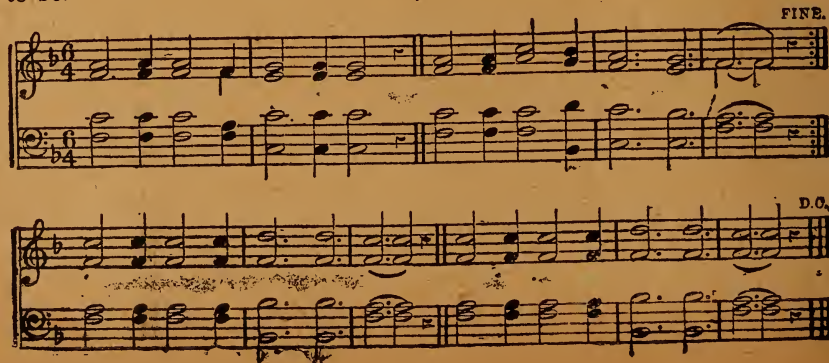
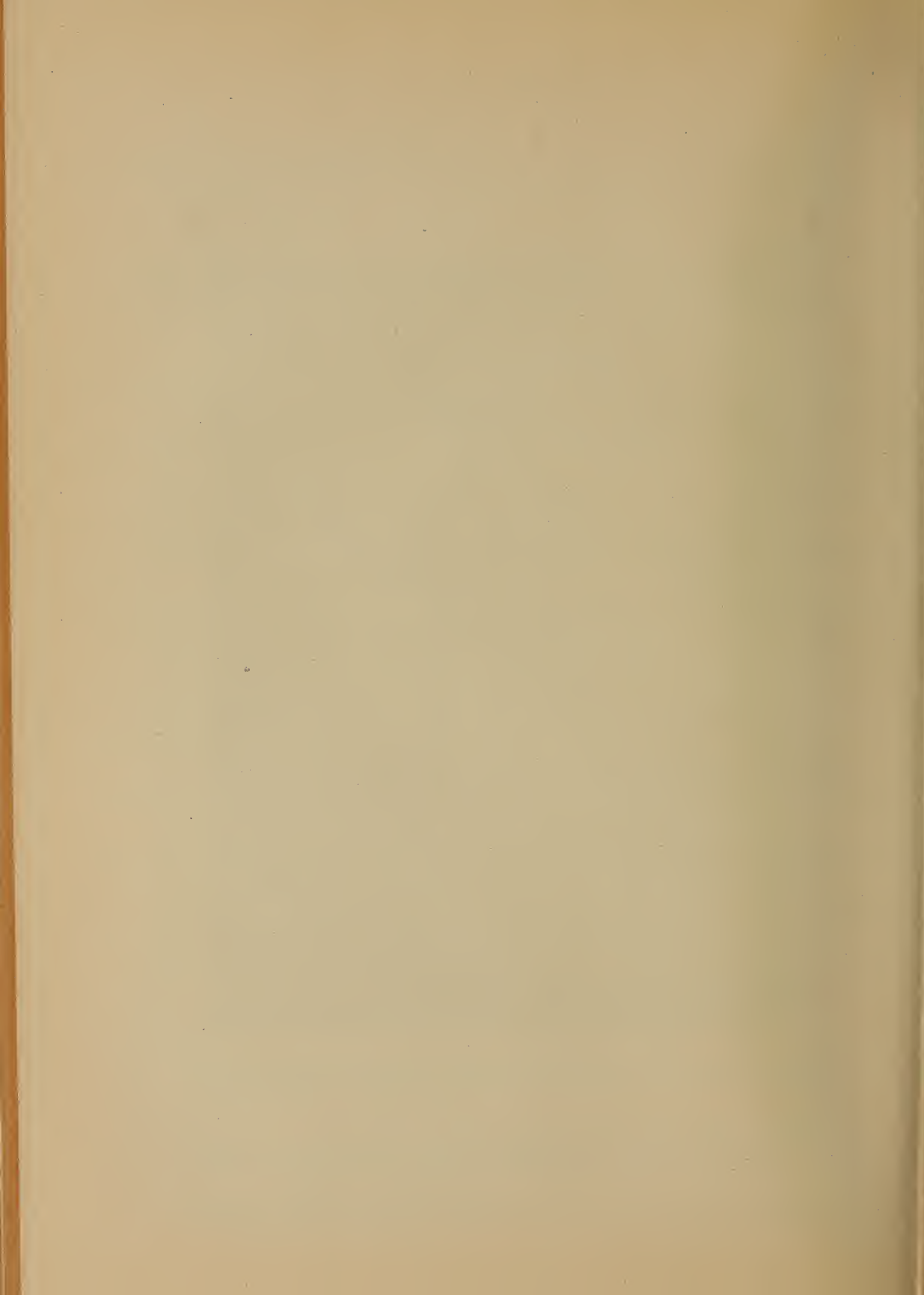




PHOTO. BY MORRISON, CHICAGO

RECITATION IN COSTUME



Ben Bolt.

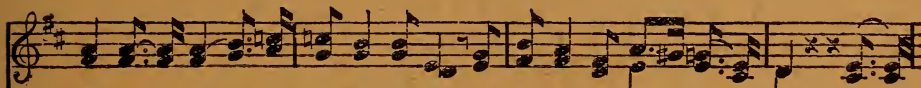
Nelson Kneass.

Thomas Dunn English.

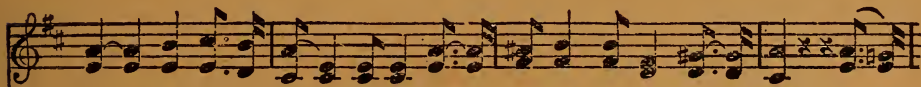
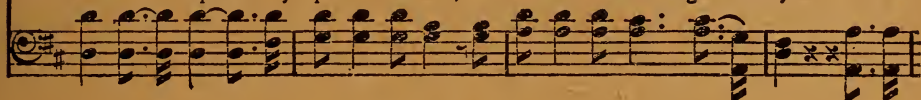
Semplice.



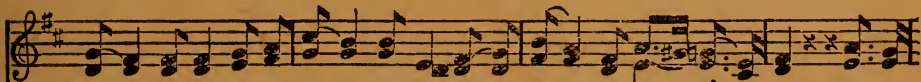
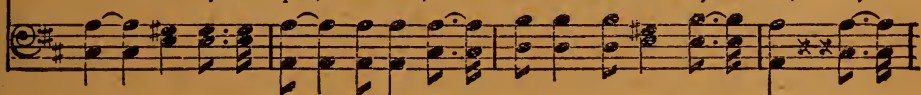
1. Oh! don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt, Sweet Alice whose hair was so brown, Who
2. Un - der the hick-o - ry tree, Ben Bolt, Which stood at the foot of the hill, To -
3. And don't you remember the school, Ben Bolt, With the master so kind and so true, And the
4. There is change in the things I loved, Ben Bolt, They have changed from the old to the new; But I



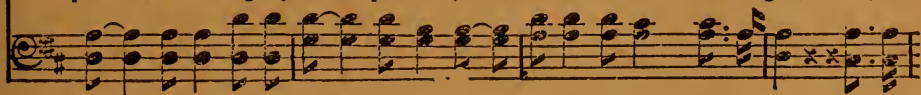
wept with delight when you gave her a smile, And trembled with fear at your frown? In the
geth - er we've lain in the noon-day shade, And listened to Ap - ple - ton's mill. The mill -
sha - ded nook by the running brook, Where the fairest wild flow'rs grew? Grass
feel in the depths of my spir - it the truth, There never was change in you. Twelve



old church-yard, in the val - ley, Ben Bolt, In a cor - ner ob - scure and a - lone, They have
wheel has fall - en to pieces, Ben Bolt, The raft - ers have tum - bled in, And a
grows on the master's grave, Ben Bolt, The spring of the brook is dry, And of
months twen - ty have past, Ben Bolt, Since first we were friends—yet I hail Thy



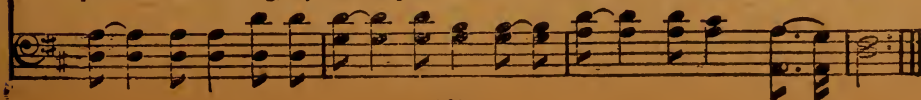
fit - ted a slab of the granite so gray, And sweet Alice lies un - der the stone, They have
qui - et that crawls round the walls as you gaze, Has followed the old - en din, And a
all the boys who were schoolmates then, There are on - ly you and I, And of
pres - ence a blessing, thy friendship a truth, Ben Bolt of the salt - sea gale, Thy



ad libitum.



fit - ted a slab of the granite so gray, And sweet Alice . lies un - der the stone.
qui - et that crawls round the walls as you gaze, Has fol - lowed the old - en din.
all the boys who were schoolmates then, There are on - ly you and I.
presence a bless - ing, thy friendship a truth, Ben Bolt, of the salt - sea gale!



Shells of Ocean.

J. W. Merry.

With Expression.

1. One sum-mer eve, with pen-sive thought, I wan-der'd on the sea-beat
 2. I stoop'd up - on the peb-bly strand, To cull the toys hat round me

shore, Where oft, in heed-less in-fant sport, I gather'd shells in days be-fore, I gath-er'd
 lay, But, as I took them in my hand, I threw them one by one a-way, I threw them

shells in days be-fore: The plashing waves like mus-ic fell, Re-spon-sive
 one by one a-way: Oh, thus, I said, in ev'-ry stage, By toys our

to my fan-cy wild; A dream came o'er me like a spell, I thought I was a-gain a
 fan-cy is be-guiled; We gather shells from youth to age, And then we leave them, like a

Expression. *Ad lib.*

chld, A dream came o'er me like a spell, I thought I was a-gain, a-gain a child.
 child, We gath-er shells from youth to age, And then we leave them, leave them, like a child.

Grace notes to 2d verse.

One summer eve, with pensive thought,
 I wander'd on the sea-beat shore,
 Where oft, in heedless infant sport,
 I gather'd shells in days before:
 I gather'd shells in days before:
 The splashing waves like music fell,
 Responsive to my fancy wild;
 A dream came o'er me like a spell.
 I thought I was again a child,
 A dream came o'er me like a spell
 I thought I was again a child.

I stoop'd upon the pebbly strand,
 To cull the toys that round me lay,
 But, as I took them in my hand,
 I threw them one by one away,
 I threw them one by one away:
 Oh, thus, I said, in ev'ry stage,
 By toys our fancy is beguiled;
 We gather shells from youth to age,
 And then we leave them, like a child,
 We gather shells from youth to age,
 And then we leave them, like a child.

Isle of Beauty.

Thos. H. Bayly.

Moderato.

1. Shades of eve - ning, close not o'er us, Leave our lone - ly barque a - while;
 2. 'Tis the hour when hap - py fa - ces Smile a - round the ta - per's light
 3. When the waves are round me break - ing, As I pace the deck a - lone;

Morn, a - las! will not re - store us Yon - der dim and dis - tant isle;
 Who will fill our va - cant pla - ces, Who will sing our songs to - night?
 And my eye in vain is seek - ing Some green spot to rest up - on;

Still my fan - cy can dis - cov - er Sun - ny spots where friends may dwell,
 Through the mist that floats a - bove us, Faint - ly sounds the ves - per bell;
 What would I not give to wan - der Where my old com - pan - ions dwell;

Dark - er shad - ows round us hov - er, Isle of Beau - ty, "fare thee well!"
 Like a voice from those who love us, Breathing fond - ly, "fare thee well!"
 Ab - sence makes the heart grow fond - er, Isle of Beau - ty, "fare thee well!"

Shades of evening, close not o'er us,
 Leave our lonely barque awhile;
 Morn, alas! will not restore us
 Yonder dim and distant isle;
 Still my fancy can discover
 Sunny spots where friends may dwell,
 Darker shadows round us hover,
 Isle of Beauty, "fare thee well!"

'Tis the hour when happy faces
 Smile around the taper's light
 Who will fill our vacant places,
 Who will sing our songs to-night?

Through the mist that floats above us,
 Faintly sounds the vesper bell;
 Like a voice from those who love us,
 Breathing fondly, "fare thee well!"

When the waves are round me breaking,
 As I pace the deck alone;
 And my eye in vain is seeking
 Some green spot to rest upon:
 What would I not give to wander
 Where my old companions dwell,
 Absence makes the heart grow fonder,
 Isle of Beauty, "fare thee well!"

The Exile of Erin.

Thomas Campbell.

Air, "Savourneen Dheelish."

Affettuoso.

1. There came to the beach a poor Ex - ile of E - rin, The dew on his thin robe was
 2. "Oh! sad is my fate," said the heart-broken stran-ger, "The wild deer and wolf to a
 3. "Oh! E - rin, my coun-try, tho' sad and for-sak - en, In dreams I re-vis - it thy

heav - y and chill; For his coun-try he sighed, when at twi - light re - pair - ing To
 cov - ert can flee; But I have no ref - uge from fam - ine and dan - ger, A
 sea - beat - en shore; But, a - las! in a far for - eign land I a - wak - en, And

wan - der a - lone by the wind - beat - en hill. But the day - star at - tract - ed his
 home and a coun-try re - main not to me. Ah! nev - er a - gain in the
 sigh for the friends who can meet me no more. Ah! cru - el fate! wilt thou

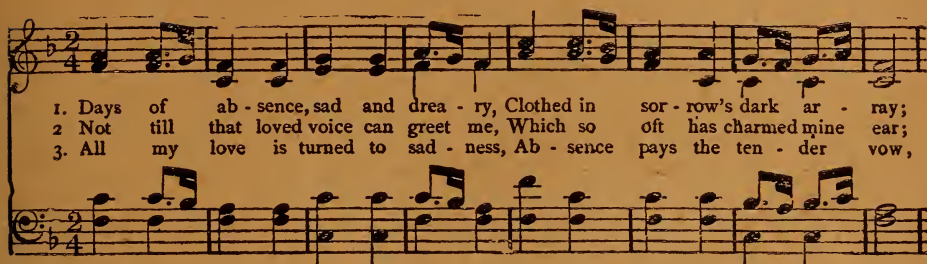
eyes' sad de - vo - tion, For it rose o'er his own na - tive isle of the o - cean, Where
 green sun - ny bow - ers, Where my fore - fa - thers lived, shall I spend the sweet hours, Or
 nev - er re - place me In a man - sion of peace, where no per - ils can chase me? Ah!

once, in the fire of his youthful e - mo - tion, He sang the bold anthem of E - rin go brag! I
 cov - er my harp with the wild - woven flow - ers, And strike to the numbers of E - rin go brag! I
 nev - er a - gain shall my brothers em - brace me! They died to de - fend me, or live to deplore!

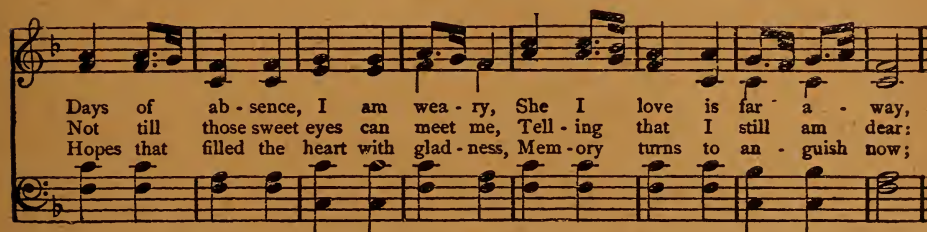
Days of Absence.

Rousseau, 1775.

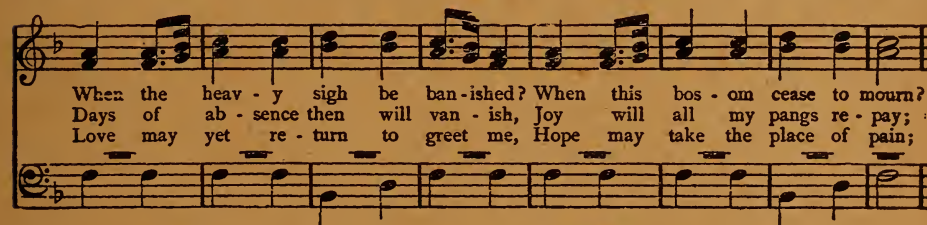
"Rousseau's Dream."



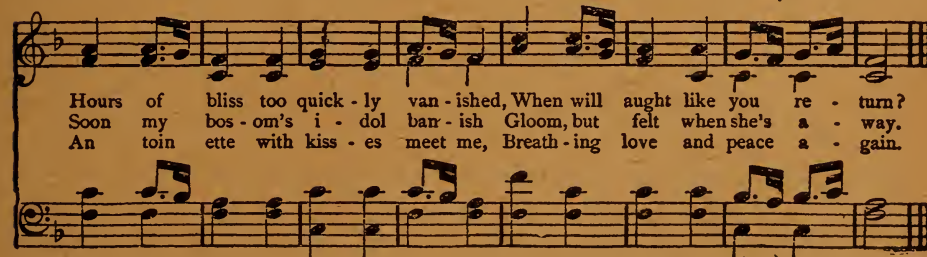
1. Days of ab - sence, sad and drea - ry, Cloth'd in sor - row's dark ar - ray;
 2 Not till that loved voice can greet me, Which so oft has charmed mine ear;
 3. All my love is turned to sad - ness, Ab - sence pays the ten - der vow,



Days of ab - sence, I am wea - ry, She I love is far a - way,
 Not till those sweet eyes can meet me, Tell - ing that I still am dear;
 Hopes that filled the heart with glad - ness, Mem - ory turns to an - guish now;



When the heav - y sigh be ban - ished? When this bos - om cease to mourn?
 Days of ab - sence then will van - ish, Joy will all my pangs re - pay;
 Love may yet re - turn to greet me, Hope may take the place of pain;



Hours of bliss too quick - ly van - ished, When will aught like you re - turn?
 Soon my bos - om's i - dol ban - ish Gloom, but felt when she's a - way.
 An toin ette with kiss - es meet me, Breath - ing love and peace a - gain.

Days of absence, sad and dreary,
 Cloth'd in sorrow's dark array;
 Days of absence, I am weary,
 She I love is far away.
 When the heavy sigh be banish'd;
 When this bosom cease to mourn?
 Hours of bliss, too quickly vanish'd,
 When will aught like you return.

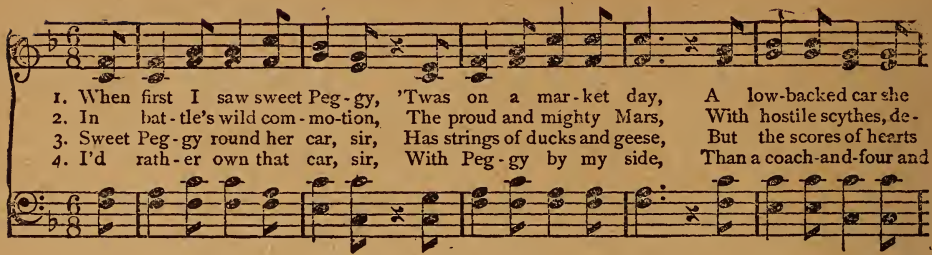
Not till that loved voice can greet me,
 Which so oft has charmed mine ear,
 Not till those sweet eyes can meet me,
 Telling that I still am dear:

Days of absence then will vanish,
 Joy will all my pangs repay;
 Soon my bosom's idol banish
 Gloom, but felt when she's away

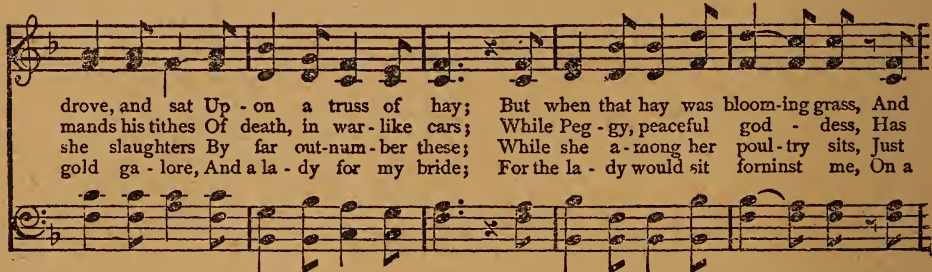
All my love is turned to sadness,
 Absence pays the tender vow,
 Hopes that filled the heart with glad
 ness,
 Memory turns to anguish now;
 Love may yet return to greet me,
 Hope may take the place of pain
 Antoinette with kisses meet me,
 Breathing love and peace again.

The Low-Backed Car.

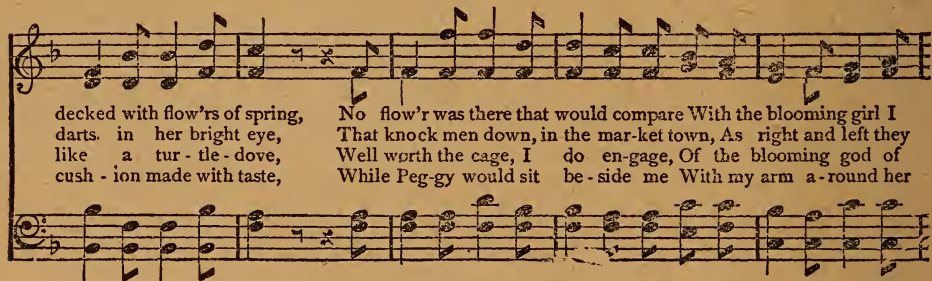
Samuel Lover.



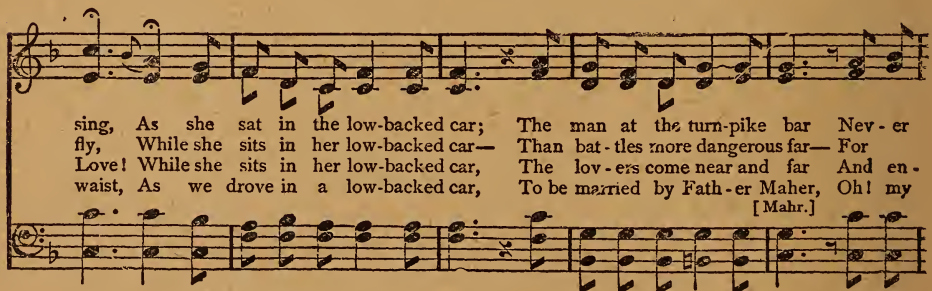
1. When first I saw sweet Peg-gy, 'Twas on a mar-ket day, A low-backed car she
2. In bat-tle's wild com-mo-tion, The proud and mighty Mars, With hostile scythes, de-
3. Sweet Peg-gy round her car, sir, Has strings of ducks and geese, But the scores of hearts
4. I'd rath-er own that car, sir, With Peg-gy by my side, Than a coach-and-four and



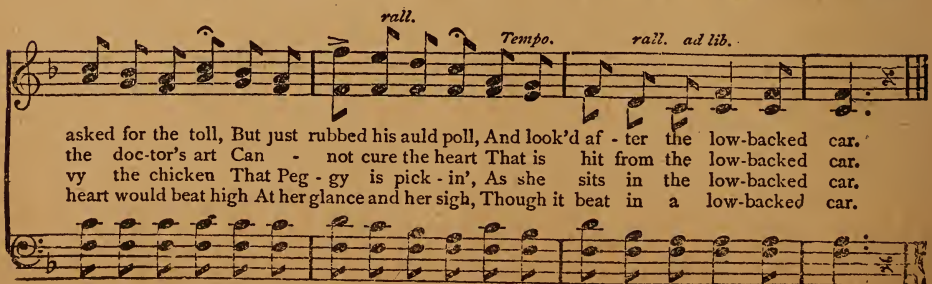
drove, and sat Up - on a truss of hay; But when that hay was bloom-ing grass, And
mands his tithes Of death, in war-like cars; While Peg-gy, peaceful god - dess, Has
she slaughters By far out-num-ber these; While she a-ronng her poul-try sits, Just
gold ga - lore, And a la - dy for my bride; For the la - dy would sit forinst me, On a



decked with flow'rs of spring, No flow'r was there that would compare With the blooming girl I
darts in her bright eye, That knock men down, in the mar-ket town, As right and left they
like a tur-tle-dove, Well worth the cage, I do en-gage, Of the blooming god of
cush-ion made with taste, While Peg-gy would sit be-side me With my arm a-round her



sing, As she sat in the low-backed car; The man at the turn-pike bar Nev - er
fly, While she sits in her low-backed car— Than bat-tles more dangerous far— For
Love! While she sits in her low-backed car, The lov-ers come near and far And en-
waist, As we drove in a low-backed car, To be married by Fath-er Maher, Oh! my
[Mahr.]



asked for the toll, But just rubbed his auld poll, And look'd af - ter the low-backed car.
the doc-tor's art Can - not cure the heart That is hit from the low-backed car.
vy the chicken That Peg - gy is pick - in', As she sits in the low-backed car.
heart would beat high At her glance and her sigh, Though it beat in a low-backed car.

Written by Samuel Lover, for his entertainment called "Irish Evenings."

Love's Young Dream.

Thomas Moore.

Andantino.

1. Oh! the days are gone, when beau - bright My heart's chain wove; When my
 2. Tho' the bard to pur - er flame may soar, When wild youth's past; Tho' he
 3. Oh! that hal - lowed form is ne'er for - got, Which love first traced; Still it

dream of life, from morn till night, Was love, still love; New hope may bloom, and
 win the wise, who frowned before, To smile at last; He'll nev - er meet a
 linger - ing haunts the green - est spot On mem - 'ry's waste! 'Twas o dor fled as

days may come Of mild - er, calm - er beam, But there's nothing half so sweet in life As
 joy so sweet In all his noon of fame, As when first he sung to wo - man's ear His
 soon as shed; 'Twas morning's winged dream! 'Twas a light that ne'er can shine a - gain On

love's young dream, Oh, there's nothing half so sweet in life As love's young dream.
 soul - felt flame, And, at ev - 'ry close, she blushed to hear The once - loved name.
 life's dull stream! Oh, 'twas light that ne'er can shine a - gain On life's dull stream.

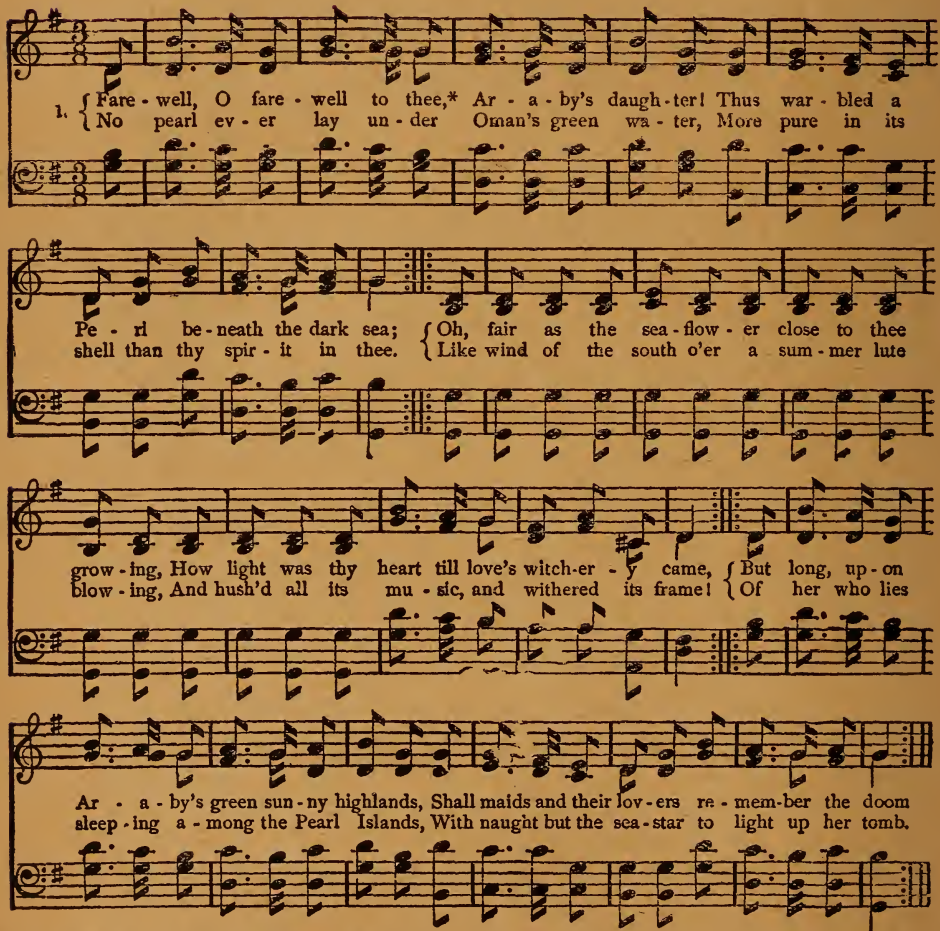
Oh! the days are gone, when beauty bright,
 My heart's chain wove;
 When my dream of life, from morn till night,
 Was love, still love;
 New hope may bloom, and days may come
 Of milder, calmer beam,
 But there's nothing half so sweet in life
 As love's young dream,
 Oh, there's nothing half so sweet in life
 As love's young dream.
 Tho' the bard to purer flame may soar,
 When wild youth's past;
 Tho' he win the wise, who frowned before,
 To smile at last:
 P - 'll never meet a joy so sweet

In all his noon of fame,
 As when first he sung to woman's ear
 His soul-felt flame,
 And, at ev'ry close, she blushed to hear
 The once-loved name.
 Oh, that hallowed form is ne'er forgot,
 Which love first traced;
 Still it lingering haunts the greenest spot
 On mem'ry's waste!
 'Twas odor fled as soon as shed;
 'Twas morning's winged dream!
 'Twas a light that ne'er can shine again
 On life's dull stream!
 Oh, 'twas light that ne'er can shine again
 On life's dull stream.

Araby's Daughter

E. Kiallmark.

Thomas Moore, 1817.



1. { Fare - well, O fare - well to thee,* Ar - a - by's daugh - ter! Thus war - bled a
No pearl ev - er lay un - der Oman's green wa - ter, More pure in its

Pe - ri be - neath the dark sea; { Oh, fair as the sea - flow - er close to thee
shell than thy spir - it in thee. { Like wind of the south o'er a sum - mer lute

grow - ing, How light was thy heart till love's witch - er - y came, { But long, up - on
blow - ing, And hush'd all its mu - sic, and withered its frame! { Of her who lies

Ar - a - by's green sun - ny highlands, Shall maids and their lov - ers re - mem - ber the doom
sleep - ing a - mong the Pearl Islands, With naught but the sea - star to light up her tomb.

And still, when the merry date-season is burning,
And calls to the palm-groves the young and the old,
The happiest there, from their pastime returning,
At sunset will weep when thy story is told.
The young village maid, when with flowers she dresses
Her dark flowing hair for some festival day,
Will think of thy fate till, neglecting her tresses,
She mournfully turns from the mirror away.
Nor shall Iran, beloved of her hero! forget thee,—
Tho' tyrants watch over her tears as they start,
Close, close by the side of that hero she'll set thee,
Embalmed in the innermost shrine of her heart.

Farewell! be it ours to embellish thy pillow
With everything beauteous that grows in the deep;
Each flower of the rock and each gem of the birch—
Shall sweeten thy bed and illumine thy sleep.
Around thee shall glisten the loveliest amber
That ever the sorrowing sea-bird has wept;
With many a shell, in whose hollow-wreath'd chamber,
We, Peris of Ocean, by moonlight have slept.
Farewell! O farewell! until Pity's sweet fountain
Is lost in the hearts of the fair and the brave, [tain,
They'll weep for the chieftain who died on that moun-
They'll weep for the maiden who sleeps in the wave.

*From the Fire Worshipers, third story told in Lalla Rookh.

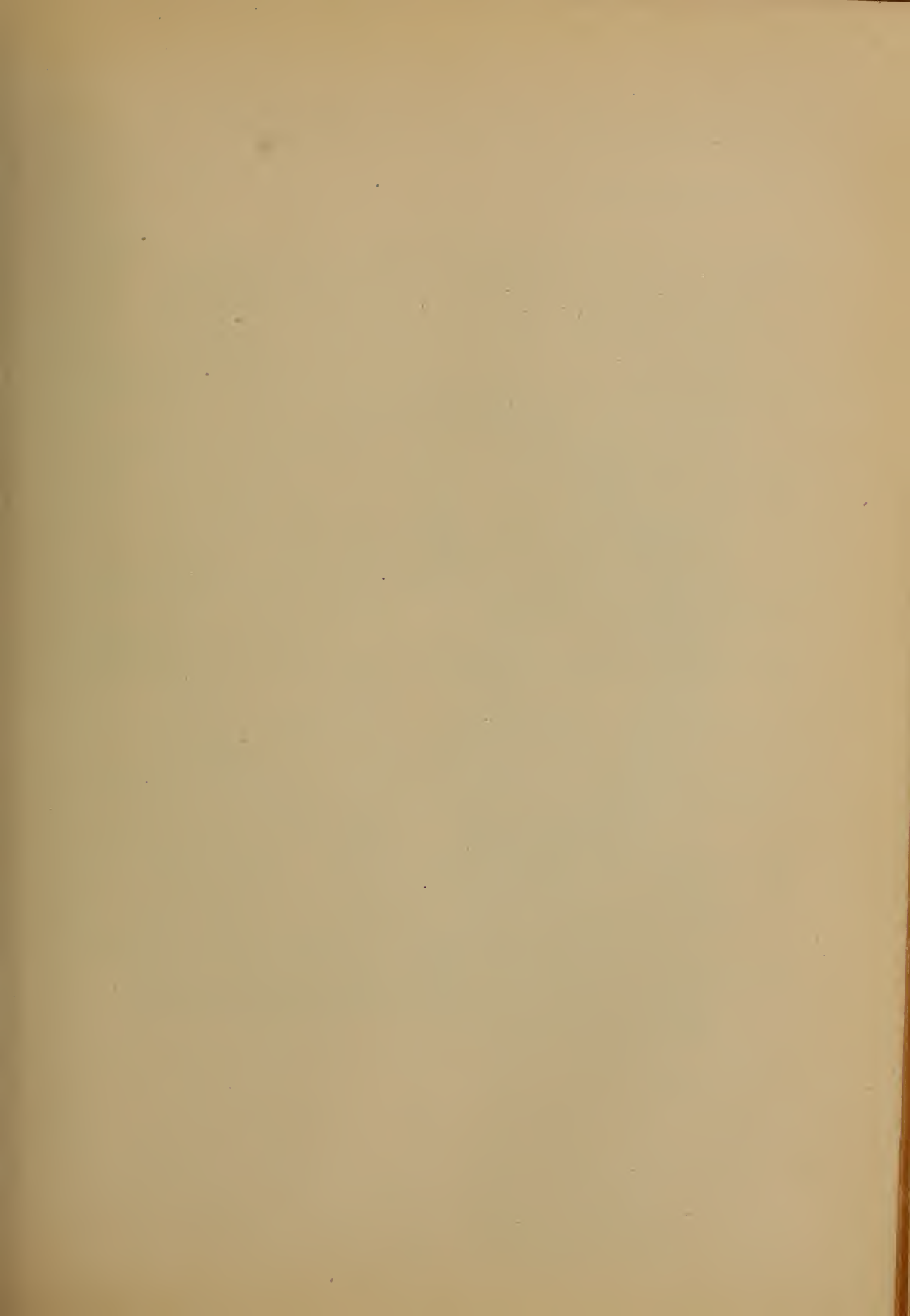




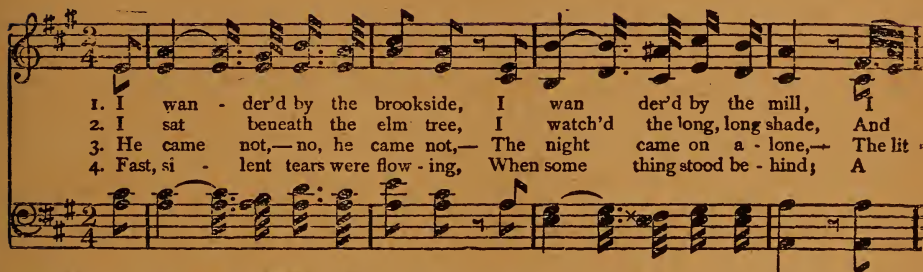
PHOTO. BY MORRISON, CHICAGO

A FRENCH DANCER—SHOWING REVOLVING SKIRT

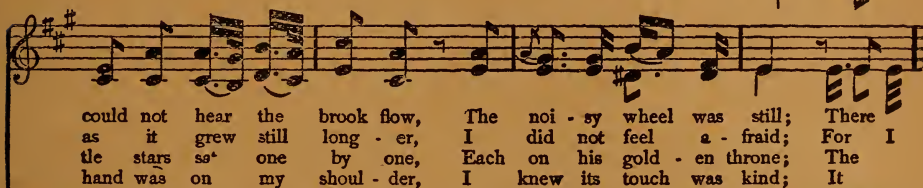
I Wandered by the Brookside.

James Hine.

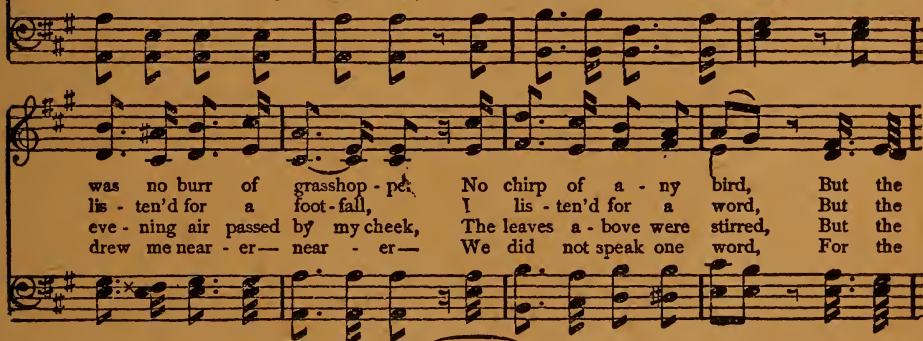
Richard Monckton Milnes.
(Lord Houghton.)



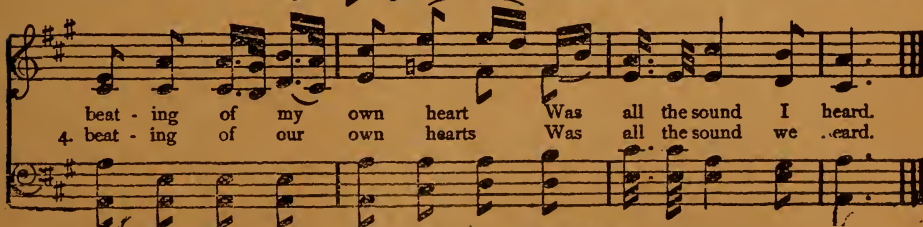
1. I wan - der'd by the brookside, I wan der'd by the mill,
2. I sat beneath the elm tree, I watch'd the long, long shade, And
3. He came not,—no, he came not,— The night came on a - lone, The lit
4. Fast, si - lent tears were flow - ing, When some thing stood be - hind; A



could not hear the brook flow, The noi - sy wheel was still; There
as it grew still long - er, I did not feel a - fraid; For I
the stars sat one by one, Each on his gold - en throne; The
hand was on my shoul - der, I knew its touch was kind; It



was no burr of grasshop - per, No chirp of a - ny bird, But the
lis - ten'd for a foot-fall, I lis - ten'd for a word, But the
eve - ning air passed by my cheek, The leaves a - bove were stirred, But the
drew me near - er—near - er— We did not speak one word, For the



beat - ing of my own heart Was all the sound I heard.
4. beat - ing of our own hearts Was all the sound we heard.

I wander'd by the brookside,
I wander'd by the mill;
I could not hear the brook flow,
The noisy wheel was still;
There was no burr of grasshopper,
No chirp of any bird,
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

I sat beneath the elm tree,
I watch'd the long, long shade,
And as it grew still longer,
I did not feel afraid;
For I listen'd for a foot-fall,
I listen'd for a word,
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

He came not,—no, he came not,—
The night came on alone,—
The little stars sat one by one,
Each on his golden throne;
The evening air passed by my cheek,
The leaves above were stirred,
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

Fast, silent tears were flowing,
When something stood behind;
A hand was on my shoulder,
I knew its touch was kind;
It drew me nearer—nearer—
We did not speak one word,
For the beating of our own heart
Was all the sound we heard.

Katy's Letter.

Composed for the Piano-Forte.

By LADY DUFFERIN.

Andante con espressione.

PIANO.



1. Och, girls dear, did you ev - er hear, I wrote my love a let - ter, And al-

This block contains the first line of the song. It includes a vocal melody on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The piano part begins with a piano (p) dynamic marking. The lyrics are: "1. Och, girls dear, did you ev - er hear, I wrote my love a let - ter, And al-".

though he can-not read, sure I thought 'twas all the bet - ter; For why should he be

This block contains the second line of the song. It includes a vocal melody on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The lyrics are: "though he can-not read, sure I thought 'twas all the bet - ter; For why should he be".

KATEY'S LETTER.

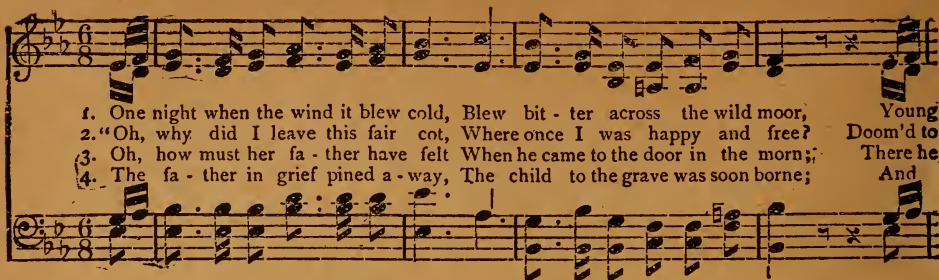
puz-zled with hard spelling in the matter, When the man-ing was so plain that i

love him faith-ful - ly. I love him faith-ful - ly, And he

knows it, oh, he knows it, Without one word from me.

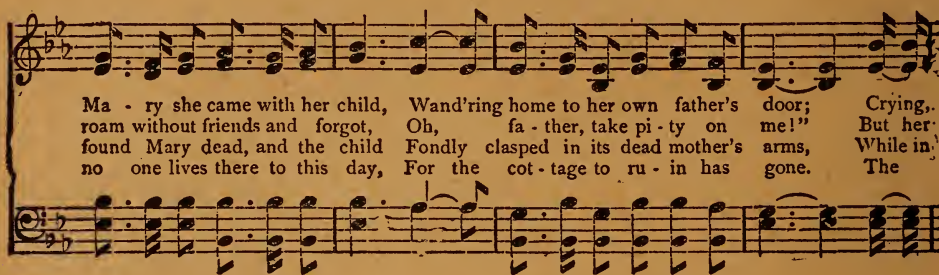
- 2 I wrote it, and I folded it, and put a seal upon it;
 'Twas a seal almost as big as the crown of my best bonnet;
 For I would not have the Postmaster make his remarks upon it,
 As I said inside the letter that I loved him faithfully.
 I love him faithfully,
 And he knows it, oh, he knows it! without one word from me.
- 3 My heart was full, but when I wrote, I dared not put the half in,
 The neighbors know I love him, and they're mighty fond of chaffin'
 So I dared not write his name outside, for fear they would be laughin'
 So I wrote, "From little Kate to one whom she loves faithfully."
 I love him faithfully,
 And he knows it, oh, he knows it! without one word from me.
- 4 Now, girls, would you believe it, that Postman, so consaited,
 No answer will he bring me, so long as I have waited;
 But maybe there mayn't be one for the raison that I stated,
 That my love can neither read nor write, but he loves me faithfully.
 He loves me faithfully,
 And I know where'er my love is, that he is true to me.

Mary of the Wild Moor.

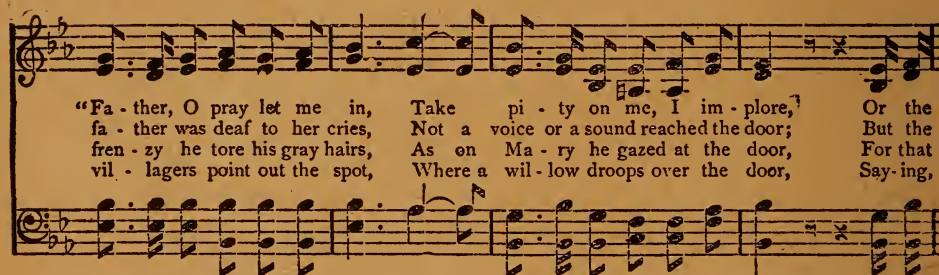


1. One night when the wind it blew cold, Blew bit - ter across the wild moor,
 2. "Oh, why did I leave this fair cot, Where once I was happy and free?
 3. Oh, how must her fa - ther have felt When he came to the door in the morn;
 4. The fa - ther in grief pined a - way, The child to the grave was soon borne;

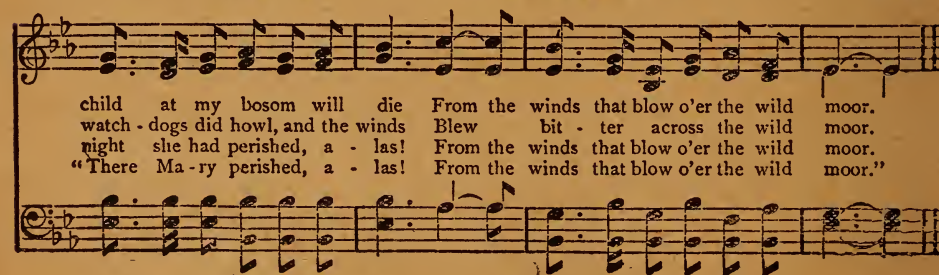
Young
 Doom'd to
 There he
 And



Ma - ry she came with her child, Wand'ring home to her own father's door; Crying.
 roam without friends and forgot, Oh, fa - ther, take pi - ty on me! But her
 found Mary dead, and the child Fondly clasped in its dead mother's arms, While in
 no one lives there to this day, For the cot - tage to ru - in has gone. The



"Fa - ther, O pray let me in, Take pi - ty on me, I im - plore, Or the
 fa - ther was deaf to her cries, Not a voice or a sound reached the door; But the
 fren - zy he tore his gray hairs, As on Ma - ry he gazed at the door, For that
 vil - lagers point out the spot, Where a wil - low droops over the door, Say - ing,



child at my bosom will die From the winds that blow o'er the wild moor.
 watch - dogs did howl, and the winds Blew bit - ter across the wild moor.
 night she had perished, a - las! From the winds that blow o'er the wild moor.
 "There Ma - ry perished, a - las! From the winds that blow o'er the wild moor."

One night when the wind it blew cold,
 Blew bitter across the wild moor,
 Young Mary she came with her child,
 Wand'ring home to her own father's door;
 Crying, "Father, O pray let me in,
 Take pity on me, I implore,
 Or the child at my bosom will die
 From the winds that blow o'er the wild moor.
 "Oh, why did I leave this fair cot,
 Where once I was happy and free?
 Doom'd to roam without friends and forgot,
 Oh, father, take pity on me!"
 But her father was deaf to her cries,
 Not a voice or a sound reached the door;
 But the watch-dogs did howl, and the winds
 Blew bitter across the wild moor.

Oh, how must her father have felt
 When he came to the door in the morn;
 There he found Mary dead, and the child
 Fondly clasped in its dead mother's arms,
 While in frenzy he tore his gray hairs,
 As on Mary he gazed at the door,
 For that night she had perished, alas!
 From the winds that blow o'er the wild moor
 The father in grief pined away,
 The child to the grave was soon borne;
 And no one lives there to this day,
 For the cottage to ruin has gone.
 The villagers point out the spot,
 Where a willow droops over the door.
 Saying, "There Mary perished, alas!
 From the winds that blow o'er the wild moor"

PATHETIC RECITATIONS.

A TALE OF THE ATLANTIC COAST.

WE are sitting to-night by the fire,
My Mary and me, all alone,
A-watchin the blaze as it flickers
In its play on the old hearthstone.
A-watchin', a-thinkin' an' talkin',
About days that have long since gone,
Before we were feeble and childless :
Ah me ! how the seasons fly on.

As the light of the burnin' driftwood
Flares out on the sober brown wall,
It shines on a sailor's sou'wester,
Hung just where the gray shadows fall.
'Tis the hat of our brown-haired Willie,
And winters and winters ago
The waves washed it up on the sea-beach
In the rush of their hungry flow.

These thoughts make my bosom feel heavy,
They've silvered an' whitened my hair,
And thus, as I sit in my corner,
A-musin' and nursin' my care,
I'm dreamin' I see our boy Willie,
I have dreamed it often before,
A-floatin' out there 'mongst the seaweed
That fringes the rock-girded shore.

There are times when, sleepin' or wakin',
His face beamin' joyous an' gay,
Steals upon me from out the corners
An' nooks where he nestled in play ;
And it looks so lovin' an' cheerful.
So fond in its innocent joy,
That my heart seems almost a-breakin'
With grief for our sunny-haired boy.

Yet, now, when it's late for repentance,
I know I was hasty an' mad,
I might a-spoke tender an' soft like,
I ought to been kind to the lad.
I told him to leave me forever,
Yes, never to darken my door,
And I can't forget how he answered,
Nor the look that his brown eyes wore.

"Ah, father," sez he, "for some reason
You've kinder got tired o' me,
But I s'pose it's time that we parted,
An' now I'm a-goin' to sea.
I've tried to be upright an' truthful,
Still, somehow, there's somethin' I lack,
Let's part then in peace an' in friendship,
For mebbe I'll never come back.

"I know, as you say, I'm soft-hearted,
The tears sometimes come in a tide,
But I'll try to act my part manly,
I am young an' the world is wide.
Think well as you can of me, father,
I know I've not always done right."
Then I turned but only the shadows
Were there by the summer moon's light.

I went to the door and I called him ;
The echoes went soundin' along,
No answer came in through the twilight,
Exceptin' the whip-poor-will's song ;—
The sweet singin' bird seemed a mockin'
My call as it rang through the glen,
And I thought its melody whispered,
"You'll never see Willie again."

So, the days and weeks kep' a-passin',
 And, still we thought, mebbe he'll come;
 We looked, an' we longed, an' we waited,
 With lips that were whitened an' dumb.
 The months became years, an' the seasons
 Went slowly a-driftin' away,
 An' Mary an' me we grew weary,
 As the hair on our heads got gray.

Yes, many a night when the breezes
 Came sighin' in over the sea,
 We would think of our boy who wandered
 Away on its bosom so free;
 And, whenever the storm was risin',
 And the breakers were white with foam,
 We'd light up the window for Willie,
 For we though that he might come home.

I remember, well I remember,
 'Twas the close of a wintry day,
 The waves on the rocks were a-dashin'
 An' hurlin' their silvery spray,
 That Mary an' me set a thinkin'
 As we would when the night grew wild,
 A-breathin' our prayers for the safety
 An' peace of our wandering child.

The darkness fell 'round, an' the moanin'
 Of the wind, as it swept along,
 Grew sad like an' drear in our seemin',
 As it murmured its cheerless song.
 It rang 'round the weather-worn gables,
 And it sighed through the leafless trees,
 Then swept to the snows on the hillsides,
 And the cots by the inland leas.

So, we set there, thinkin', an' listnin',
 A-watchin' the firelight run,
 When sharp through the breakers' deep roarin'
 Came the sound of a signal gun.
 Quick I know some ship was in danger
 With them big, black rocks on her lee,
 And Mary, she whispered, "God bless them
 Poor sailors that's out on the sea!"

I called to old Lion, the house dog,
 A-thinkin', perhaps, we might save
 Some tired out wretch in his strugglin'
 From the chill of a watery grave;
 And away for the sands we started,
 The guns of distress booming strong,
 And rockets sent out a red glarin'
 Through the sky as we hurried along.

Them reefs had wrecked many a stranger,
 I'd seen many a brave ship strand,
 Heard many a cry come a-wailin'
 For help to the rock-girded land:
 But I never felt the strange flutterin'
 'Round my heart with each incoming breath
 That I did that night while a-workin',
 To save them poor fellows from death.

Strong arms and brave hearts faced the danger
 To bring them off safe from the wreck,
 Yet the waves quenched many a heart-throb
 As they swept o'er the quiv'rin' deck;
 Till the light of the new day dawning
 Broke in over hillside and sea,
 A-floodin' the waters with glory
 That danced in their murderous glee.

But somehow, it seemed as though something
 Was chainin' me then to the spot;
 It kinder appeared as if Willie,
 The boy I had waited an' sought,
 Was somewhere asleep in the ocean,
 'Mid the shells an' pearly stones,
 With sea-moss a-twinin' his garland
 And the coral around his bones.

As I stood, and with achin' vision
 Gazed out 'mid the breakers roar,
 A body came borne by the billows
 Along the wreck-littered shore.
 Nearer and nearer it floated,
 The face I had seen in my dreams,
 An' lay at my feet on the shingling,
 In the light of the sun's bright beams.

All stiffened and pallid and death-like,
 Life's troubles and cares were past,
 After seven long years of waitin'
 Our Willie came to us at last.
 We buried him under the poplars
 Where in summer the harebells wave,
 Where soft sighin' winds from the woodland
 Murmur gently around his grave.

His Bible, a birthday offerin'
 From Mary, we found on his breast,
 And though it is her heart's dearest treasure,
 Yet I love his old hat the best.
 For a look at my boy's sou'west
 As it hangs on the old brown wall,
 Brings many a memory of Willie
 When the shadows of evening fall."

GEORGE ZEAGLES.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

IT was after the din of the battle
 Had ceased in the silence and gloom,
 When hushed was the musketry's rattle,
 And quiet the cannon's deep boom.
 The smoke of the conflict had lifted,
 And drifted away from the sun,
 While the soft crimson light, slowly fading from
 sight,
 Flashed back from each motionless gun.

The tremulous notes of a bugle
 Rang out on the clear autumn air,
 And the echoes caught back from the mountains
 Faint whispers, like breathings of prayer.
 The arrows of sunlight that slanted
 Through the trees, touched a brow white as
 snow,

On the bloody sod lying, mid the dead and the
 dying,
 And it flushed in the last parting glow.

The dark, crimson tide slowly ebbing
 Stained red the light jacket of gray;
 But another in blue sadly knelt by his side
 And watched the life passing away.
 Said the jacket in gray, "I've a brother—
 Joe Turner—he lives up in Maine.
 Give him these—and say my last message,
 Was forgiveness." Here a low moan of pain
 Checked his voice. Then—"You'll do me this
 favor,
 For you shot me"—and his whisper sank low.
 Says the jacket in blue, "Brother Charlie,
 There's no need—I'm your brother—I'm
 Joe."
 V. STUART MOSBY.

A FAIRY TALE.

ONCE upon a time there was a very small
 child all alone in the streets of a great
 big city in a great big world.

Now this child, unlike all the children ever
 heard of in fairy tales, was not the daughter of
 a great king and queen, and she didn't wear a
 frock trimmed with jewels, and she didn't have
 lots and lots of nurses to look after her, and she
 wasn't the heiress to the crown of a country,
 where all the pavements were made of solid sil-
 ver, the area railings of polished steel, the king's
 palace of ivory, and his throne of pure gold,
 with so many precious stones sticking out of it

that it was quite uncomfortable to sit down upon.
 No! she was simply a very small girl indeed,
 with nothing of the proper fairy-tale small girl
 about her at all.

She didn't quite know how it was that she
 came to be all alone. She had an indistinct
 idea of a room somewhere near the sky; at least
 she thought it was near the sky because the
 clouds seemed close to her when she climbed up
 on a chair and looked out of the window, and
 the room was right at the top of ever so many
 stairs. She seemed to recall, too, that the room
 was very bare and empty, and that she had often

been hungry and thirsty and cold there, and that her mother had been there, lying, on a bed and looking, oh! so pale and thin, and had told her that she was going away to leave her, but that they should meet again in a bright, beautiful country. And she remembered too,—and as she remembered it the tears came into two little eyes and she sobbed piteously,—she remembered one day that her mother's face looked whiter, much whiter than before, and that she lay quite still and made no answer when the little girl called to her. And then some rough woman had told the child that her mother was dead, and that the room was wanted for some one else, and she must go.

And so she had put on a little threadbare jacket and a little torn hat, through many holes in which her golden hair peeped out, and had gone away all alone—it might have been yesterday, to-day, she knew not when—out into the streets of that great big city in that great big world.

It was a winter's evening, that once upon a time, and the snow was falling fast, and it was very cold. The little child was thinly clad (unlike a proper fairy-tale child), and had had no food for a long time,—years, it seemed to her.

As her little steps wandered on, she passed a great many shops, and saw heaps and heaps of warm clothing and food inside great windows, lighted up with ever so many bright lights; and she wondered how it was that she was so cold and hungry, and why some one did not come out of one of the big shops and give her clothing and food; and she thought how strange it was that all those things should be inside the big windows that she could just look into when she stood on tip-toe, while she was standing there, such a very tiny girl and wanting ever so little of what she saw.

The little child looked wistfully into the big bright windows one after another, but she shook and shivered so that she ran on at last although she felt very strange and heavy and giddy, and she ran and ran until she found that she had passed away from the bright lights and was in a

dark road in which the snow was lying much more thickly, and looking much whiter, than in the streets through which she had gone.

The little girl's limbs would carry her no farther, and she half sank down in the snow; but she saw suddenly, looming out in the dark by the wayside, a large, wooden shed, the door of which was standing wide open, and, turning her fast-failing steps to it, she crept timidly inside. It was quite dark there, and she lay down on the floor with her little head pillowed against a piece of wood.

Wondering drowsily why it was that she had ceased to be hungry or cold, and why her limbs seemed as if they had no feeling at all, the child lay there, and gradually her eyes closed.

Suddenly she became conscious of a dazzling light; and looking up she saw a beautiful fairy standing by her side, with white rustling wings, and a halo of light shining all round her. She was looking down on the child with a look of sweet compassion on her face.

"Little one," said the fairy in a soothing, gentle voice, and as she spoke she bent over the child and stroked the small face, "welcome into fairyland."

The child looked round her in speechless wonder, and behold! the dark wooden shed had vanished and she was lying on a grassy bank, surrounded by lovely flowers of all colors, and the sun was shining above, and birds were singing all about her, and near her troops of children all dressed in dazzling white were at play, making the air ring with joyous peals of laughter that seemed just to chime in with the singing of the birds; and fairies, like the one standing by her, were watching over the children as they played.

She was so filled with wonder that she answered not the fairy, and again the sweet voice said:

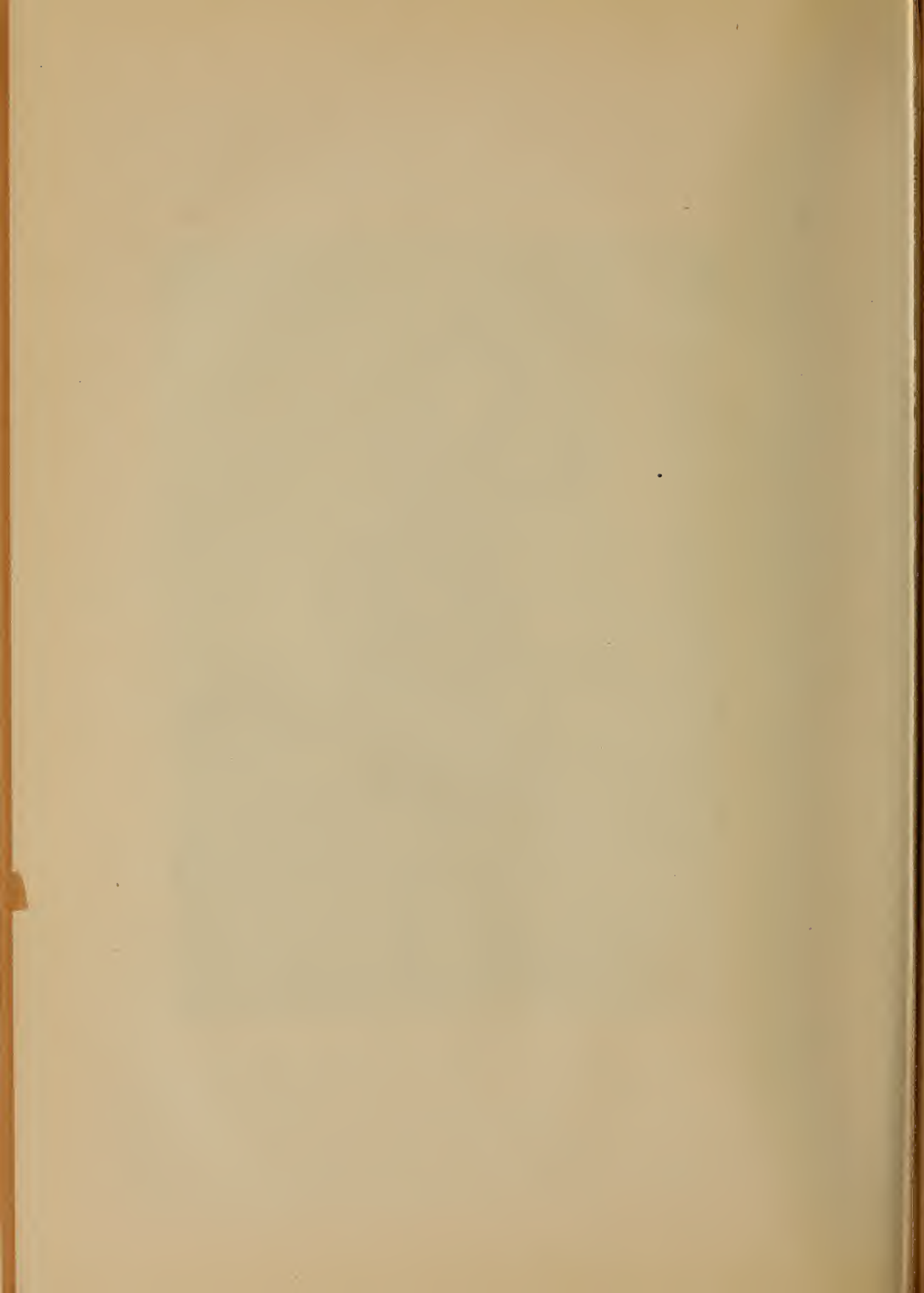
"Little one, welcome into fairyland."

"Am I in fairyland?" answered the child this time. "They took mother away from me, and said she was dead, and told me to go, and I was very cold and hungry, and I ran ever so far, and I thought I was lying down in a great dark



PHOTO BY MORRISON, CHICAGO

A PASSING SALUTE



place. And oh! don't send me away; let me stay here, please, *please* let me stay here, and not go into the snow again. I am such a little thing to be all alone in the great big streets, and I will be *so* good if I may stay."

The tears started into the child's eyes as she pleaded her cause, and the fairy stooped down and kissed them away.

"Yes, my child, you shall stay with us in fairyland, and never go into the great streets again."

"Oh! thank you," said the child, and she threw her arms around the still bending fairy, and kissed her again and again.

"Just now," the little girl said presently, "I was, oh! so cold and hungry and tired, and now I feel so peaceful and rested, and as if I could never be cold and hungry again. Why is it?"

"There is neither hunger nor cold here, my little one. The sun is always shining as you see it now, the birds are ever singing as you hear them now, the flowers never fade, the leaves never fall, and those children now at play are ever bright and happy. Many little travelers like you have found their way into our bright

land through paths of sorrow and suffering; but see them now how joyous they are."

The fairy pointed to the group of children, and the little girl followed the movement with her eyes. She looked in silence for a minute, and then she spoke again: "You are so good and kind, and I seem to ask so many things, but oh! forgive me for one question more. The children that I see, have their mothers been taken from them as mine was taken from me? and will they ever be with them again?"

"My darling," answered the fairy, with infinite tenderness in her voice, "they have already seen their mothers again, and you will see your own lost mother. Look at me—look into my face—you knew me not at first, but you know me now, oh! you know me now, my little one."

The child looked into the fairy's face for an instant—the word "Mother!" burst from her lips, and the two were folded in each other's arms.

Next day, when workmen came into the shed,
They found a child there, lying cold and dead.
And on the little upturned face they saw
A smile so bright and joyous that in awe
They stood uncovered. But the mortal clay
Alone was there—the soul had winged its way.

E. F. TURNER.

THE GLACIER-BED.

In a village in Switzerland, a young guide, on the way back from his wedding, met a party of tourists, who were looking for a guide to explore a glacier. The bridegroom left his bride at the chalet door, as they returned from the church, she promising to keep a light in her window until he should come home; but he fell through a ravine upon a glacier-bed and was lost. The widowed wife, having learned that in the course of fifty years the glacier would emerge from the ravine, waited, and her lost husband was found frozen in the ice, all those years after his wedding-day.

BURNING, burning, burning for ever, by
night and day,

Let be the light in my window, don't touch
it, don't take it away!

With the sap of my life I have fed my lamp that
its flame should burn

Till the morn of our bridal night, till my love,
my husband, return.

What say you? he is dead! I will not believe
it; no!

We were wedded—who can remember that?
'tis so long ago—

At the church of our mountain village: the
morning light shone down

From the glittering peaks of the Alps to circle
my bridal crown.

Oh me, the joy of us two that blessed day made
one!

The song of the happy children, the flowers, the
dancing sun,

All these were about us that time he led me
home as his bride—

When the strangers crossed our path, and he
heard them call for a guide.

<p>And duty o'ermasters love, and he dared not deny that call, For among our Alpine heroes, they knew him, the bravest of all: With a foot and an eye and an arm to match with his dauntless heart; And I knew where his honor led—though loth we were to part.</p>	<p>I knew he would hold to his promise—I never would fail of mine: That was our bridal night when I trimmed my lamp to shine Till he came from the fields of ice, to our chalet safe and warm, Closed in from the thickening night, and the smiting blast of the storm.</p>
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<p>But his honor, his choice, his desire, was mine, for I loved him so; When I looked in my darling's face I was brave and I bade him go. I stayed at our chalet door, and he tore himself away From the virgin kisses of love, and the joy of our marriage day.</p>	<p>That was our bridal night—hist! the fiends of the mountain dance To the shrieks of the lost, as their grope their way 'neath the lightning's glance; Till the dark and the dawn bring the day, and I wait at the chalet door For my bridegroom of yester-eve, for my joy that returns no more.</p>
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<p>"I'll come back to thee, dear," he said, "when the mountain is veiled in night; Set a lamp in thy window to shine as my star, my guiding light; Through the winding paths of ice, from beneath, from above Let my eyes be fixed on thy bridal-chamber, my new-wedded love."</p>	<p>But the sun shines on, and the path is clear from valley to peak; Whence come ye to look in my face the tale that ye dare not speak? All the rest were safe, he had led them bravely through, they said: But my own true-hearted husband was lost in the glacier-bed.</p>
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<p>And fixed as ice was my gaze that followed him as he went; And yet, when I saw him go, I was more than happy—content; The warmth of his arms was around me, my lips had thrilled to his kiss; My soul had tasted his love—could heaven be sweeter than this?</p>	<p>He will come again, I whispered, and, pitying, they turned away. And that light still burns since we parted, it seems but yesterday. So long ago! What? 'Tis fifty years to-mor- row, you said: That was the time, I heard, when the ice should give back the dead,—</p>
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<p>And I knew that nothing could part us more, in life or in death. I saw him not—and I saw him again, far down beneath, In the bravery of his gay wedding clothes—and my eyes grew dim With the strain and the dizzy height, as they looked their last on him.</p>	<p>When the glacier that froze his young blood, in the depth of the dark ravine Where he fell through the rift and perished, should work its way unseen Towards the mouth of the icy gulf, through the years of creeping days; Now, now, 'tis the time, let me go, for I know that my bridegroom stays.</p>
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My lamp is alight, I have toiled, I have starved
to feed its fire,

Through a long life slowly wasting in pangs of
one desire.

I thought it was never coming, and now the end
is nigh :

I shall look on his face that I loved in my youth,
before I die.

I go to seek him now, where he lies in the
glacier-bed—

Ah, cold and flinty pillow for my darling's
golden head !—

In his beauty and strength of manhood, frozen
to changeless stone—

There, there ! I have found him at last ! oh, my
love, my love, my own !

Now, bear us forth together, the bridegroom and
the bride,

To the church of our mountain village, and lay
as side by side,

'Neath the stone where God joined us, and bound
our souls in eternal truth,

And the virgin widow shall rest with the husband
of her youth.

How long have I wearied for this since that day
of bliss and woe ?

Do the children laugh, as they say it was fifty
years ago ?

What has time to do with our love ? for the
spirit within me saith

I shall meet him for evermore, when I change
this body of death.

He is calling me now by my name in the voice
of the vanished years,

And my life in its tender music dissolves to a
passion of tears ;

The shadows fall from the heights, the lamp in
my window burns dim,

The silence quenches my breath as I pass away
to him.

EMILIA AYLMEYER BLAKE.

“HELP ME ACROSS, PAPA.”

THERE was anguish in the faces of those
who bent over the little white bed, for
they knew that baby May was drifting
away from them, going out alone into the dark
voyage where so many have been wrested from
loving hands, and as they tried in vain to keep
her, even to smoothe with their kind solicitude
her last brief sorrows, they too experienced in
the bitter hour of parting the pangs of death.
They only hoped that she did not suffer now.
The rings of golden hair lay damp and unstirred
on her white forehead ; the roses were turned to
lilies on her cheeks ; the lovely violet eyes saw
them not, but were upturned and fixed ; the
breath on the pale lips came and went, fluttered
and seemed loth to leave its sweet prison.

Oh, the awful, cruel strength of death ; the
weakness, the helplessness, of love ! Those who
loved her better than life could not lift a hand to
avert the destroyer ; they could only watch and

wait until the end should come. Her merry,
ringing laugh would never again gladden their
hearts ; her little feet would make no more music
as they ran pattering to meet them. Baby May
was dying, and all the house was darkened and
hushed !

Then it was, as the shadows fell in denser
waves about us, that she stirred ever so faintly,
and our hearts gave a great bound as we thought,
“She is better ! she will live.” Yes, she knew
us ; her eyes moved from one face to the other,
with a dim, uncertain gaze. Oh, how good God
was to give her back ! How we could praise and
bless him all our lives. She lifted one dainty
hand—cold—almost pulseless, but better—we
would have it so—and laid it on the rough
browned hand of the rugged man who sat near-
est to her. His eye lighted all his bronzed face
like a rainbow as he felt the gentle pressure of
his little daughter's hand,—the mute, imploring

touch that meant a question. His gentle heart was quick to respond.

"What is it, darling?" he asked, in broken tones of joy and thanksgiving.

She could not speak, and so we raised her on the pretty lace pillow, and her wee white face shone in the twilight like a fair star or a sweet woodland flower.

She lifted her eyes to his,—eyes that even then had the glory and the promise of immortality in them, and reaching out her little wasted arms said, in her weary, flute-like voice:

"Help me across, papa!"


Then she was gone! We held to our breaking hearts the frail, beautiful shell, but she was

far away, whither we dare not follow. She had crossed the dark river, and not alone.

"Over the river the boatman pale
Carried another, the household pet,
She crossed on her bosom her dimpled hands,
And fearlessly entered the phantom bark;
We felt it glide from the silver sands,
And all our sunshine grew strangely dark."

O infinite Father! When we weary and disappointed ones reach our pleading hands to thee, wilt thou take us even as the little child, and help us across over the mountains of defeat and the valleys of humiliation into the green pastures and beside the still waters, in the city of the New Jerusalem, whose builder and maker is God?

THE PECULIAR NEIGHBOR.

"E is so very peculiar,"
His neighbors said with a smile,
"He works in the quarry yonder,
The distance of half a mile.
He never complains or grumbles,
But labors till close of day.
He is old and wretched and friendless,
And very peculiar, they say."

That was all. He was very "peculiar,"
I found of the village folk,
And lived in a little cottage alone,
'Neath the shade of a sheltering oak,
In the midst of a tiny garden patch,
Just back from the noisy street.
But the heart that throbbed 'neath his ragged
coat
Was as noble a heart as beat.

Yes, he was truly "peculiar,"
I heard, with a wondering start,
Of the kindly deeds that were daily done
By that good, old-fashioned heart.
His coat, so ragged and worn with time,
A brother might freely share:
Contented he with only a smile
And a fervently whispered prayer.

When evening came, and he sat alone
In his vine-wreathed doorway low,
Who cared if his lonely heart grew sad?
His bitterness who should know?
And when he brushed, with his aged hand,
The dew from his eyes so dim,
What mattered it if he pondered o'er
The days that were sweet to him?

But then, when the sun in the heavens rose,
He was up again with a smile,
Trudging along, in his shabby clothes,
The distance of half a mile.
While the children clung to his sunburnt hands
As he went on his cheery way;
And I wished to God, as I saw him pass,
That more were "peculiar" to-day.

One morn, when the sun shone clear and bright
There came a knock at his door;
But all was still, though the sunlight fell
Over the cottage floor.
Said one, "Is the old man asleep or dumb?
Does he know it's the noon of day?"
But another shrugged his shoulders, and said:
"It's his odd, peculiar way."

They passed up the rickety attic stair,
 Where, with never a sob or a moan,
 The old man lay in his final rest,
 With his hands close folded, alone.
 Was he sleeping? yes! for his eyes were
 closed;
 His dreams were sweet, for he smiled;
 And the smile that lay on his lips was as fair
 As that of a little child.

Then they said, ah, never a thoughtless word,
 But bore him tenderly down,
 With a whispered prayer, to the churchyard
 small,
 Just out of the noisy town.
 They missed him then who had never borne
 In their selfish lives a part;
 But God knew all, and had not forgot
 That good, "peculiar" heart.

HARRIET M. SPAULDING.

A DEPOT INCIDENT.

"Beyond the Alpine heights of great pain
 Lieth Italy."

THE train from the north had halted and then rushed on, screaming like some living thing as it entered the wood. The slow and snorting "accommodation" had released three or four begrimed passengers and then belched its way forward. The train from the south-west was already in sight, and still I had two hours to wait.

The small depot could offer no enchantments to beguile the time. Three or four pale women sat bolt upright in dead silence, staring stonily at each other, and the restless solitary old beau began to show signs of ill temper because he could attract no one's attention. Weary of the place, I went outside to look for more inspiring sights.

The scene was as restful as the one I had turned away from was wearisome. In the west the hills towered far into the heavens. A mile to the north lay the town, a cluster of white walls, gray spires and green trees, on which the peace that passeth all understanding seemed to rest. Between it and the little depot a shining river wandered noiselessly to the sea; and the sun, hanging low in the western sky, was gilding everything with an inimitable glory.

The train from the southwest unloaded an assortment of travelers, some of whom were not disposed to do their waiting passively. They had already given the room an air of action.

There was one who would have been a piteous figure anywhere—a man whose pinched face was

ghastly with the greenish tinge of consumption. It needed no close investigation to show that he was nearly done with earthly things. He leaned heavily on his wife's arm, his thin body robbed of its fictitious strength by a long journey.

I offered my aid to the woman, and together we made a place for him on a bench by the western window. He lay quite still, as though rest after the weariness of travel was very grateful. His black eyes looked through the open door at the quiet landscape with an eager inquiry in their burning depths. They seemed to be looking for something they did not see but expected to at any moment. He said nothing. The sunlight streamed in and fell upon his boned hands and covered his gaunt figure like an aura.

The man was dying, but he did not know it and his wife did not know it; and what good would it do to tell her? She could not hold the sand in his hour-glass a single second longer than the law of his destiny had decreed. All her faithful love could not do that.

They were Italians, and she had given him the patient, dog-like love of the women of her race. She had been his slave as well as his wife, for though the Italian boasts that his love is more fervent than any other upon earth, its selfishness and tyranny are unrivaled among races.

She fanned him with a fan covered with fairy figures and carved in dainty patterns,—a bit of rare old art strangely out of place in her hands, which were rough and misshapen from years of

outdoor toil. I thought of the romances of the inanimate world as I looked at it.

Life had not been easy for this dark, patient woman. Hardship and labor had left their cruel marks upon her face, which though bronzed and lined was not without great beauty of expression, the deathless beauty which is born of the soul's sweetness.

There had been none of the glamour which envelops pleasant paths to preserve her love from destruction. It had all been homely, hard, uninviting, yet there she was faithful to the end, faithful in love as well as in duty.

In her soft Southern voice, with its pretty accent, she told me their story, which was only one of "the short and simple annals of the poor," easily recited and without the flavor of the unusual.

They had been vine growers on the hills of Tuscany. Hearing wonderful tales of this great new country fifteen years ago, they had come here to "make a good home," she said. It had been hard work at first, but no harder than on their native hills, and after a time they owned a house and some ground in the west, and raised small fruits. They had prospered pecuniarily, but not otherwise. Three children had been given them, but all were asleep in the bosom of the earth, "their souls with the everlasting God," she devoutly added, crossing herself reverently.

Then she told me how her husband, little by little, lost his strength. Sometimes he was almost well, and again so weak, and always growing thinner of flesh, though always sure that he would be well the next month or the next season. At last he imagined that if he could go home to his own hills, to Italy, he would recover. The Italian sun would warm him into life. He seemed suddenly weary of everything here, she said, even the sky and the stars, and talked always of his early home.

"Italy! Italy! Beyond the mountains and the sea," broke in the sick man in his own tongue, smiling feebly.

And in this hope they had started. He had been so eager to get away that the few days con-

sumed in their preparations had been longer to him than all the years of their stay. He had grown better as soon as they started, so much better that in her patient ignorance she could not understand why he had suddenly lost his strength. She was sure the sea would revive him, and that the sunshine on his native hills, where the grapes were like flowers in their heavy perfume, would restore him.

"But I told him," she said, and her kind eyes grew sad, "I told him that it would be all changed there. The young men and the maidens we danced with years ago would not be there. They would be gone or old, like ourselves."

"Italy never changes," said the sick man in Italian and looking far out on the green fields, as though his lips merely voiced a thought not meant for other ears.

It seemed incredible that the woman, who was bright and fairly intelligent, did not know that her husband's longing for Italy was that curious restlessness which precedes dissolution, and which is always exaggerated in consumptive patients. Yet she had known nothing but his will for years, how should she know this?

The gates of the other world were even then opening to receive his spirit and still she babbled on, speaking of the children, the journey, and—Italy.

"Beyond the mountains and the sea—Italy," said the dying man in Italian, looking far off to the eastern horizon, upon which was the royal gilding of the setting sun.

The next instant an ominous rattle sounded through the big, bare room, and in his eyes there shone a sudden and overwhelming surprise. Instinctively understanding that he suffered, his wife raised his head in her arms; but before she could speak even an endearing word his soul had departed upon its journey, "without the sound of wings or footfall." In a single moment he had reached Italy, the eternal Italy which lieth "beyond the Alpine heights of great pain."

We lifted his head from the faithful arm which had raised his struggling spirit into heaven and laid it again on the pillow of shawls.

The wife did not at first understand what had happened; but as she looked at the white face of the dead man, upon which still lingered the trace of that wonderful surprise which swept over him when his soul confronted the vision of its new life, the awful truth revealed itself. She did not cry out. She did not weep. She did not speak. But upon her kind face there was a look of awe inexpressibly agonizing. She sank slowly to her knees, with her startled eyes turned upward as if trying to follow the soul that had suddenly vanished from the earth.

She stretched out her rough, kind hands and clasped those of her dead husband, and laid her head upon them with a dumb anguish that was heartrending.

We turned away without speaking. The awful silence that walks close upon the footsteps of Death settled upon the place. Every person was standing, every head bent. Two majestic presences, Death and his twin brother Grief, had transfigured the mean and dingy depot and made it a place where the human heart felt the presence of the unchangeable God.

The round clock on the wall ticked off the seconds with ceaseless energy, emphasizing the

unnatural stillness of the room and no one seemed willing by a footstep to break the silence.

Tick! Tick! Tick! Over and over, again and again, the clock told the story of the speeding moments. From the distance came the rumble of an in-coming train—their train—and one by one with bowed heads the waiting travelers walked out upon the platform: but the Italian woman neither moved nor spoke.

Over her kneeling figure and the breathless body of her husband the dying sun threw a flood of glory, draping both Death and Grief in a mantle of bright beauty.

An old woman who stood by went close to the stricken wife and bent to raise her head. "See!" she said in a startled voice, "See! she has followed him to Italy."

It was true. The hands that clasped the dead man's with such tender love were as cold as his own. The head that rested on his breast was heavy and lifeless. The kind eyes were glazed and vacant, the sweet face rigid, the soft voice stilled forever.

"Beyond the mountains and the sea," beyond all heights, beyond all pain they had suddenly journeyed together. GERTRUDE GARRISON.

THE PAUPER GIRL.

"ONLY a pauper," the neighbors said,
As they coaxed away from death's
low bed

A weeping child, her young heart sore,
Because "dear mamma" would speak no more.

They gave her a home such as paupers have,
To eat and to sleep in, but none to love;
None to list to her childish prattle,
Or teach her to win in life's great battle.

"Oh, where can I go?" Long years had flown,
And the helpless girl stood all alone;
Alone in the world, in its cold and its storm,
With none to pity or save from harm.

She might have been fair, but care and want
Had stolen her bloom, left her pale and gaunt;

Robbed her life of its sunshine and flowers,
And fraught with sorrow her girlhood's hours

The rich, the poor, they heeded not
The friendless girl—her hard, hard lot;
Selfishly, coldly, they passed her by,
To struggle alone, to live or to die.

One open door—they wanted her there—
The place seemed cheerful, its inmates fair;
The music, the birds, the flowers, the light
All lured her on with their promise bright

The tempter was nigh with his pictures fair
Of ease and plenty awaiting here there;
Like leaf engulfed in eddying whirl
Was tempted and lost that homeless girl.

O child of wealth, if ye knew the power
The tempter wields in the darksome hour,
You would pity the paupers, invite them in,
And shield them alike from shame and sin.

Nor fear of soiling your dainty hands,
Nor fear of breaking society's bands,

Would close as now your heart and your door
Against the sorrowing, sinning poor.

Nay, yours is the sin, if sin there be—
You should have assisted such as she ;
Have paused in your round of fashion and whirl,
And saved from ruin that pauper girl.

GEORGENE TRAVER.

ABSALOM.

THE waters slept. Night's silvery veil hung
low

On Jordan's bosom, and the eddies curl'd
Their glassy rings beneath it, like the still,
Unbroken beating of the sleeper's pulse.
The reeds bent down the stream ; the willow
leaves,

With a soft cheek upon the lulling tide,
Forgot the lifting winds ; and the long stems,
Whose flowers the water, like a gentle nurse,
Bears on its bosom, quietly gave way,
And lean'd in graceful attitudes to rest.
How strikingly the course of nature tells,
By its light heed of human suffering,
That it was fashion'd for a happier world !

King David's limbs were weary. He had fled
From far Jerusalem ; and now he stood,
With his faint people, for a little rest
Upon the shores of Jordan. The light wind
Of morn was stirring, and he bared his brow
To its refreshing breath ; for he had worn
The mourner's covering, and he had not felt
That he could see his people until now.
They gather'd round him on the fresh green
bank,

And spoke their kindly words ; and, as the sun
Rose up in heaven, he knelt among them there,
And bow'd his head upon his hands to pray.
Oh ! when the heart is full—when bitter thoughts
Come crowding quickly up for utterance,
And the poor common words of courtesy
Are such an empty mockery—how much
The bursting heart may pour itself in prayer !

He pray'd for Israel—and his voice went up
Strongly and fervently. He pray'd for those
Whose love had been his shield—and his deep
tones

Grew tremulous. But, oh ! for Absalom—
For his enstranged, misguided Absalom—
The proud, bright being who had burst away,
In all his princely beauty, to defy
The heart that cherish'd him—for him he pour'd
In agony that would not be controll'd,
Strong supplication, and forgave him there,
Before his God, for his deep sinfulness.

The pall was settled. He who slept beneath
Was straighten'd for the grave ; and, as the folds
Sank to the still proportions, they betray'd
The matchless symmetry of Absalom.
His hair was yet unshorn, and silken curls
Were floating round the tassels as they sway'd
To the admitted air, as glossy now
As when, in hours of gentle dalliance, bathing
The snowy fingers of Judea's daughters.
His helm was at his feet ; his banner, soil'd
With trailing through Jerusalem, was laid,
Reversed, beside him ; and the jewell'd hilt,
Whose diamonds lit the passage of his blade,
Rested, like mockery, on his cover'd brow.
The soldiers of the king trod to and fro,
Clad in the garb of battle ; and their chief,
The mighty Joab, stood beside the bier,
And gazed upon the dark pall steadfastly,
As if he feared the slumberer might stir.
A slow step startled him. He grasp'd his blade
As if a trumpet rang ; but the bent form



PHOTO. BY MORRISON, CHICAGO

"I'VE PUT THE SOUL OF LAUGHTER IN MY FACE."

Of David enter'd, and he gave command,
In a low tone, to his few followers,
And left him with his dead. The king stood
still

Till the last echo died ; then, throwing off
The sackcloth from his brow, and laying back
The pall from the still features of his child,
He bow'd his head upon him, and broke forth
In the resistless eloquence of woe.

"Alas! my noble boy! that thou shouldst die!
Thou, who wert made so beautifully fair!
That death should settle in thy glorious eye,
And leave his stillness in this clustering hair!
How could he mark thee for the silent tomb,
My proud boy, Absalom!

"Cold is thy brow, my son, and I am chill,
As to my bosom I have tried to press thee:
How was I wont to feel my pulses thrill,
Like a rich harp-string, yearning to caress
thee,
And hear thy sweet 'My father?' from these
dumb
And cold lips, Absalom!

"But death is on thee. I shall hear the gush
Of music and the voices of the young;
And life will pass me in the mantling blush,
And the dark tresses to the soft wind flung;

But thou no more, with thy sweet voice, shalt
come
To meet me, Absalom!

"And oh! when I am stricken, and my heart,
Like a bruised reed, is wasting to be broken,
How will its love for thee, as I depart,
Yearn for thine ear to drink its last deep
token!

It were so sweet, amid death's gathering gloom,
To see thee, Absalom!

"And now, farewell! 'Tis hard to give thee up;
With death so like a slumber on thee;
And thy dark sin!—oh! I could drink the cup,
If from this woe its bitterness had won thee.
May God have call'd thee like a wanderer,
home,
My lost boy, Absalom!"

He cover'd up his face, and bow'd himself
A moment on his child; then giving him
A look of melting tenderness, he clasp'd
His hands convulsively, as if in prayer!
And, as if a strength were given him of God,
He rose up calmly, and composed the pall
Firmly and decently, and left him there,
As if his rest had been a breathing sleep.

NATHANIEL P. WILLIS.

A BRAVE BOY.

"SO this is our new cabin-boy;" was my
inward exclamation, as I walked on
deck and saw a dark-eyed, handsome
youth, leaning against the railing and gazing
with a sad, abstracted air into the foamy waves
that were lustily dashing against the vessel.
I had heard a good many remarks made about
him by the crew, who did not like him because
he seemed somewhat shy of them, and they were
continually tormenting him with their rough
jokes. He had refused to drink any intoxicat-
ing liquor since he came on board, and I was
curious to know more about him.

My interest and sympathy were aroused, and

I resolved to watch over and protect him as far
as possible from the ungovernable temper of the
captain, and the rough jokes of the sailors.

A few days afterward I was standing beside
the captain, when suddenly rough shouts and
laughter broke upon our ears; we went to the
fore part of the deck, and found a group of
sailors trying their utmost to persuade Allen to
partake of their grog.

"Laugh on," I heard Allen's firm voice
reply, "but I'll never taste a drop. You ought
to be ashamed to drink it yourselves, much more
to offer it to another."

A second shout of laughter greeted the reply,

and one of the sailors, emboldened by the captain's presence, who they all knew was a great drinker himself, approached the boy and said :

"Now, my hearty, get ready to keel roight over on your beam end, whin ye've swallowed this."

He was just going to pour the liquor down his throat when, quick as a flash, Allen seized the bottle and flung it far overboard. While the sailors were looking regretfully after the sinking bottle, Allen looked pale but composed at Captain Harden, whose face was scarlet with suppressed rage. I trembled for the boy's fate. Suddenly Captain Harden seized him and cried out sternly :

"Hoist this fellow aloft into the main topsail. I'll teach him better than to waste my property!"

Two sailors approached him to execute the order; but Allen quietly waved them back, and said in a low, respectful tone :

"I'll go myself, captain, and I hope you will pardon me : I meant no offence." I saw his hand tremble a little as he took hold of the rigging. For one unused to the sea it was extremely dangerous to climb that height. For a moment he hesitated, as he seemed to measure the distance, but he quietly recovered himself, and proceeded slowly and carefully.

"Faster !" cried the captain, as he saw with what care he measured his steps, and faster Allen tried to go, but his foot slipped, and for a moment I stood horror-struck, gazing up at the dangling form suspended by the arms in mid-air. A coarse laugh from the captain, a jeer from the sailors, and Allen again caught hold of the rigging, and soon he was in the watch-basket.

"Now, stay there, you young scamp, and get some of the spirit frozen out of you," muttered the captain, as he went down into the cabin. Knowing the captain's temper, I dared not interfere while he was in his present state of mind. By nightfall, however, I proceeded to the cabin, and found him seated before the table, with a half empty bottle of his favorite champagne before him. I knew he had been drinking freely, and therefore had little hope that Allen would be released; still I ventured to say :

"Pardon my intrusion, Captain Harden, but I'm afraid our cabin-boy will be sick if he is compelled to stay up there much longer."

"Sick ! bah, not a bit of it ; he's got too much grit in him to yield to such nonsense ; no person on board my ship ever gets sick ; they know better than to play that game on me. But I'll go and see what he is doing, anyhow."

Upon reaching the deck, he shouted through his trumpet :

"Ho ! my lad."

"Aye, aye, sir," was the faint but prompt response from above, as Allen's face appeared, looking with eager hope for his release.

"How do you like your new berth ?" was the captain's mocking question.

"Better than grog or whiskey, sir," came the quick reply from Allen.

"If I allow you to descend, will you drink the contents of this glass ?" and he held up, as he spoke, a sparkling glass of his favorite wine.

"I have forsworn all intoxicating drinks, sir, and I will not break my pledge, even at the risk of my life."

"There, that settles it," said the captain, turning to me ; "he's got to stay up there to-night ; he'll be toned down before morning."

By early dawn Captain Harden ordered him to be taken down, for to his call, "Ho, my lad !" there was no reply, and he began to feel alarmed. A glass of warm wine and biscuit were standing ready for him beside the captain, who was sober now ; and when he saw the limp form of Allen carried into his presence by two sailors his voice softened, as he said :

"Here, my lad, drink that and I will trouble you no more."

With a painful gesture, the boy waved him back, and in a feeble voice said :

"Captain Harden, will you allow me to tell you a little of my history ?"

"Go on," said the captain, "but do not think it will change my mind ; you have to drink this just to show you how I bend stiff necks on board my ship."

"Two weeks before I came on board this ship

I stood beside my mother's coffin. I heard the dull thud of falling earth as the sexton filled the grave which held the last remains of my darling mother. I saw the people leave the spot; I was alone, yes, alone, for she who loved and cared for me was gone. I knelt for a moment upon the fresh turf, and while the hot tears rolled down my cheeks, I vowed never to taste the liquor that had broken my mother's heart and ruined my father's life.

"Two days later, I stretched my hand through the prison bars, behind which my father was confined. I told him of my intention of going to sea. Do with me what you will, captain; let me freeze to death in the mainmast; throw me into the sea below, anything, but do not, for my dear mother's sake, force me to drink that poison that has ruined my father, and killed my mother. Do not let it ruin a mother's only son!"

He sank back exhausted, and burst into a fit of tears. The captain stepped forward, and laying his hand, which trembled a little, upon the

boy's head, said to the crew who had collected round:

"For our mothers' sake, let us respect Allen Bancroft's pledge. And never," he continued, firing up, "let me catch any of you ill-treating him."

He then hastily withdrew to his apartment. The sailors were scattered and I was left alone with Allen.

"Lieutenant, what does this mean? Is it possible that—that—"

"That you are free," I added, "and that none will trouble you again."

"Lieutenant," he said, "if I was not so ill and cold just now, I think I'd just toss my hat and give three hearty cheers for Captain Harden."

He served on our vessel three years, and was a universal favorite. When he left, Captain Harden presented him with a handsome gold watch as a memento of his night in the mainmast, and the hardy sailor sent the youth away with a blessing on his head.

CHILDLESS.

IT was dreary and desolate weather,
As we sat by the window together;
The hoarse blast rumbled and grumbled,
The dead branches crackled and crumbled,
And the thick flakes fluttered and drifted;
In visions my dear little girl
Lay smiling; a current uplifted
From her forehead a gold-tangled curl;
And I thought, "Life is not without pleasure
So long as I fondle th's treasure;
And though formerly death has bereft me,³
My one little darling is left me."
Contented, I quietly kissed her,
And I thought of her sweet little sister
Lying under the cold and the snow.

As she lay with my fingers entwining
Her ringlets so silken and shining,
In her face came a pallor and sadness
That instantly drove me to madness—
From my cheek all the color retreated.

When I saw the last smile of the dead
On the lips of the living repeated,⁴
And I felt such a sickening dread;
But I smiled, though half breathless with terror.
And I said, "What a fanciful error!
Let me banish this horrible feeling,
Or in frenzy my brain will go reeling,"—
But the tear in my eyelid would glister
As I thought of her sweet little sister
Lying under the cold and the snow.

I smiled, but the smile swiftly froze on
My lips when I saw the same clothes on
That her sister had worn; and the jewel
That flashed on her neck added fuel
To anguish; in frenzy I tore them,
Though I tried to dismiss all my fear
By repeating that often she wore them,
And my terror would soon disappear.
Then I struggled to calm my emotion
And to banish this terrible notion;

But this dread so relentlessly haunted
That all happier fancies were daunted ;
And I thought it was strangely sinister
That she wore the same clothes as her sister,
Lying under the cold and the snow.

Then her cheek I imagined, grew whiter,
And her breathing came lighter and lighter ;
With horrors my senses were teeming,
And I suddenly found I was screaming,
"Wake, wake, O my darling, awaken !"
She murmured and turned in her sleep,
And I saw that I had been mistaken ;
But these terrible fancies would creep
Through my soul till I nearly lost reason ;
Her sister had died in this season—
Oh, was it a mere superstition,
Or was it a sad premonition ?
Half frantic, I kissed her and kissed her :
As I thought of her sweet little sister
Lying under the cold and the snow.

Then over my heart crept a sickness,
And into my voice came a thickness,
And I murmured, "All-merciful Father,
Oh, spare me this little one ; rather
Take me ; one poor little flower

Went under the cold and the snow
In a dreary and desolate hour,
Must also the other one go ?
My life would be stripped of all pleasure
If robbed of my sweet little treasure ;
Though once Thou didst sadly bereave me,
In mercy this little one leave me ;
Heart-broken I'd be if I missed her
As often I miss her sweet sister,
Lying under the cold and the snow."

It is dreary and desolate weather—
But we sit not, we sit not together •
The hoarse blasts rumble and grumble,
The dead branches crackle and crumble,
And thickly the snowflakes are drifting ;
Asleep is my dear little girl,
But no wandering current is lifting
From her forehead the gold-tangled curl ;
And my life is devoid of all pleasure,
No longer I fondle my treasure ;
A second time death has bereft me,
Not one little darling is left me ;
And forever my hot tears will glisten
For her and her sweet little sister
Lying under the cold and the snow.

BEN WOOD DAVIS.

THE DEATH OF THE OLD SQUIRE.

[Read with great success by Charlotte Cushmar.]

'T WAS a wild, mad kind of night, as black
as the bottomless pit ;
The wind was howling away like a
Bedlamite in a fit,
Tearing the ash boughs off, and mowing the
poplars down,
In the meadows beyond the old flour mill, where
you turn off to the town.

And the rain (well, it *did* rain) dashing against
the window glass,
And deluging on the roof, as the Devil were
come to pass ;
The gutters were running in floods outside the
stable door,

And the spouts splashed from the tiles, as they
would never give o'er.

Lor', how the winders rattled ! you'd almost
ha' thought that thieves
Were wrenching at the shutters, while a ceaseless
pelt of leaves
Flew to the doors in gusts ; and I could hear
the beck
Falling so loud I knew at once it was up to a tall
man's neck.

We was huddling in the harness-room by a little
scrap of fire,
And Tom, the coachman, he was there a-practis-
ing for the choir,

But it sounded dismal, anthem did, for Squire was
dying fast,
And the doctor said, do what he would, Squire's
breaking up at last.

The death-watch, sure enough, ticked loud just
over th' owd mare's head,
Though he had never once been heard up there
since master's boy lay dead ;
And the only sound, besides Tom's toon, was
the stirring in the stalls,
And the gnawing and the scratching of the rats
in the owd walls.

We couldn't hear Death's foot pass by, but we
knew that he was near,
And the chill rain and the wind and cold made
us all shake with fear ;
We listened to the clock up-stairs, 'twas breath-
ing soft and low
For the nurse said, at the turn of night the old
Squire's soul would go.

Master had been a wildish man, and led a rough-
ish life ;
Didn't he shoot the Bowton squire, who dared
write to his wife ?
He beat the Rads at Hindon Town, I heard, in
twenty-nine,
When every pail in market-place was brimmed
with red port wine.

And as for hunting, bless your soul, why, for
forty year or more
He'd kept the Marley hounds, man, as his
fayther did afore ;
And now to die and in his bed—the season just
begun—

“It made him fret,” the doctor said, “as it
might do any one.”

And when the sharp young lawyer came to see
him sign his will,
Squire made me blow my horn outside as we
were going to kill ;
And we turned the hounds out in the court—
that seemed to do him good ;

For he swore, and sent us off to seek a fox in
Thornhill Wood.

But then the fever it rose high and he would go
see the room

Where mistress died ten years ago when Lam-
mastide shall come ;

I mind the year, because our mare at Salisbury
broke down ;

Moreover, the town-hall was burnt at Steeple
Dinton Town.

It might be two, or half-past two, the wind
seemed quite asleep ;

Tom, he was off, but I, awake, sat watch and
ward to keep ;

The moon was up, quite glorious like, the rain
no longer fell,

When all at once out clashed and clanged the
rusty turret bell.

That hadn't been heard for twenty year, not
since the Luddite days.

Tom he leaped up, and I leaped up, for all the
house a-blaze

Had sure not scared us half so much, and out
we ran like mad,

I, Tom and Joe, the whipper-in, and t' little
stable lad.

“He's killed himself,” that's the idea that came
into my head ;

I felt as sure as though I saw Squire Barrowly
was dead ;

When all at once a door flew back, and he met
us face to face ;

His scarlet coat was on his back, and he looked
like the old race.

The nurse was clinging to his knees, and crying
like a child ;

The maids were sobbing on the stairs, for he
looked fierce and wild ;

“Saddle me Lightning Bess, my men,” that's
what he said to me :

“The moon is up, we're sure to find at Stop or
Etterly.

"Get out the dogs; I'm well to-night, and young again and sound,
I'll have a run once more before they put me under ground;
They brought my father home feet first, and it never shall be said
That his son Joe, who rode so straight, died quietly in his bed.

"Brandy!" he cried; "a tumbler full, you women howling there,"
Then clapped the old black velvet cap upon his long gray hair,
Thrust on his boots, snatched down his whip, though he was old and weak;
There was a devil in his eye that would not let me speak.

We loosed the dogs to humor him, and sounded on the horn;
The moon was up above the woods, just east of Haggard Bourne.
I buckled Lightning's throat-lash fast, the Squire was watching me;
He let the stirrups down himself so quick, yet carefully.

Then up he got and spurred the mare and, ere I well could mount,
He drove the yard-gate open, man, and called to old Dick Blount,
Our huntsman, dead five years ago—for the fever rose again,
And was spreading like a flood of flame fast up into his brain.

Then off he flew before the dogs, yelling to call us on,
While we stood there, all pale and dumb, scarce knowing he was gone;

We mounted, and below the hill we saw the fox break out,
And down the covert ride we heard the old Squire's parting shout.

And in the moonlit meadow mist we saw him fly the rail
Beyond the hurdles by the beck, just half way down the vale;
I saw him breast fence after fence—nothing could turn him back;
And in the moonlight after him streamed out the brave old pack.

'Twas like a dream, Tom cried to me, as we rode free and fast,
Hoping to turn him at the brook, that could not well be passed,
For it was swollen with the rain; but ah, 'twas not to be;
Nothing could stop old Lightning Bess but the broad breast of the sea.

The hounds swept on, and well in front the mare had got her stride;
She broke across the fallow land that runs by the down side.

We pulled up on Chalk Linton Hill, and, as we stood us there,
Two fields beyond we saw the Squire fall stone dead from the mare.

Then she swept on, and in full cry the hounds went out of sight;
A cloud came over the broad moon and something dimmed our sight,
As Tom and I bore master home, both speaking under breath;
And that's the way I saw the old Squire ride boldly to his death.

DEATH OF LITTLE NELL.

BY little and little, the old man drew back towards the inner chamber, while these words were spoken. He pointed there, as he replied, with trembling lips,—

"You plot among you to wean my heart from

her. You will never do that—never while I have life. I have no relative or friend but her—I never had—I never will have. She is all in all to me. It is too late to part us now."

Waving them off with his hand, and calling

softly to her as he went, he stole into the room. They who were left behind drew close together, and after a few whispered words,—not unbroken by emotion, or easily uttered,—followed him. They moved so gently, that their footsteps made no noise, but there were sobs from among the group, and sounds of grief and mourning.

For she was dead. There, upon her little bed, she lay at rest. The solemn stillness was no marvel now.

She was dead. No sleep so beautiful and calm, so free from trace of pain, so fair to look upon. She seemed a creature fresh from the hand of God, and waiting for the breath of life; not one who had lived and suffered death.

Her couch was dressed with here and there, some winter berries and green leaves, gathered in a spot she had been used to favor. "When I die, put near me something that has loved the light, and had the sky above it always." These were her words.

She was dead. Dear, gentle, patient, noble Nell was dead. Her little bird—a poor slight thing the pressure of a finger would have crushed—was stirring nimbly in its cage; and the strong heart of its child-mistress was mute and motionless forever.

Where were the traces of her early cares, her sufferings and fatigues? All gone. This was the true death before their weeping eyes. Sorrow was dead indeed in her, but peace and perfect happiness were born; imaged in her tranquil beauty and profound repose.

And still her former self lay there, unaltered

in this change. Yes. The old fireside had smiled on that same sweet face; it had passed like a dream through haunts of misery and care; at the door of the poor school-master on the summer evening, before the furnace fire upon the cold, wet night, at the still, dying boy, there had been the same mild lovely look. So shall we know the angels in their majesty, after death.

The old man held one languid arm in his, and kept the small hand tight folded to his breast for warmth. It was the hand she had stretched out to him with her last smile—the hand that had led him on through all their wanderings. Ever and anon he pressed it to his lips, then hugged it to his breast again, murmuring that it was warmer now; and as he said it, he looked, in agony, to those who stood around, as if imploring them to help her.

She was dead and past all help, or need of it. The ancient rooms she had seemed to fill with life, even while her own was ebbing fast—the garden she had tended—the eyes she had gladdened—the noiseless haunts of many a thoughtless hour—the paths she had trodden as if it were but yesterday—could know her no more.

"It is not," said the schoolmaster, as he bent down to kiss her on her cheek, and give his tears free vent—"it is not in this world that Heaven's justice ends. Think what it is compared with the world to which her young spirit has winged its early flight, and say, if one deliberate wish expressed in solemn terms above this bed could call her back to life, which of us would utter it!"

CHARLES DICKENS.

RETRIBUTION.

IT is not the waters of a mighty river bursting its banks and sweeping swiftly and mercilessly over the lowlands; not the vengeful advance of a prairie fire reaching out its thousands of red tongues for new victims; not the mighty hurricane destroying and devastating. It is a body of men moving along a highway in the darkness, more menacing in its silence than the hurricane in its roaring. Not a voice is

raised above a whisper; no face looks backwards. On—over the hills—along the levels—across the bridges—tramp! tramp! tramp! They reach the outskirts of a town, but there is no halt. Up the broad street, turn to the right, turn to the left—a thousand people sleeping undisturbed by the measured footsteps.

A sleeping jailer is aroused by a thunderous rapping on the heavy door. He opens it and

looks out upon a hundred men whose silence—whose very attitudes—tell him everything at a single glance. Two words are whispered in his ear: “The keys!” Duty warns him to resist. Prudence cautions him to obey. A score of men push past him without a look or a word, and one of them holds up a light while the others peer through the barred doors. One—two—three—they halt at the fourth. The occupant has been aroused. With face as white as snow, with eyes which speak of the terror in his heart, with every nerve suddenly unstrung by the menace, he cowers like some conquered wild beast.

“Bring out the murderer!”

A key turns in the lock, strong arms pull him into the corridor and out into the summer’s midnight. He would fight fire or flood; he would brave bullet or knife, but here is a menace more terrible. He has no more courage than a child. He tries to speak—to beg—to plead, but the words choke him. With a grim and speechless guardian on either side, with grim and speechless men marching before and behind, he is led

away. He groans in his agony of mind, but the hands grip tighter. He staggers in his weakness, but the arms which support him grow more rigid.

“Halt!”

The branches of a tree shut out the sight of heaven as the victim looks up. There is reaction now. He denies his guilt; he pleads for his life. His voice reaches the ear of every man, but no one heeds it. It is hardly a minute before a noose is thrown over his head, and swift fingers tie his arms and legs. He is still speaking, he is desperately hoping that one heart in that crowd may be melted, when the leader gives a sign. Next instant there is a body swinging from the limb—swinging—writhing—twisting—a horrible sight even in the merciful darkness. Scarcely a hand is moved as the minutes go by. Not an eye is turned away until the horrible pendulum hangs still and dead. Then a low command is given, and the crowd breaks into fragments, and the fragments are swallowed up in the darkness.

Retribution takes her place at the foot of the tree to watch the night out alone.

THE AGED PRISONER.

“**N**IGH on to twenty years
Have I walked up and down this
dingy cell!

I have not seen a bird in all that time
Nor the sweet eyes of childhood, nor the flowers
That grow for innocent men,—not for the curst,
Dear God! for twenty years.

“With every gray-white rock
I am acquainted; every seam and crack,
Each chance and change of color; every stone
Of this cold floor, where I by walking much
Have worn unsightly smoothness, that its rough
Old granite walls resent.

“My little blue-eyed babe,
That I left singing by my cottage door,
Has grown a woman—is perchance a wife.
To her the name of ‘father’ is a dream,
Though in her arms a nestling babe may rest,
And on her heart lie soft.

“Oh, this bitter food
That I must live on! this poisoned thought
That judges all my kind, because by men
I have been stripped of all that life holds dear—
Wife, honor, reputation, tender child—
For one brief moment’s madness.

“If they had killed me then,
By rope, or rack, or any civil mode
Of desperate, cruel torture,—so the deed
Were consummated for the general good—
But to entomb me in these walls of stone
For twenty frightful years!

“Plucked at my hair—
Bleached of all color, pale and thin and dead—
My beard that to such sorry length has grown;
And could you see my heart, ’tis gray as these—
All like a stony archway, under which
Pass funerals of dead hopes.

"To-morrow I go out !
 Where shall I go ? what friend have I to meet ?
 Whose glance will kindle at my altered voice ?
 The very dog I rescued from his kind
 Would have forgotten me, if he had lived.
 I have no home—no hope ! "

An old man, bent and gray,
 Paused at the threshold of a cottage door.
 A child gazed up at him with startled eyes,
 He stretched his wasted hands—then drew them
 back
 With bitter groan : "So like my little one
 Twenty years ago ! "

A comely, tender face
 Looked from the casement ; pitying all God's
 poor,
 "Come in, old man !" she said, with gentle
 smile,

And then from out the fullness of her heart,
 She called him "Father," thinking of his age ;
 But he, with one wild cry,

Fell prostrate at her feet.
 "O child !" he sobbed, "now I can die. When
 last
 You called me father—was it yesterday ?
 No ! no ! your mother lived,—now she is dead !
 And mine was living death—for twenty years—
 For twenty loathsome years ! "

Her words came falteringly :
 "Are you the man—who broke my mother's
 heart ?
 No ! no ! O father,—speak !
 Look up—forget ! " Then came a stony calm.
 Some hearts are broken with joy—some break
 with grief,
 The old gray man was dead.

A LAST LOOK.

§ HEARD him, Joe, I heard him—
 I heard the doctor say
 My sight was growing weaker,
 And failing day by day.
 "She's going blind," he whispered ;
 Yes, darling, it is true ;
 These eyes will soon have taken
 Their last long look at you.

The room is dull and misty,
 And as I try to gaze
 There seems to fall between us
 A thick and cruel haze.
 I'm going blind, my darling ;
 Ah ! soon the day must be
 When these poor eyes will open,
 And vainly try to see.

Oh, take my hand, my husband,
 To lead me to the light,
 And let your dear face linger
 The last thing in my sight—
 That so I may remember,

When darkness covers all,
 'Twas there I last saw, softly,
 God's blessed sunshine fall.

Cheer up, my dear old sweetheart,
 And brush away your tears,
 The look I see to-day, love,
 Will linger through the years.
 For when the veil has fallen,
 To hide you evermore,
 I want your smile to light me
 Along the gloomy shore.

I yet can see you, darling—
 Some light there lingers still ;
 The sun is setting slowly
 Behind the distant hill ;
 Odd fancies crowd about me,
 Now God has let me know
 My eyes must close for ever
 On all things here below.

Though twenty years have vanished,
 It seems but yestere'en

Since first you wooed and won me
 Among the meadows green ;
 Here from our cottage window
 I once could see the spot
 Where grew the yellow cowslip
 And 'blue forget-me-not.

But now a strange mist hovers,
 And though I strain my eyes,
 Beyond my yearning glances
 The dear old meadow lies.
 I want to see it, darling,
 The meadow by the stream,
 Where first your loving whisper
 Fulfilled my girlhood's dream.

So take my hand and guide me,
 And lead me to the air,—
 I want to see the world, love,
 That God has made so fair.
 I want to see the sunset,
 And look upon the sky,
 And bid the sweet, green country
 A loving, last good-bye !

How swift the sun is setting !
 It's almost twilight now ;
 I hear, but cannot see, dear,
 The birds upon the bough.
 Is this our little garden ?
 I cannot pierce the gloom,
 But I can smell the roses—
 They're coming into bloom.

Stoop down and pluck a rosebud—
 You know my fav'rite tree ;
 My husband's hand will give me
 The last one I shall see.
 Ah, Joe, do you remember
 The dear old happy days—
 Our love among the roses
 In summer's golden blaze ?

I take the rose you gave me
 Its petals damp with dew ;
 I scent its fragrant odor,

But scarce can see its hue.
 In memory of to-night, Joe,
 When dead I'll keep it still ;
 The rose may fade and wither—
 Our love, dear, never will.

Quick ! quick ! my footsteps falter ;
 Oh, take me in again,
 I cannot bear the air, Joe,
 My poor eyes feel the strain.
 Home, home, and bring my children,
 And place them at my knee,
 And let me look upon them
 While yet I've time to see.

Then take them gently from me,
 And let us be alone :
 My last fond look, dear husband,
 Must be for you alone.
 You've been my dear old sweetheart
 Since we were lass and lad :
 I've laughed when you were merry,
 And wept when you were sad.

I want to see you wearing
 Your old sweet smile to-night,
 I want to take it with me
 To make my darkness light.
 God bless you, Joe, for trying—
 Yes, that's the dear old look !
 I'll think of that sweet story
 When God has closed the book.

Joe, fetch me down the picture
 That hangs beside our bed,
 Ah, love, do you remember
 The day that he lay dead !
 Our first-born bonny baby—
 And how we sat and cried,
 And thought our hearts were broken
 When our sweet darling died ?

I'd like to see the picture
 Once more, dear, while I may
 Though in my heart it lingers
 As though 'twere yesterday.

Ah! many bairns came after,
 But none were like to him.
 Come closer to me, darling,
 The light is growing dim.

Come closer—so; and hold me,
 And press your face to mine,
 I'm in a land of shadows,
 Where ne'er a light can shine;
 But with your arm around me,
 What danger need I fear?
 I'll never need my eyes, Joe,
 While your strong arm is near.

Now, be a brave old darling,
 And promise not to fret;

I saw your face the last, dear,
 And now I've no regret.
 I saw your face the last, dear—
 God's hand has dealt the blow;
My sight went out at sunset
A short half-hour ago.

Now you must be my eyesight,
 Through all the sunless land,
 And down life's hill we'll wander,
 Like lovers, hand in hand.
 Till God shall lift the curtain
 Beyond these realms of pain;
 And there, where blind eyes open,
 I'll see your face again.

GEORGE R. SIMS.

THE FADING LEAF.

“WE all do fade as a leaf.” The sad voice whispers through my soul, and a shiver creeps over from the churchyard. “How does a leaf fade?” It is a deeper, richer, stronger voice, with a ring and an echo in it, and the shiver levels into peace. I go out upon the October hills and question the genii of the woods. “How does a leaf fade?” Grandly, magnificently, imperially, so that the glory of its coming is eclipsed by the glory of its departing; thus the forests make answer to-day. The tender bud of April opens its bosom to the wooing sun. From the soft airs of May and the clear sky of June it gathers greenness and strength. Through all the summer its manifold lips are open to every passing breeze, and great draughts of health course through its delicate veins and meander down to the sturdy bark, the busy sap, the tiny flower and the maturing fruit, bearing life for the present, and treasuring up promise for the future.

Then its work is done, and it goes to its burial—not mournfully, not reluctantly, but joyously, as to a festival. Its grave-clothes wear no funereal look. It robes itself in splendor. Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. First there was a flash of crimson in the

lowlands, then a glimmer of yellow on the hill-side, then, rushing on exultant, reckless, rioting in color, grove vies with grove till the woods are all aflame. Here the sunlight streams through the pale gold tresses of the maple, serene and spiritual, like the aureole of a saint; there it lingers in bold dalliance with the dusky orange of the walnut.

The fierce heart of the tropics beats in blood-red branches that surge against deep, solemn walls of cypress and juniper. Yonder a sober, but not sombre, russet tones down the flaunting vermilion. The intense glow of scarlet struggles for supremacy with the quiet sedateness of brown, and the numberless tints of year-long green come in everywhere to enliven and soothe and subdue and harmonize. So the leaf fades—brilliant, gorgeous, gay, rejoicing—as the bride adorned for her husband, as a king goes to his coronation.

But the frosts come whiter and whiter. The nights grow longer and longer. Ice glitters in the morning light, and clouds shiver with snow. The forests lose their flush. The hectic dies into sere. The little leaf can no longer breathe the strength-giving air, nor feel juicy life stirring in its veins. Fainter and fainter grows its hold

upon the protecting tree. A strong wind comes and loosens its clasp, and bears it tenderly to earth. A whirl, an eddy, a rustle, and all is over—no, not all; its work is not yet done. It sinks upon the protecting earth, and, Antæus like, gathers strength from the touch, and begins a new life. It joins hands with myriads of its mates, and takes up again its work of benevolence.

No longer sensitive itself to frosts and snows, it wraps in its warm bosom the frail little anemones, and the delicate spring beauties that can scarcely bide the rigors of our pitiless winters, and, nestling close in that fond embrace, they sleep securely till the spring sun wakens them to the smile of the blue skies and the song of dancing brooks. Deeper into the earth go the happy leaves, mingling with the moist soil, drinking the gentle dews, cradling a thousand tender lives in theirs, and springing again in

new forms—an eternal cycle of life and death “forever spent, renewed forever.”

We all do fade as a leaf. Change, thank God, is the essence of life. “Passing away” is written on all things, and passing away is passing on from strength to strength, from glory to glory. Spring has its growth, summer its fruitage, and autumn its festive in-gathering. The spring of eager preparation waxes into the summer of noble work; mellowing, in its turn, into the serene autumn, the golden-brown haze of October, when the soul may rob itself in jubilant drapery, awaiting the welcome command, “Come up higher,” where mortality shall be swallowed up in life. Let him alone fear who does not fade as the leaf—him whose spring is gathering no strength, whose summer is maturing no fruit, and whose autumn shall have no vintage.

GAIL HAMILTON.

“LIMPY TIM.”

ABOUT the big post-office door
Some boys were selling news,
While others earned their slender store
By shining people's shoes.

They were surprised the other day
By seeing “Limpy Tim”
Approach in such a solemn way
That they all stared at him.

“Say, boys, I want to sell my kit;
Two brushes, blacking-pot
And good stout box—the whole outfit;
A quarter buys the lot.”

“Goin’ away?” cried one. “O no,”
Tim answered, “not to-day;
But I do want a quarter so,
And I want it right away.”

The kit was sold, the price was paid,
When Tim an office sought

For daily papers; down he laid
The money he had brought.

“I guess, if you’ll lend me a pen,
I’ll write myself,” he sighed;
With slowly moving fingers then
He wrote this notice, “DIED—

*Of scarlet fever—Litul Ted—
Aged three—gon up to heaven—
One brother left to mourn him dead—
Funeral to-morrow—eleven.”*

“Was it *your* brother?” asked the man
Who took the notice in;
Tim tried to hide it, but began
To quiver at the chin.

The more he sought himself to brace
The stronger grew his grief;
Big tears came rolling down his face,
To give his heart relief.

"By selling out—my kit—I found—
That quarter—" he replied ;
"B—but he had his arms around
My neck—when he d—died."

Tim hurried home, but soon the news
Among the boys was spread ;
They held short, quiet interviews
Which straight to action led.

He had been home an hour, not more,
When one with naked feet
Laid down Tim's kit outside his door,
With flowers white and sweet.

Each little fellow took a part,
His penny freely gave
To soothe the burdened brother's heart,
And deck the baby's grave.

Those flowers have faded since that day,
The boys are growing men,
But the good God will yet repay
The deed he witnessed then.

The light which blessed poor "Limpy Tim"
Decended from above—
A ladder leading back to Him
Whose Christian name is LOVE.

T. HARLEY.

THE DYING BOY.

A FRIEND of mine, seeking for objects of charity, reached the upper room of a tenement house. It was vacant. He saw a ladder pushed through a hole in the ceiling. Thinking that perhaps some poor creature had crept up there, he climbed the ladder, drew himself through the hole, and found himself under the rafters. There was no light but that which came through a bull's eye in the place of a tile. Soon he saw a heap of chips and shavings, and on them lay a boy about ten years old.

"Boy, what are you doing here?"

"Hush, don't tell anybody, please, sir."

"What are you doing here?"

"Hush, please don't tell anybody, sir; I'm a-hiding."

"What are you hiding for?"

"Don't tell anybody, please, sir."

"Where's your mother?"

"Please, sir, mother's dead."

"Where's your father?"

"Hush, don't tell him. But look here."

He turned himself on his face, and through the rags of his jacket and shirt my friend saw that the boy's flesh was terribly bruised, and his skin was broken.

"Why, my boy, who beat you like that?"

"Father did, sir."

"What did he beat you for?"

"Father got drunk, sir, and beat me 'cos I wouldn't steal."

"Did you ever steal?"

"Yes, sir; I was a street-thief once."

"And why won't you steal anymore?"

"Please, sir, I went to the mission school, and they told me there of God and of heaven, and of Jesus, and they taught me, 'Thou shalt not steal,' and I'll never steal again, if my father kills me for it. But please don't tell him."

"My boy, you mustn't stay here. You'll die. Now you wait patiently here for a little time. I'm going away to see a lady. We will get a better place for you than this."

"Thank you, sir; but please, sir, would you like to hear me sing my little hymn?"

Bruised, battered, forlorn, friendless, motherless, hiding from an infuriated father, he had a little hymn to sing.

"Yes, I will hear you sing your little hymn."
He raised himself on his elbow and then sang:

"Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child,
Pity my simplicity,
Suffer me to come to thee.

"Fain would I to thee be brought
Gracious Lord, forbid it not:
In the kingdom of thy grace,
Give a little child a place."

"That's the little hymn, sir. Good-bye."

The gentleman hurried away for restoratives and help, came back again in less than two hours, and climbed the ladder. There were the chips, there were the shavings, and there was the little motherless boy with one hand by his side and the other tucked in his bosom—*dead*. Oh, I thank God that he who said, "Suffer little chil-

dren to come unto me," did not say "*respectable children*," or "*well-educated children*." No, he sends his angels into the homes of poverty and sin and crime, where you do not like to go, and brings out his redeemed ones, and they are as stars in the crown of rejoicing to those who have been instrumental in enlightening their darkness. JOHN B. GOUGH.

CHARITY'S MEAL.

RICH man sat by his chamber window,
Viewing the skies, where the clouds hung
low;
'Twas a darksome day in raw December,
And the air was filled with the falling snow.

But he was rich in worldly treasure,
And none of the outside cold did feel;
Fortune had blest him with heaping measure,
And he knew not the chill of a charity meal.

A wayfaring man in rags and tatters,
Weary and hungry, sick and sore—
Clothes all covered with muddy spatters,
Came knocking at the rich man's door.

A plate of cold potatoes was given,
(The snow on the window panes congeal),
But, oh, there is nothing 'twixt earth and heaven,
So cold to the heart as a charity meal.

Ask the winds why poor men wander,
Ask the storm why the wild geese fly;
Or, why does the slave on liberty ponder,
Or the weary wish for the sweet by and by.

We must take this world just as we find it,
And not judge it by what we think it should be;
Nor lay all the blame on the powers behind it—
Most of the blame lays on you, sir, and me.

Slowly the old man munched his dinner,
For his molars had long since gone to decay,
He may have been a hardened old sinner,
But what was that to charity, pray?

Cold were the looks which the rich man gave him,
Cold were the thoughts in his heart of steel;
But, colder than all for the tramp, God save him,
Were the cold potatoes of charity's meal.

There he sat eating and silently weeping,
For the old man's spirit was broken, I know;
And sad were the thoughts in his shattered mind
creeping—
Thoughts of the night in the wind and the
snow.

To lay by the fire all night was denied him,
(Some human hearts no compassion can feel;)
But, with words cold and stern, the rich man did
chide him,
And sent him adrift with that charity meal.

Down the bleak road he watched the tramp
going,
Then turned from the window with a yawn of
content;
Forgetting the tramp and the winter winds
blowing,
For vagabonds seemed but a common event.

That night sleeping soundly on his soft yielding
pillow,
The rich man dreamed of his childhood day;
And visions came to him on memory's billow,
And again with his brother in the old home
did play.

Again they were swimming in the old mill
basin.

And the air was scented from the red clover
field ;

And again in the water the brothers were racing
Almost tired out, but neither would yield.

The miller came out on seeing their danger,
For both of the swimmers were nearing the
wheel,

And he shouted to them to go back, in anger,
Or a blow from his pole on their heads they
would feel.

And now both the boys are alive to their danger,
For the current is drawing them into the
flume ;

And the miller, in fright, forgets all his anger,
And plunged in to save the bad boys from
their doom.

“Take Edward out first, for he is the lightest !”
The one brother shouted while panting for
breath.

And then, great God ! that loved face, the
whitest
Went under the wheel, and, they thought to
sure death.

They found him below with legs and arms
broken,
And long weary months was he gaining his
health,

“And where is he now ?” said the rich man
awaking ;

“To see him again I would give half my
wealth.”

Next morning the earth was all covered with
whiteness,

For all the night long came the snow tumb-
ling down ;

But now the sunbeams were glimmering in
brightness,

And the rich man felt happy as he rode to-
wards town.

But what are these men doing here by the
bushes ?

Lifting some object from off the cold ground.

“What is it? who is it?” he asks, as he rushes
Up to the spot where the dead tramp was
found.

“Some poor tramp,” one said. “We found
him here lying

As dead as a door nail—as stiff as a log.

It must have been hard to be all alone—dying,
Dying alone, like some poor homeless dog.”

The rich man knelt down, and helped by an-
other,

They opened his coat and his old ragged vest.

“Oh God !” he shouted, “My brother ! my
brother !

Oh, heaven forgive me—see the scar on his
breast !”

DEATH OF LITTLE JO.

JO is very glad to see his old friend ; and
says, when they are left alone, that he
takes it uncommon kind as Mr. Sangsby
should come so far out of his way on accounts
of sich as him. Mr. Sangsby, touched by the
spectacle before him, immediately lays upon the
table half-a-crown, that magic balsam of his for
all kinds of wounds.

“And how do you find yourself, my poor
lad ?” inquires the stationer, with his cough of
sympathy.

“I’m in luck, Mr. Sangsby, I am,” returns

Jo, “and don’t want for nothink. I’m more
cumf’bler nor you can’t think, Mr. Sangsby.
I’m werry sorry that I done it, but I didn’t go
fur to do it, sir,”

The stationer softly lays down another half-
crown, and asks him what it is that he is sorry for
having done.

“Mr. Sangsby,” says Jo, “I went and giv a
illness to the lady as was and yet as war’nt the
t’other lady, and none of em never says nothink
to me for having done it, on accounts of their
being so good and my having been ’o unfertnet.

The lady come herself and see me yes'day, and she ses, 'Ah Jo!' she ses. 'We thought we'd lost you, Jo!' she ses. And she sits down a smilin' so quiet, and don't pass a word nor yit a look upon me for having done it, she don't, and I turns agin the wall, I doos, Mr. Sangsby. And Mr. Jarnders, I see him a forced to turn away his own self. And Mr. Woodcot, he come fur to give me somethink fur to ease me, wot he's allus a doin' on day and night, and 'wen he come a bendin' over me and speakin' up so bold, I see his tears a fallin', Mr. Sangsby."

The softened stationer deposits another half-crown on the table. Nothing less than a repetition of that infallible remedy will relieve his feelings.

"Wot I was thinkin' on, Mr. Sangsby," proceeds Jo, wos, as you wos able to write very large, p'raps?"

"Yes, Jo, please God," returns the stationer.

"Uncommon precious large, p'raps?" says Jo, with eagerness.

"Yes, my poor boy."

Jo laughs with pleasure. "Wot I was thinkin' on then, Mr. Sangsby, wos, that when I wos moved on as fur as ever I could go, and couldn't be moved no furdur, whether you might be so good, p'raps, as to write out, very large, so that anyone could see it anywheres, as that I wos very truly hearty sorry that I done it, and that I never went fur to do it; and that though I didn't know nothink at all, I know'd as Mr. Woodcot once cried over it, and wos allus grieved over it, and that I hoped as he'd be able to forgive me in his mind. If the writin' could be made to say it very large he might."

"It shall say it, Jo; very large."

Jo laughs again. "Thankee, Mr. Sangsby. It's very kind of you, sir, and it makes me more cumf'bler nor I wos afore."

The meek little stationer, with a broken and unfinished cough, slips down his fourth half crown,—he has never been so close to a case requiring so many,—and is fain to depart. And Jo and he, upon this little earth, shall meet no more. No more.

(*Another Scene.—Enter Mr. Woodcourt.*)

"Well, Jo, what is the matter? Don't be frightened."

"I thought," says Jo, who has started, and is looking round, "I thought I was in Tom-all-Alone's agin. An't there nobody here but you, Mr. Woodcot?"

"Nobody."

"And I an't took back to Tom-all-Alone's, am I, sir?"

"No."

Jo closes his eyes, muttering, "I am very thankful."

After watching him closely a little while, Allan puts his mouth very near his ear, and says to him in a low, distinct voice: "Jo, did you ever know a prayer?"

"Never knowd nothink, sir."

"Not so much as one short prayer?"

"No, sir. Nothink at all. Mr. Chadbands he wos a prayin' wunst at Mr. Sangsby's and I heerd him, but he sounded as if he wos a speakin' to hisself, and not to me. He prayed a lot, but I couldn't make out nothink on it. Different times there wos other gen'l'men come down Tom-all-Alone's a prayin', but they all mostly sed as the t'other wuns prayed wrong, and all mostly sounded to be a talkin' to their-selves, or a passin' blame on the t'others, and not a talkin' to us. We never knowd nothink. I never knowd what it wos all about."

It takes him a long time to say this; and few but an experienced and attentive listener could hear, or hearing, understand him. After a short relapse into sleep or stupor, he makes, of a sudden, a strong effort to get out of bed.

"Stay, Jo, stay! What now?"

"It's time for me to go to that there berryin' ground, sir," he returns with a wild look.

"Lie down, and tell me. What burying ground, Jo?"

"Where they laid him as wos very good to me; very good to me indeed, he wos. It's time for me to go down to that there berryin' ground, sir, and ask to be put along with him. I wants to go there and be berried. He used fur to say

to me, 'I am as poor as you, to-day, Jo,' he ses. I wants to tell him that I am as poor as him, now, and have come there to be laid along with him."

"By-and-by, Jo; by-and-by."

"Ah! P'raps they wouldn't do it if I was to go myself. But will you promise to have me took there, sir, and laid along with him?"

"I will, indeed."

"Thankee, sir! Thankee, sir! They'll have to get the key of the gate afore they can take me in, for it's allus locked. And there's a step there, as I used fur to clean with my broom.—It's turned wery dark, sir. Is there any light a comin'?"

"It is coming fast, Jo."

Fast. The cart is shaken all to pieces, and the rugged road is very near its end.

"Jo, my poor fellow!"

"I hear you, sir, in the dark, but I'm a

gropin'—a gropin'—let me catch hold of your hand."

"Jo, can you say what I say?"

"I'll say anythink as you say, sir, for I know it's good."

"OUR FATHER."

"Our Father!—yes, that's wery good, sir."

"WHICH ART IN HEAVEN."

"Art in Heaven!—Is the light a comin,' sir?"

"It is close at hand. HALLOWED BE THY NAME."

"Hallowed be—thy—name!"

The light is come upon the dark benighted way. Dead.

Dead, your Majesty. Dead, my lords and gentlemen. Dead, Right Reverends and Wrong Reverends of every order. Dead, men and women, born with heavenly compassion in your hearts. And dying thus around us every day.

CHARLES DICKENS.

THE SINGER'S CLIMAX.

"IF you want to hear 'Annie Laurie' sung come to my house to-night," said a man to his friend. "We have a love-lorn fellow in the village who was sadly wrecked by the refusal of a young girl to whom he had been paying attention for a year or more. It is seldom he will attempt the song, but when he does I tell you he draws tears from eyes unused to weeping."

A small select party had assembled in a pleasant parlor, and were gayly chatting and laughing when a tall young man entered whose peculiar face and air instantly arrested attention. He was very pale, with that clear, vivid complexion which dark-haired consumptives so often have; his locks were as black as jet, and hung profusely upon a square white collar; his eyes were very large and spiritual, and his brow was such a one as a poet should have. But for a certain wandering look, a casual observer would have pronounced him a man of uncommon intellectual powers. The words "poor fellow," and "how sad he looks" went the rounds, as he

came forward, bowed to the company, and took his seat. One or two thoughtless girls laughed as they whispered that he was "love-cracked," but the rest of the company treated him with respectful deference.

It was late in the evening when singing was proposed, and to ask him to sing "Annie Laurie" was a task of uncommon delicacy. One song after another was sung, and at last that one was named. At its mention the young man grew deadly pale, but he did not speak; he seemed instantly to be lost in reverie.

"The name of the girl who treated him so badly was Annie," said a lady, whispering to the new guest, "but oh! I wish he would sing it; nobody else can do it justice."

"No one dares to sing 'Annie Laurie' before you Charles," said an elderly lady. "Would it be too much for me to ask you to favor the company with it?" she added, timidly.

He did not reply for a moment; his lip quivered, and then looking up as if he saw a spiritual presence, he began. Every soul was hushed,—

it seemed as if his voice were the voice of an angel. The tones vibrated through nerve and pulse and heart, and made one shiver with the pathos of his feeling; never was heard melody in a human voice like that—so plaintive, so soulful, so tender and earnest.

He sat with his head thrown back, his eyes half closed, the locks of dark hair glistening against his pale temple, his fine throat swelling with the rich tones, his hands lightly folded before him, and as he sung

"And 'twas there that Annie Laurie
Gave me her promise true,"

it seemed as if he shook from head to foot with emotion. Many a lip trembled, and there was no jesting, no laughing, but instead, tears in more than one eye.

And on he sung and on, holding every one in rapt attention, till he came to the last verse:

"Like dew on the gowan lying
Is the fa' of her fairy feet,
And like winds in summer sighing
Her voice is low and sweet,
Her voice is low and sweet,
And she's a' the world to me—"

He paused before he added,

"And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'll lay me down and die."

There was a long and solemn pause. The black locks seemed to grow blacker—the white temples whiter—almost imperceptibly the head kept falling back—the eyes were close shut. One glanced at another—all seemed awe-struck—till the same person who had urged him to sing laid her hand gently on his shoulder, saying:

"Charles! Charles!"

Then came a hush—a thrill of horror crept through every frame—the poor, tried heart had ceased to beat. Charles, the love-betrayed, was dead.

"GOOD-NIGHT, PAPA."

THE words of a blue-eyed child as she kissed her chubby hand and looked down the stairs, "Good-night, papa; Jessie see you in the morning."

It came to be a settled thing, and every evening, as the mother slipped the white night-gown over the plump shoulders, the little one stopped on the stairs and sang out, "Good-night, papa," and as the father heard the silvery accents of the child, he came, and taking the cherub in his arms, kissed her tenderly, while the mother's eyes filled, and a swift prayer went up, for, strange to say, this man who loved his child with all the warmth of his great noble nature, had the fault to mar his manliness. From his youth he loved the wine-cup. Genial in spirit, and with a fascination of manner that won him friends, he could not resist when surrounded by his boon companions. Thus his home was darkened, the heart of his wife bruised and bleeding, the future of his child shadowed.

Three years had the winsome prattle of the baby crept into the avenues of the father's

heart, keeping him closer to his home, but still the fatal cup was in his hand. Alas for frail humanity, insensible to the calls of love! With unutterable tenderness God saw there was no other way; this father was dear to him, the purchase of his Son; he could not see him perish, and, calling a swift messenger, he said, "Speed thee to earth and bring the babe."

"Good-night, papa," sounded from the stairs. What was there in the voice? was it the echo of the mandate, "Bring me the babe?"—a silvery plaintive sound, a lingering music that touched the father's heart, as when a cloud crosses the sun. "Good-night, my darling;" but his lips quivered and his broad brow grew pale. "Is Jessie sick, mother? Her cheeks are flushed, and her eyes have a strange light."

"Not sick," and the mother stooped to kiss the flushed brow; "she may have played too much. Pet is not sick?"

"Jessie tired, mamma; good-night, papa; Jessie see you in the morning."

"That is all, she is only tired," said the

mother as she took the small hand. Another kiss and the father turned away ; but his heart was not satisfied.

Sweet lullabies were sung ; but Jessie was restless and could not sleep. "Tell me a story, mamma ;" and the mother told of the blessed babe that Mary cradled, following along the story till the child had grown to walk and play. The blue, wide open eyes filled with a strange light, as though she saw and comprehended more than the mother knew.

That night the father did not visit the saloon ; tossing on his bed, starting from a feverish sleep and bending over the crib, the long weary hours passed. Morning revealed the truth—Jessie was smitten with a fever.

"Keep her quiet," the doctor said ; "a few days of good nursing, and she will be all right."

Words easy said ; but the father saw a look on the sweet face such as he had seen before. He knew the message was at the door.

Night came. "Jessie is sick ; can't say good-night, papa ;" and the little clasping fingers clung to the father's hand.

"O God, spare her ! I cannot, cannot bear it !" was wrung from his suffering heart.

Days passed ; the mother was tireless in her

watching. With her babe cradled in her arms her heart was slow to take in the truth, doing her best to solace the father's heart : "A light case ! the doctor says, 'Pet will soon be well.'"

Calmly as one who knows his doom, the father laid his hand upon the hot brow, looked into the eyes even then covered with the film of death, and with all the strength of his manhood cried, "Spare her, O God ! spare my child, and I will follow thee."

With a last painful effort the parched lips opened : "Jessie's too sick ; can't say good-night, papa—in the morning." There was a convulsive shudder, and the clasping fingers relaxed their hold ; the messenger had taken the child.

Months have passed. Jessie's crib stands by the side of her father's couch ; her blue embroidered dress and white hat hang in his closet ; her boots with the print of the feet just as she last wore them, as sacred in his eyes as they are in the mother's. Not dead, but merely risen to a higher life ; while, sounding down from the upper stairs, "Good-night, papa, Jessie see you in the morning," has been the means of winning to a better way one who had shown himself deaf to every former call.

SHALL WE KNOW EACH OTHER THERE?

WHEN we hear the music ringing
In the bright celestial dome—
When sweet angels' voices singing,
Gladly bid us welcome home
To the land of ancient story,
Where the spirit knows no care
In that land of life and glory—
Shall we know each other there ?

When the holy angels meet us,
As we go to join their band,
Shall we know the friends that greet us
In that glorious spirit land ?
Shall we see the same eyes shining
On us as in days of yore ?
Shall we feel the dear arms twining
Fondly round us as before ?

Yes, my earth-worn soul rejoices,
And my weary heart grows light,
For the thrilling angels' voices
And the angel faces bright,
That shall welcome us in heaven,
Are the loved ones long ago ;
And to them 'tis kindly given
Thus their mortal friends to know.

Oh ye weary, sad, and tossed ones,
Droop not, faint not by the way !
Ye shall join the loved and just ones
In that land of perfect day.
Harp-strings, touched by angel fingers,
Murmur in my rapturous ear ;—
Evermore their sweet song lingers—
"We *shall* know each other there."

TOMMY'S DEATH-BED.

BUT hush! the voice from the little bed,
And the watchful mother bent her head.
"Mammy, I know that I'm soon to die
And I want to wish them all good-bye.

"I shouldn't like any here to say,
'He didn't shake hands when he went away ;
He was glad to be off to his harp and wings
And couldn't remember his poor old things.'

"In heaven I never should feel content
If I hadn't been kind before I went ;
So let me take leave of them, great and small,
Animals, people and toys and all."

So the word went forth, and in no great while
The servants entered in solemn file—
The stout old cook, and the housemaid, Rose,
And the aproned boy, with his smutted nose.

So each of the women, with streaming cheek,
Bent over and kissed him and could not speak ;
But he said that they must not grieve and cry,
For they'd meet again in the happy sky.

'Twas longer and harder to deal with Jim—
The child grew grave as he looked at him,
For he thought to himself, "He bets and swears,
And I hardly believe that he says his prayers.

"Oh, Jim, dear Jim, if you do such things
You'll never be dressed in a harp and wings."
He talked to the boy as a father should,
And begged him hard to be grave and good.

The lad lounged out with a brazen air
And whistled derisively down the stair.
But they found him hid in the hole for coal,
Sobbing and praying in grief of soul.

Old "Rover" came next, sedate and good,
And gazed at his master and understood ;
Then up we carried, in order due,
"Maria," the cat, and her kittens two.

Proud purred the mother, and arched her back,
And vaunted her kittens, one white, one black ;
And the sweet white kitten was good and still,
But the black one played with his nightgown's
frill.

He stroked them all with his poor weak hand,
But he felt they could not understand.
He smiled, however, and was not vexed,
And bade us bring him the rabbit next.

He welcomed "Punch" with a loving smile,
And hugged him close in his arms awhile ;
And we knew (for the dear child's eyes grew
dim)

How grievous it was to part with him.

His mother he bade, with tearful cheek,
Give "Punch" his carrot three days a week,
With lettuce-leaves on a cautious plan,
And only just moisten his daily bran.

Then next we brought to him, one by one,
His drum and his trumpet, his sword and gun ;
And we lifted up for his fondling hand
His good gray steed on the rocking-stand.

Then close to his feet we placed a tray,
And we set his armies in array ;
And his eyes were bright with fire and dew
As we propped him up for his last review.

His ark came next, and pair by pair,
Passed beasts of the earth and fowls of the air ;
He kissed good Japheth, and Ham, and Shem,
And waved his hands to the rest of them.

But we saw that his eyes had lost their fire,
And his dear little voice began to tire ;
He lay quite still for a little while,
With eyes half-closed and a peaceful smile.

Then "Mammy," he said, and never stirred,
And his mother bent for the whispered word ;
"Give him his carrot each second day,"
Our Tommy murmured, and passed away.

LOST AND FOUND.

SOME miners were sinking a shaft in Wales—
(I know not where,—but the facts have
filled

A chink in my brain, while other tales

Have been swept away, as when pearls are spilled,
One pearl rolls into a chink in the floor;)—
—Somewhere, then, where God's light is killed,

And men tear in the dark, at the earth's heart-
core.

These men were at work, when their axes
knocked

A hole in a passage closed years before.

A slip in the earth, I suppose, had blocked
This gallery suddenly up, with a heap
Of rubble, as safe as a chest is locked,

Till these men picked it; and 'gan to creep
In on all-fours. Then a loud shout ran
Round the black roof—"Here's a man asleep!"

They all pushed forward, and scarce a span
From the mouth of the passage, in sooth, the
lamp

Fell on the upturned face of a man.

No taint of death, no decaying damp
Had touched that fair young brow, whereon
Courage had set its glorious stamp.

Calm as a monarch upon his throne,
Lips hard clenched, no shadow of fear,
He sat there taking his rest, alone.

He must have been there for many a year.
The spirit had fled; but there was its shrine,
In clothes of a century old or near!

The dry and embalming air of the mine
Had arrested the natural hand of decay,
Nor faded the flesh, nor dimm'd a line.

Who was he, then? No man could say
When the passage had suddenly fallen in—
Its memory, even, was past away!

In their great rough arms, begrimed with coal,
They took him up, as a tender lass
Will carry a babe, from that darksome hole,

To the outer world of the short warm grass.
Then up spoke one, "Let us send for Bess,
She is seventy-nine, come Martinmass;

Older than any one here, I guess!
Belike, she may mind when the wall fell there,
And remember the chap by his comeliness."

So they brought old Bess with her silver hair,
To the side of the hill, where the dead man lay
Ere the flesh had crumbled in outer air.

And the crowd around him all gave way,
As with tottering steps old Bess drew nigh,
And bent o'er the face of the unchanged clay,

Then suddenly rang a sharp low cry!
Bess sank on her knees, and wildly tossed
Her withered arms in the summer sky.

"O Willie! Willie! my lad! my lost!
The Lord be praised! after sixty years
I see you again! The tears you cost,

O Willie darlin', were bitter tears!
They never looked for ye underground,
They told me a tale to mock my fears!

They said ye were auver the sea—ye'd found
A lass ye loved better nor me, to explain
How ye'd a-vanished fra sight and sound!

O darlin', a long, long life o' pain
I ha' lived since then! And now I'm old,
'Seems a'most as if youth were come back again

Seeing ye there wi' your locks o' gold,
And limbs as straight as ashen beams,
I a'most forget how the years ha' rolled

Between us ! O Willie ! how strange it seems
To see ye here as I see ye oft,
Auver and auver again in dreams ! ”

In broken words like these, with soft
Low wails she rocked herself. And none
Of the rough men around her scoffed.

For surely a sight like this, the sun
Had rarely looked upon. Face to face,
The old dead love, and the living one !

The dead, with its undimmed freshly grace,
At the end of threescore years ; the quick,
Puckered, and withered, without a trace

Of its warm girl-beauty ! A wizard's trick
Bringing the youth and the love that were,
Back to the eyes of the old and sick !

Those bodies were just of one age ; yet there
Death, clad in youth, had been standing still,
While life had been fretting itself threadbare !

But the moment was come ; (as a moment will
To all who have loved, and have parted here,
And have toiled alone up the thorny hill ;

When, at the top, as their eyes see clear,
Over the mists in the vale below,
Mere specks their trials and toils appear,

Beside the eternal rest they know !)
Death came to old Bess that night, and gave
The welcome summons that she should go.

And now, though the rains and winds may rave,
Nothing can part them. Deep and wide,
The miners that evening dug one grave.

And there, while the summers and winters glide,
Old Bess and young Willie sleep side by side !

HAMILTON AIDÆ

THE LAST OF THE CHOIR.

HERE was a gathering a short time ago at a neat house in an Ohio village, of about a hundred people. The mistress of the house was in the parlor, and one by one they went to her side, but she did not speak or lift her hands. They were toil-worn hands, that for forty years had done daily work for the children, but she wore a new dress now, and the work was ended.

Thirty-five years ago, when the church choir met for practice, she played the melodeon, while they sang “Ware,” and “Shirland,” and “Dundee.” But the choir was gone, save two ladies who stood near her holding an old singing-book. There was a piano near, but it was closed.

A minister, younger than the book they held, read how “Man is born unto trouble, as the sparks fly upward,” and closing, looked at the two ladies. Many a time since the treble was fifteen and the alto thirteen they had sung for their silent friends. The treble breathed a low

note, that only the alto heard ; and then the listeners heard an old melody, with the words :

“There is a land mine eye hath seen
In visions of enraptured thought,
So bright that all which spreads between
Is with its radiant glory fraught.”

Out in the rooms beyond, all was so still that every one could hear the voices as they sang the assurance that—

“The wanderer there a home may find
Within the paradise of God.”

The voice of prayer rose for comfort and endurance, a pleading voice in behalf of the household, and again he looked toward the two with the old book. They held it open, but they were not looking at it ; they did not appear to think of it. They were reviewing the years in the moment when they lifted up their voices in the words :

“If through unruffled seas
Toward heaven we calmly sail—
With grateful hearts,—”

How strong their faith!

"—O God, to thee
We'll own the favoring gale!"

The audience, thinking only of the needs of their hearts, noticed not the useless book.

"But should the surges rise,"

They sang faintly now, for the surges had been over them. The alto bent over a dying husband, and had buried him in a distant city. Like a bolt from a clear sky came the death of her manly boy one evening when he had just left her side.

Waves of trouble had come upon the treble; fair young children had been taken from her embrace,—sons and daughters had been swept away.

The voices faded away, but gained again with the line:

"And rest delay to come,"

Rest! Their hearts were aching and tired. A young lady near the door feared they might break down; but her neighbor, who was old,

could have told her the old choir were never known to break down. Ah, no! The voices are full of hope again as they sing:

"Blest be the sorrow, *kind* the storm,
That drives us nearer home,"

Home! The voices, blended by long practice, lingered till they died in faint harmony, at last, on the word.

In the evening the two singers sat by the open fire. Again, as in childhood, they lived on the same street.

"We did not need a book to-day," said the alto. "It would be impossible to forget the songs we learned when we were young."

"Do you know," responded the treble, "that as we sing those pieces I hear the voices of those who used to be in the choir with us? Sometimes I hear the tenor voice of the leader, then the voice of the bass who used to make us laugh so when we ought not; then the voice of the girl who sang with me, and then I hear all of them, and see their faces. They are all young. We only are old; but we shall soon rejoin the choir."

SAIRY JACKSON'S BABY.

A BIT of crape, hanging side by side with a strip of satin ribbon which had once been white, but was now discolored by constant use, swung idly from the tack which held it in place at the entrance to one of the tall tenements on the west side. It is in the district known as Blackchapel, and all the houses thereabout are occupied by colored folks.

There is always a pathos about a scrap of crape at the door, especially if the grim announcement is hung for a child. But the lean legged and woolly headed black children who were playing shinny in the street were too young to allow their sport to be interrupted by the presence of death.

If any one had asked the stout negress who stood at the door, they would have been answered with: "Oneley Mis' Sarah Jackson's little boy.

An' it's de Lawd's bressin' he gone, kase he's bin ailin' ebber sence he was bawn. Whar does she lib? Up on de top flo', in de reah. Yo' cawn't miss it. Jess knock hard on de do', kase Miss Jackson may be sorrowin' like, on 'count ov it bein' her Johnnie."

And then, if one had followed her direction, he would have wondered if there never would be any end to the bare, steep flights of dirty stairs, with the too brief landings, and the musty, dark halls, and the black, woolly heads thrust out of half open doors in a spirit of youthful inquiry.

But there is an end to all things, and at last the top is reached. It is lighter here, and the air seems a little more wholesome, although the same musty smell of crowded quarters is to be noticed. A ladder leads up to a hole in the roof, and the sun sends a slanting ray down

through the aperture. The block of sunlight strikes the entrance to one of the three doors on the landing, and has only the effect of bringing out in greater relief the worn pine boards half hidden by an accumulation of dirt.

It is very quiet on this floor, so quiet that when the visitor listened he could hear a sound of sobbing, and then a low voice crooning words of comfort. A knock at the door brings the answer: "Come in." The room is not more than twelve feet square, and is considered a large room for a tenement. But the question of accommodations is not taken into consideration now.

There are two persons in the room. An old woman, whose tears made shining tracks upon her black skin, was bending over a young woman who rocked to and fro in an old chair, sobbing and moaning for her baby. The room was uncarpeted and miserable. Bags and wads of paper stuck loosely in the holes in the broken window panes helped to give an indescribable aspect of desolation to the room.

Upon the only table in the room, its attenuated form wrapped in an red shawl, ragged and threadbare, was the dead baby. Its little black face, tinged with a grayish hue, was turned up toward the cracked ceiling, and the lids hardly concealed the dull white of the eyes.

The babe had been dead since the day before, and the mother was too poor to bury it. Her husband was away somewhere. He had deserted her months before, so she need not expect him in her hour of trouble.

As she rocked the door creaked on its hinge and an old negro entered. He was lame, and made his way carefully along with a cane. A high hat that had seen years of hard service rested on a fringe of grayish wool which covered the back of his head, and a bandanna handkerchief made a picturesque substitute for both collar and cravat.

"Hullo, Jack, yo' back agen?" said the old woman. "Sairy's bin taken on powerf'l sence yo's bin gone, an' she mos' cried her eyes out. Did yo, git enny money?"

"No, an' I'se done clean pestered out, a-trampin' and a-trampin'. What wid de rheumatics and de sorrow 'bout Jacky, I ain't mahself."

"Uncle Jack," said the young woman, jumping up, "I'll jes' ask yer ter go to one moah place fur de money. Jes' one moah. I'se done washin' fur dis lady, and mebbe she help me."

"Come, come, gal," said the old man; "I'se doin' all I can fer yer, but the good Lawd will pervide. Jes put yo' trus' on him."

"I know, Uncle Jack, I know dat; but we mus' do somethin'," she said.

With unsteady hand she wrote a note in a cramped hand on the back of a grocery bill, the only piece of paper there was in the house. The paper was blistered with her tears.

MRS. REED—Would you please to help me a little, I am sorry to ask you, but my Baby died yesterday at noon, with the Brown-keeters and the guatar in the throat. We have done what we could. I have been sick myself and the little earning i had saved i had to pay out for medcin. I am not feeling well.

FROM SARAH JACKSON.

Uncle Jack hobbled out of the door and down the stairs. He had to go a long distance, and when he came back a gentleman came with him. He had come in answer to the letter and to see the dead baby was buried decently. Not long ago his own baby had died, and when he stood by the table and saw by the light of the one lamp in the room the face of the little dead baby he broke down and wept. His tears mingled with those of the poor black folks about. A common grief had torn away the barrier of race, color and station, and he was as sincere a mourner as old Uncle Jack, who stood with bowed head near him. And as the old bandanna neckerchief seemed to grow tighter and tighter around his throat he said:

"I knew de Lawd would pervide, Sairy, I knew it, chile, kase he allers does."

LITTLE DOT.

[The touching incident that gave rise to the following lines occurred in one of our large cities. Crouched upon the curb stone in a blinding snowstorm there was a little match-girl apparently not more than six years old. Attracted by her sobs, an old gentleman approached her, and kindly asked, "Who are you, my little girl, that you are here in this storm?" Raising her large brown eyes, brimming with tears, she sobbed, "Oh, I'm only little Dot!"]

© ROUCHING on the icy pavement,
Sobbing, shivering with the cold,
Garments scant around her clinging
All her matches yet unsold;

Visions of a cheerless garret,
Cruel blows not soon forgot,
While through choking sobs the murmur
"Oh, I'm only little Dot!"

Deeper than the icy crystals,
Though their keenness made her start;
Is the hungry, aching longing
In the little match-girl's heart.

No kind voice to cheer and comfort;
Ah! by fortune quite forgot,
Who can wonder at the murmur,
"Oh, I'm only little Dot!"

Far above the clouds and snowstorms,
Where the streets have pearly gates,
In that home a sainted mother,
For the little match-girl waits.
By the throng of waiting angels,
Little one you're ne'er forgot,
In the home of many mansions
There is room for little Dot.

SISTER AND I.

WE were hunting for wintergreen berries,
One May-day, long gone by,
Out on the rocky cliff's edge,
Little sister and I.
Sister had hair like the sunbeams;
Black as a crow's wing, mine;
Sister had blue, dove's eyes;
Wicked, black eyes are mine.
Why, see how my eyes are faded—
And my hair, it is white as snow!
And thin, too! don't you see it is?
I tear it sometimes; so!

There, don't hold my hands, Maggie,
I don't feel like tearing it now;
But—where was I in my story?
Oh, I was telling you how
We were looking for wintergreen berries;
'Twas one bright morning in May,
And the moss-grown rocks were slippery
With the rains of yesterday.
But I was cross that morning,
Though the sun shone ever so bright—
And when sister found the most berries,
I was angry enough to fight!

And when she laughed at my pouting—
We were little things, you know—
I clinched my little fist up tight,
And struck her the biggest blow!
I struck her—I tell you—I struck her,
And she fell right over below—
There, there, Maggie, I won't rave now;
You needn't hold me so—
She went right over, I tell you,
Down, down to the depths below!
'Tis deep and dark and horrid
There, where the waters flow!

She fell right over, moaning
"Bessie, oh, Bessie!" so sad,
That, when I looked down affrighted,
It drove me mad—mad!
Only her golden hair streaming
Out on the rippling wave,
Only her little hand reaching
Up, for some one to save;
And she sank down in the darkness,
I never saw her again,
And this world is a chaos of blackness
And darkness and grief since then.

No more playing together
 Down on the pebbly strand;
 Nor building our doll's stone castles
 With halls and parlors grand;
 No more fishing with bent pins,
 In the little brook's clear waves;
 No more holding funerals
 O'er dead canaries graves;
 No more walking together
 To the log school-house each morn;
 No more vexing the master
 With putting his rules to scorn;

No more feeding of white lambs
 With milk from the foaming pail;
 No more playing "see saw"
 Over the fence of rail;
 No more telling of stories
 After we've gone to bed;
 Nor talking of ghosts and goblins
 Till we fairly shiver with dread;
 No more whispering fearfully
 And hugging each other tight,
 When the shutters shake and the dogs howl
 In the middle of the night;

No more saying "Our Father,"
 Kneeling by mother's knee—
 For, Maggie, I *struck* sister!
 And mother is dead, you see.
 Sister's an angel,
 Is she? Isn't it true?
 Angels have golden tresses
 Eyes like sister's blue?
 Now *my* hair isn't golden,
 My eyes aren't blue, you see—
 Now tell me, Maggie, if I were to die,
 Could they make an angel of me?

You say, "Oh, yes;" you think so?
 Well, then, when I come to die,
 We'll play up there, in God's garden—
 We'll play there, sister and I.
 Now, Maggie, you needn't eye me,
 Because I'm talking so queer;
 Because I'm talking so strangely;
 You needn't have the least fear.

Somehow I'm feeling to-night, Maggie,
 As I never felt before—
 I'm sure, I'm sure of it, Maggie,
 I never shall rave any more.

Maggie, you know how these long years
 I've heard her calling, so sad,
 "Bessie, oh, Bessie!" so mournful?
 It always drives me *mad*!
 How the winter wind shrieks down the
 chimney,
 "Bessie, oh, Bessie, oh! oh!"
 How the south wind wails at the casement,
 "Bessie, oh, Bessie!" so low.
 But most of all when the May-days
 Come back, with the flowers and the sun,
 How the night-bird, singing, all lonely,
 "Bessie, oh, Bessie!" doth moan;

You know how it sets me raving—
 For *she* moaned, "*Oh, Bessie!*" just so,
 That time I *struck* little sister,
 On the May-day long ago!
 Now, Maggie, I've something to tell you—
 You know May-day is here—
 Well, this very morning, at sunrise,
 The robins chirped "*Bessie!*" so clear—
 All day long the wee birds, singing,
 Perched on the garden wall,
 Called "*Bessie, oh, Bessie!*" so sweetly,
 I couldn't feel sorry at all.

Now, Maggie, I've something to tell you—
 Let me lean up to you close—
 Do you see how the sunset has flooded
 The heavens with yellow and rose?
 Do you see o'er gilded cloud mountains
 Sister's golden hair streaming out?
 Do you see her little hand beckoning?
 Do you hear her little voice calling out
 "Bessie, oh, Bessie!" so gladly,
 "Bessie, oh, Bessie! Come, haste?"

Yes, sister, I'm coming; I'm coming
 To play in God's garden at last!

GUALBERTO'S VICTORY.

A MOUNTAIN pass so narrow that a man
Riding that way to Florence, stooping,
can

Touch with his hand the rocks on either side,
And pluck the flowers that in the crannies hide.
Here, on Good Friday, centuries ago,
Mounted and armed, John Gualberto met his foe;
Mounted and armed as well, but riding down
To the fair city from the woodland brown,
This way and that, swinging his jeweled whip,
A gay old love-song on his careless lip,
And on his charger's neck the reins loose thrown.

An accidental meeting; but the sun
Burned on their brows, as if it had been one
Of deep design, so deadly was the look.
Of mutual hate their olive faces took;
As (knightly courtesy forgot in wrath,)
Neither would yield his enemy the path.
"Back!" cried Gualberto. "Never!" yelled
his foe;

And on the instant, sword in hand, they throw
Them from their saddles, nothing loath,
And fall to fighting, with a smothered oath.

A pair of shapely, stalwart cavaliers,
Well-matched in stature, weapons, weight, and
years,

Theirs was a long, fierce struggle on the grass,
Thrusting and parrying up and down the pass;
Swaying from left to right, in combat ratched,
Till all the housings of their steeds were
drenched

With brutal gore: and ugly blood-drops oozed
Upon the rocks, from head and hands contused.
But at the close, when Gualberto stopped to rest,
His heel was planted on his foeman's breast;
And looking up, the fallen courtier sees,
As in a dream, gray rocks and waving trees
Before his glazing vision faintly float,
While Gualberto's sabre glitters at his throat.

"Now die, base wretch!" the victor fiercely
cries,
His heart of hate outflashing from his eyes:

"Never again, by the all-righteous Lord!
Shalt thou with life, escape this trusty sword,—
Revenge is sweet!" And upward glanced the
steel.

But ere it fell,—dear Lord! a silvery peal
Of voices chanting in the town below,
Grave, ghostly voices chanting far below,
Rose, like a fountain's spray from spires of snow,
And chimed and chimed to die in echoes slow.

In the sweet silence following the sound,
Gualberto and the man upon the ground
Glared at each other with bewildered eyes
(The glare of hunted deer on leashed hound);
And then the vanquished, struggling to arise,
Made one last effort, while his face grew dark
With pleading agony: "Gualberto! hark!
The chant—the hour—thou know'st the olden
fashion,—

The monks below intone our Lord's dear Passion.
Oh! by this cross!"—and here he caught the
hilt

Of Gualberto's sword,—“and by the Blood once
spilt

Upon it for us both long years ago,
Forgive—forget—and spare a fallen foe!"

The face that bent above grew white and set,
(Christ or the demon!—in the balance hung);
The lips were drawn,—the brow bedewed with
sweat,—

But on the grass the harmless sword was flung:
And stooping down, the hero, generous, wrung
The outstretched hand. Then, lest he lose con-
trol

Of the but half-tamed passions of his soul,
Fled up the pathway, tearing casque and coat
To ease the tempest throbbing at his throat;
Fled up the crags, as if a fiend pursued,
And paused not till he reached a chapel rude.

There, in the cool dim stillness, on his knees,
Trembling, he flings himself, and startled, sees
Set in the rock a crucifix antique,

From which the wounded Christ bends down to speak.

"Thou hast done well, Gualberto. For My sake

*Thou didst forgive thine enemy; now take
My gracious pardon for thy times of sin,
And from this day a better life begin."*

White flashed the angels' wings above his head,

Rare, subtle perfumes through the place were shed ;

And golden harps and sweetest voices poured
Their glorious hosannas to the Lord,
Who in that hour, and in that chapel quaint,
Changed by His power, by His dear love's
constraint,

Gualberto the sinner into John the saint.

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

GRANDMA'S WEDDING-DAY.

WHEN we were merry children, eyes of blue and hair of gold,

We listened to a story by a sweet-faced lady told ;

Yes, in the twilight of her life, when she was old and gray,

We loved to hear the story of Grandma's wedding-day.

There was a lack of bridal gifts,—no gold and silver fine,

No jewels from across the sea, upon her brow to shine ;

A man in homespun clothes stood up and gave the bride away—

For all was sweet simplicity on Grandma's wedding-day.

There was no surpliced minister, no bell above them hung,

They stood upon the forest sward, this couple, fair and young ;

And when the parson called them one and wished them years of bliss,

The groom received his only gift,—a soft and holy kiss.

A cabin in the forest stood to welcome home the pair,

And happy birds among the trees made music on the air ;

She was the reigning backwoods belle—the bride so fair and gay—

And that is why the birds were glad upon her wedding-day.

Thus life began for Grandma, in the forest dim and old,

And where she lived a city stands, with stateliness untold ;

She told us how the Indian came the settler brave to fight,

And how she rocked the cradle to the wolf's long howl at night.

The cradle was an oaken trough, untrimmed with costly lace,

But in it nestled, now and then, a bright, cherubic face ;

And Grandma was as happy then as though a mansion grand

Above her rose like some we see throughout our lovely land.

I cherish now a lock of hair,—'tis not of silver gray,

She clipped it in the sunlight fair, though years have passed away,—

It is a tress of Grandma's hair, as bright as when she stood,

And blushing took her bridal vows within the pathless wood.

On yonder hill, this golden morn, she takes her dreamless rest ;

The wrinkled hands, so often kissed, lie crossed upon her breast ;

And gently on her finger, ere we laid her form away,

We placed the simple ring she wore upon her wedding-day.

IN THE BOTTOM DRAWER.

I SAW wife pull out the bottom drawer of the old family bureau this evening, and went softly out, and wandered up and down, until I knew that she had shut it up and gone to her sewing. We have some things laid away in that drawer which the gold of kings could not buy, and yet they are relics which grieve us until both our hearts are sore. I haven't dared look at them for a year, but I remember each article.

There are two worn shoes, a little chip-hat with part of the brim gone, some stockings, pants, a coat, two or three spools, bits of broken crockery, a whip, and several toys. Wife—poor thing—goes to that drawer every day of her life, and prays over it, and lets her tears fall upon the precious articles; but I dare not go.

Sometimes we speak of little Jack, but not often. It has been a long time, but somehow we can't get over grieving. He was such a burst of sunshine into our lives that his going away has been like covering our every-day existence with a pall. Sometimes, when we sit alone of an evening, I writing and she sewing, a child on the street will call out as our boy used to, and we will both start up with beating hearts and

a wild hope, only to find the darkness more of a burden than ever.

It is so still and quiet now. I look up at the window where his blue eyes used to sparkle at my coming, but he is not there. I listen for his pattering feet, his merry shout, and his ringing laugh; but there is no sound. There is no one to climb over my knees, no one to search my pockets and tease for presents: and I never find the chairs turned over, the broom down, or ropes tied to the door-knobs.

I want some one to tease me for my knife; to ride on my shoulder; to lose my axe; to follow me to the gate when I go, and be there to meet me when I come; to call "good-night" from the little bed, now empty. And wife, she misses him still more: there are no little feet to wash, no prayers to say; no voice teasing for lumps of sugar, or sobbing with the pain of a hurt toe; and she would give her own life, almost, to awake at midnight, and look across to the crib and see our boy there as he used to be.

So we preserve our relics; and when we are dead we hope that strangers will handle them tenderly, even if they shed no tears over them.

SENTENCE OF DEATH ON THE HIGH SEAS.

A BOARD o' the good ship Margaret Ann,
Nigh twenty-five year ago,
I sailed from here to fair Cadiz town,
While the wintry winds did blow.

A stiffer gale never swept the sea—
Than we had the fourth week out—
An' pretty well pickled I've been in brine,
An' pretty well blowed about—

But this wind, my hearties, blowed great guns,
Tore the mainmast off the deck;
'Twas a mercy, mates, as the stout old ship
Warn't sent to the bottom a wreck!

Hows'ever, we swum, but hard times we had
Afore that we reached the port;

For we'd been at sea three weeks too long,
An' provisions was running short.

But once on the shore, and safe from harm
In the sunny land of Spain,
Little we cared for the dangers past—
We was ready to brave 'em again!

But there, I'm a-veerin' away from my yarn—
'Bout ship—don't lose the right tack—
For 'twasn't in Spain as it happ'd, my lads,
But when we was coming back.

Sailed with us a lass from old Cadiz town,
In charge o' the second mate;
And in less than a week the mate and the lass
Was lovers, as sure as fate.

A finer young fellow ne'er stepped a plank,
 Every man aboard was his friend ;
 A prettier wench ne'er loved a tar,
 And—but wait till you hear the end.

We'd hired some sailors while we was in port,
 Among 'em a Creole chap,
 As might ha' been good for summat on land,
 But at sea warn't worth a rap !

He kept as much out o' sight as he could
 Till a thousand miles from the coast ;
 Then, one day, he meets her face to face,
 An' she turns as white as a ghost.

His eyes blazed up, and he muttered low
 In his lingo, fierce and fast ;
 But she turned and ran right straight to her love,
 And her arms about him cast.

An' she told him slow, in her broken tongue,
 How this Creole sought her hand ;
 But she wouldn't have had him—no, no, not
 she—
 For all the riches of the land !

An' she, trembling, told how he swore revenge—
 How he said that he'd have her life ;
 But the mate took her face in his big broad
 hands,
 An', laughing, cried, " Hush, little wife !

" If the swab comes anear thee, my pretty dear,
 I'll just break him across my knee ;
 And these arms, so gentle with you, my love,
 Shall toss him slap into the sea ! "

And the sneaky Creole, he slunk away
 As the mate shook his brawny fist ;
 But his eye had a devilish glare as he went,
 And some furious words he hissed !

Slow an' sure sailed the Margaret Ann—
 The Creole his distance kept ;
 The mate never thought of the lubber at all,
 And the lassie's terrors slept.

One moonlight night, 'bout the end of May,
 On deck the two lovers sat ;
 And she laughed till she cried, as his hair she
 pulled,
 Or his sunburnt cheeks she'd pat !

At last both her teasing hands he caught,
 An' held 'em—the bail a kiss—
 A leap ! a gleam ! with a quick, fierce blow !
 And a yell, half shriek, half hiss !

And the Creole's sharp knife his blood has drunk,
 On the deck he falls in death ;
 And the curs'd blade's sheathed in as manly a
 breast,
 As ever did draw life's breath.

Afore he could stir half a step from the spot
 I grappled his coward throat ;
 An' if some o' the crew hadn't dragged me away,
 I'd a strangled him like to a stoat.

He was ironed and tumbled below like a dog ;
 Poor Philip we sorrowful raised ;
 And his dear " little wife " was led gently away,
 Heart-broken and pretty near crazed.

It's strange, lads, whenever grim death comes
 aboard,
 The sharks somehow soon find it out ;
 Anyway, the next day a big hammer-head shark
 Off our quarter was floating about.

At noon the bell tolled, the crew mustered on
 deck,
 The slayer and slain was both there ;
 The captain comes aft, an' no dry eye looked on
 While he read out the funeral prayer.

The Creole scowled yet on the dead, and fierce
 hate
 Seemed his glistening eyes to distend ;
 He laughed as he glared on that low-stricken
 form,
 And—but wait till you hear the end !

The captain just then caught a glimpse of the
shark,

And some thought come into his head,
For his eye lit up with a terrible light,
And his white brow flushed all red !

And full on the Creole he turned his gaze—
It made me shiver to look ;
For I read an awful doom on his face,
As plain as if writ in a book.

“Bo’sun,” said he, “bring a rope,” and ’twas
brought ;
The murderer laughed to see,
And bared his neck, as if for to say :
Hang quick ! if so must be.

But his laughing stopped, and his face grew wild,
When they led him towards the dead ;
For he guessed his dreadful fate—he too
Had seen that hammer-head !


And he crawled on the deck to the captain’s feet,
With pitiful cry and groan ;
But he knelt in vain, for the captain’s face
Was hard and fixed as stone.

And back to back, limb fast to limb,
Was the dead and the living tied ;
And never a man aboard o’ the ship
For mercy upon him cried.

His wild death-shriek ; I can hear it now—
Can yet see his look of woe,
As over the vessel’s side they cast
The victim and his foe.

A heavy splash—a body swift
Darts forward through the sea !
A rending cry—from death like that
The Lord deliver me !

SAVE THE OTHER MAN.

 HE storm had spent its rage : The sea
Still moaned with sullen roar,
And flung its surges wrathfully
Against the shelving shore ;
And wide and far
With plank and spar
The beach was splintered o’er.

A league from land a wreck was seen,
Above whose wave-washed hull,
Fast-wedged the jutting rocks between,
Circled a snow-white gull,
Whose shrieking cry
Rose clear and high
Above the tempest’s lull.

“Hoy !—To the rescue !—Launch the boat !
I see a drifting speck :
Some struggler may be still afloat,—
Some sailor on the deck :
Quick ! ply the oar,—
Put from the shore,
And board the foundered wreck !”

Right through the churning plunge of spray,
Whirled like an ocean shell,
The hardy life-boat warped its way,
As billows rose and fell ;
And boldly cast
Its grapnel fast
Above the reefy swell.

Around the bows the breakers sobbed
With low, defiant moan ;
When instant, every bosom throbbed,
Held by one sound alone ;
Somewhere—somewhere—
Upon the air
There thrilled a human groan.


One moment—and they clomb the wreck,
And there, a ghastly form
Lay huddled on the heaving deck,
With living breath still warm,—
Too dead to hear
The shout of cheer
That mocked the dying storm.

But as they lowered him from the ship
 With kindly care as can
 Befit rough hands, across his lip
 A whispered ripple ran :
 They stooped and heard
 The slow-drawn word
 Breathed,—“*Save—the—other—man !*”

Oh! ye who once on gulping *waves*
 Of sin were tempest-tossed,—
 Ye who are safe through Him who *saves*
 At such transcendent cost,—
 Will ye who yet
 Can rescue, let
The other man be lost?

MARGARET J. PRESTON,

THE OLD CLOCK AGAINST THE WALL.


 H, the old, old clock of the household
 stock,
 Was the brightest thing, and neatest;
 Its hands, though old, had a touch of gold,
 And its chime rang still the sweetest;
 'Twas a monitor too, though its words were few,
 Yet they lived though nations altered;
 And its voice, still strong, warned old and young,
 When the voice of friendship faltered:
 “Tick! tick!” it said—“quick, quick to bed,
 For ten I’ve given warning;
 Up! up! and go, or else you know,
 You’ll never rise *soon* in the morning!”

A friendly voice was that old, old clock,
 As it stood in the corner smiling,
 And blessed the time with a merry chime,
 The wintry hours beguiling;
 But a cross old voice was that tiresome clock,
 As it called at day-break boldly;

When the dawn looked gray o’er the misty *way*,
 And the early air blew coldly:
 “Tick! tick!” it said, “quick out of bed,
 For five I’ve given warning;
 You’ll never have health, you’ll never have
 wealth,
 Unless you’re up soon in the morning!”

Still hourly the sound goes round and round,
 With a tone that ceases never;
 While tears are shed for bright days fled,
 And the old friends lost forever;
 Its heart beats on—though hearts are gone,
 Its hands still move—though hands we love
 Are clasped on earth no longer!
 “Tick! tick!” it said—“to the church-yard
 bed,
 The grave hath given warning:
 Up! up! and rise, and look at the skies,
 And prepare for a heavenly morning!”

GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY.

 HE stood at the bar of justice,
 A creature wan and wild,
 In form too small for a woman,
 In features too old for a child,
 For a look so worn and pathetic
 Was stamped on her pale young face
 It seemed long years of suffering
 Must have left that silent trace.
 “Your name,” said the judge, as he eyed her
 With kindly look yet keen,
 “Is Mary McGuire, if you please sir,”
 “And your age?”—“I am turned fifteen.”

“Well, Mary,” and then from a paper
 He slowly and gravely read,
 “You are charged here—I’m sorry to say it—
 With stealing three loaves of bread.
 “You look not like an offender,
 And I hope that you can show
 The charge to be false. Now, tell me,
 Are you guilty of this, or no?”
 A passionate burst of weeping
 Was at first her sole reply,
 But she dried her eyes in a moment,
 And looked in the judge’s eye.

"I will tell you just how it was sir,
 My father and mother are dead,
 And my little brother and sisters
 Were hungry and asked me for bread.
 At first I earned it for them
 By working hard all day,
 But somehow times were bad, sir,
 And the work all fell away.

"I could get no more employment ;
 The weather was bitter cold,
 The young ones cried and shivered—
 (Little Johnny's but four years old ;)
 So, what was I to do, sir ?
 I am guilty, but do not condemn,
 I *took*—oh, was it *stealing* ?
 The bread to give to them."

Every man in the court-room—
 Gray-beard and thoughtless youth—
 Knew, as he looked upon her,
 That the prisoner spoke the truth,

Out from their pockets came kerchiefs,
 Out from their eyes sprung tears,
 And out from old faded wallets
 Treasures hoarded for years.

The judge's face was a study—
 The strangest you ever saw,
 As he cleared his throat and murmured
Something about the *law*.
 For one so learned in such matters,
 So wise in dealing with men,
 He seemed, on a simple question,
 Sorely puzzled just then.

But no one blamed him or wondered,
 When at last these words they heard :
 "The sentence of this young prisoner
 Is, for the present, deferred."
 And no one blamed him or wondered
 When he went to her and smiled,
 And tenderly led from the court-room,
 Himself, the "guilty" child.

ONLY A CURL.

FRIENDS of faces unknown, and a land
 Unvisited over the sea,
 Who tell me how lonely you stand
 With a single gold curl in the hand,
 Held up to be looked at by me,—

While you ask me to ponder, and say
 What a father and mother can do
 With the bright fellow-locks put away,
 Out of reach, beyond kiss, in the clay,
 Where the violets press nearer than you,—

Shall I speak like a poet, or run
 Into weak woman's tears for relief ?
 Oh, children—I never lost one ;
 Yet my arm's round my own little son,
 And love knows the secret of grief.

And I feel what it must be and is,
 When God draws a new angel so,
 Through the house of a man up to His,
 What a murmur of music you miss,
 And a rapture of light you forego :

How you think, staring on at the door
 Where the face of your angel flashed in,
 That its brightness, familiar before,
 Burns off from you ever the more
 For the dark of your sorrow and sin.

"God lent him and takes him," you sigh.
 Nay, there let me break with your pain :
 God's generous in giving, say I,
 And the thing which he gives, I deny
 That he ever can take back again.

He *gives* what he gives : I appeal
 To all who bear babes ; in the hour
 When the veil of the body we feel
 Rent around us—while torments reveal
 The motherhood's advent in power,

And the babe cries—has each of us known
 By apocalypse—God being there
 Full in nature—the child is our own,
 Life of life, love of love, moan of moan,
 Through all changes, all times, everywhere,

He's ours, and forever. Believe,
 O father!—O mother, look back
 To the first love's assurance! To give
 Means, with God, not to tempt or deceive,
 With a cup thrust in Benjamin's sack.

He gives what he gives. Be content!
 He resumes nothing given—be sure!
 God lend? Where the usurers lent
 In his temple, indignant he went,
 And scourged away all those impure.

He lends not, but gives to the end,
 As he loves to the end. If it *seem*
 That he draws back a gift, comprehend
 'Tis to add to it, rather, amend,
 And finish it up to your dream,—

Or keep as a mother may, toys
 Too costly, though given by herself,
 Till the room shall be stiller from noise,
 And the children more fit for such joys,
 Kept over their heads on the shelf.

So look up friends! you who indeed
 Have possessed in your house a sweet piece
 Of the heaven which men strive for, must need
 Be more earnest than others are—speed
 When they loiter, persist where they cease.

You know how one angel smiles there,—
 Then, courage. 'Tis easy for you
 To be drawn by a single gold hair
 Of that curl, from earth's storm and despair
 To the safe place above us. Adieu.

E. B. BROWNING.

WHAT IS THAT TO THEE.

WHEN I am called to die,
 To yield my spirit to His sacred keep-
 ing,
 To rest my body in the long, long sleeping,
 I fain would not belie
 My trust in Him who doeth all things well,
 Whose will alone my every wish should quell.

I would not vainly choose
 What road shall lead me up the holy mountain,
 What path conduct me to the crystal fountain;
 Nor willing be to lose
 The guidance of the hand that e'er has led
 In ways I knew not, but with mercies spread.

If gentle be the call,
 If faint and feeble be the distant warning,
 Like dimmest daystreak of the early morning,
 Tipping the pine trees tall,
 And brighter growing, till the red east shines
 With fullest glory on the glowing pines.

How grateful should I feel!
 That I might still behold my loved ones longer,
 Might tarry till my timid faith grew stronger,

Might linger to reveal
 The loves that buoyant life can ne'er unveil,
 The odors evening only can exhale.


If sudden be the stroke,
 If all unheralded His solemn coming,—
 Like flash, fast followed by the thunder's boom-
 ing,
 That scales the skyward oak,
 While pale with fear we hold our bated breath,
 In awe of the swift messenger of death,—

How blest the favored lot!
 A lot to few departing spirits given—
 Painless to pass from earth and sin to heaven.
 Oh! surely it were not
 Departure we should dread, at once to rise
 On whirlwind pinions to the opening skies.

So I repose my trust;
 And whether speedy messenger obeying,
 Or waiting patiently my Lord's delaying
 To summon me to rest,
 On his dear love my willing trust would dwell;
 He knoweth best; He doeth all things well.

THOMAS D. JAMES.

ON THE OTHER TRAIN.

" HERE Simmons, you blockhead! Why didn't you trot that old woman aboard her train? She'll have to wait here now until 1.05 A. M."

"You didn't tell me."

"Yes, I did tell you. 'Twas only your confounded stupid carelessness."

"*She!* you fool! What else could you expect of her? Probably she hasn't any wit; besides, she isn't bound on a very jolly journey—got a pass up the road to the poor-house. I'll go and tell her, and if you forget her to-night, see if I don't make mince-meat of you!" And our worthy ticket agent shook his fist menacingly at his subordinate.

"You've missed your train, marm," he remarked, coming forward to a queer looking bundle in the corner.

A trembling hand raised a faded black veil and revealed the sweetest old face I ever saw.

"Never mind," said a quivering voice.

"'Tis only three o'clock now, you'll have to wait until the night train, which doesn't go until 1.05."

"Very well, sir, I can wait."

"Wouldn't you like to go to some hotel? Simmons will show you the way."

"No, thank you, sir. One place is as good as another to me. Besides, I haven't any money."

"Very well," said the agent, turning away indifferently. "Simmons will tell you when it's time."

All the afternoon she sat there so quiet that I thought sometimes she must be asleep, but when I looked more closely I could see every once in a while a great tear rolling down her cheek, which she would wipe away hastily with her cotton handkerchief.

The depot was crowded, and all was bustle and hurry until the 9.50 train going east came due; then every passenger left except the old lady. It is very rare, indeed, that any one takes the night express, and almost always after I have struck ten, the depot becomes silent and empty.

The ticket agent put on his great coat, and bidding Simmons keep his wits about him for once in his life, departed for home.

But he had no sooner gone than that functionary stretched himself out on the table, as usual, and began to snore vociferously. Then it was that I witnessed such a sight as I never had before and never expect to again. The fire had gone down—it was a cold night, and the wind howled dismally outside. The lamps grew dim and flared, casting weird shadows upon the wall. By and by I heard a smothered sob from the corner, then another. I looked in that direction. She had risen from her seat, and oh! the look of agony on the poor, pinched face!

"I can't believe it," she sobbed, wringing her thin, white hands. "Oh! I can't believe it! My babies! my babies! how often have I held them in my arms and kissed them; and how often they used to say back to me, 'Ise love you mamma,' and now, oh God, they're against me. Where am I going? To the poor-house! No! no! no! I cannot! I will not! Oh, the disgrace!" and sinking upon her knees she sobbed out in prayer: "O, God, spare me this disgrace—spare me!"

The wind rose higher and swept through the crevices, icy cold. How it moaned and seemed to sob like something human that is hurt! I began to shake, but the kneeling figure never stirred. The thin shawl had dropped from her shoulders unheeded. Simmons turned over and drew his heavy blanket more closely about him.

Oh, how cold! Only one lamp remained burning dimly; the other two had gone out for want of oil. I could hardly see it was so dark.

At last she became quieter and ceased to moan. Then I grew drowsy, and kind of lost the run of things after I had struck twelve, when some one entered the depot with a bright light. I started up. It was the brightest light I ever saw, and seemed to fill the room full of glory. I could see 'twas a man. He walked to the kneeling figure and touched her upon the shoulder. She

started up and turned her face wildly around.
I heard him say:

"'Tis train time, ma'am. Come!"

"I'm ready," she whispered.

"Then give me your pass, ma'am."

She reached him a worn old book, which he took and from it read aloud; "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest."

"That's the pass over our road, ma'am. Are you ready?"

The light died away and darkness fell in its place. My hand touched the stroke of one. Simmons awoke with a start and snatched his lantern. The whistle shouted down brakes; the train was due. He ran to the corner and shook the old woman.

"Wake up, marm; 'tis train time."

But she never heeded. He gave one look at the white, set face, and, dropping the lantern, fled.

The up-train halted, the conductor shouted, "All aboard," but no one made a move that way.

The next morning, when the ticket agent came, he found her frozen to death. They whispered among themselves, and the coroner made out the verdict "apoplexy," and it was in some way hushed up.

They laid her out in the depot, and advertised for her friends, but no one came. So, after the second day, they buried her.

The last look on the sweet old face, lit up with a smile so unearthly, I keep with me yet; and when I think of the strange occurrence of that night, I know she went out on the other train, that never stopped at the poor-house.

HANNAH BINDING SHOES.

Poor lone Hannah,
Sitting at the window binding shoes,
Faded, wrinkled,
Sitting, stitching, in a mournful muse.
Bright-eyed beauty once was she,
When the bloom was on the tree;—
Spring and winter,
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

Not a neighbor
Passing, nod or answer will refuse
To her whisper,
"Is there from the fishers any news?"
Oh, her heart's adrift with one
On an endless voyage gone;
Night and morning,
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

Fair young Hannah,
Ben the sunburnt fisher, gaily woos;
Hale and clever,
For a willing heart and hand he sues.
May-day skies are all aglow,
And the waves are laughing so!
For her wedding
Hannah leaves her window and her shoes.

May is passing;
'Mid the apple-boughs a pigeon coos;
Hannah shudders,
For the mild south-wester mischief brews.
Round the rocks of Marblehead,
Outward bound a schooner sped;
Silent, lonesome,
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.


'Tis November:
Now no tear her wasted cheek bedews,
From Newfoundland
Not a sail returning will she lose,
Whispering hoarsely: "Fishermen,
Have you, have you heard of Ben?"
Old with watching,
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

Twenty winters
Bleak and drear the ragged shore she views,
Twenty seasons!
Never one has brought her any news.
Still her dim eyes silently
Chase the white sails o'er the sea;
Hopeless, faithful
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

LUCY LARCOM.

HUMOROUS RECITATIONS.

WHAT THE LITTLE GIRL SAID.

“A'S up-stairs changing her dress,” said the freckle-faced little girl, tying her doll's bonnet strings and casting her eye about for a tidy large enough to serve as a shawl for that double-jointed young person.

“Oh, your mother needn't dress up for me,” replied the female agent of the missionary society, taking a self-satisfied view of herself in the mirror. “Run up and tell her to come down just as she is in her every-day clothes, and not stand on ceremony.”

“Oh, but she hasn't got on her every-day clothes. Ma was all dressed up in her new brown silk dress, 'cause she expected Miss Dimmond to-day. Miss Dimmond always comes over here to show off her nice things, and ma doesn't mean to get left. When ma saw you coming she said, ‘the dickens!’ and I guess she was mad about something. Ma said if you saw her new dress, she'd have to hear all about the poor heathen, who don't have silk, and you'd ask her for money to buy hymn books to send 'em. Say, do the nigger ladies use hymn-book leaves to do their hair up on and make it frizzy? Ma says she guesses that's all the good the books do 'em, if they ever get any books. I wish my doll was a heathen.”

“Why, you wicked little girl! what do you want of a heathen doll?” inquired the missionary lady, taking a mental inventory of the new things in the parlor to get material for a homily on worldly extravagance.

“So folks would send her lots of nice things to wear, and feel sorry to have her going about naked. Then she'd have her hair to frizz, and I want a doll with truly hair and eyes that roll up like Deacon Silderback's when he says amen on Sunday. I ain't a wicked girl, either, 'cause Uncle Dick—you know Uncle Dick, he's been

out West and swears awful and smokes in the house—he says I'm a holy terror, and he hopes I'll be an angel pretty soon. Ma'll be down in a minute, so you needn't take your cloak off. She said she'd box my ears if I asked you to.

“Ma's putting on that old dress she had last year, 'cause she didn't want you to think she was able to give much this time, and she needed a muff worse than the queen of the cannon-ball islands needed religion. Uncle Dick says you oughter get to the islands, 'cause you'd be safe there, and the natives would be sorry they was such sinners anybody would send you to 'em. He says he never seen a heathen hungry enough to eat you, 'less 'twas a blind one, an' you'd set a blind pagan's teeth on edge so he'd never hanker after any more missionary. Uncle Dick's awful funny, and makes ma and pa die laughing sometimes.”

“Your Uncle Richard is a bad, depraved wretch, and ought to have remained out West, where his style is appreciated. He sets a horrid example for little girls like you.”

“Oh, I think he's nice. He showed me how to slide down the banisters, and he's teaching me to whistle when ma ain't around. That's a pretty cloak you've got, ain't it? Do you buy all your clothes with missionary money? Ma says you do.”

Just then the freckle-faced little girl's ma came into the parlor and kissed the missionary lady on the cheek and said she was delighted to see her, and they proceeded to have a real sociable chat. The little girl's ma cannot understand why a person who professes to be so charitable as the missionary agent does should go right over to Miss Dimmond's and say such ill-natured things as she did, and she thinks the missionary is a double-faced gossip. The little girl understands it better than her ma does.

THE LANDLORD'S VISIT.



LD Widow Clare,
In a low-backed chair,
Sat nid-nid-nodding ;
While over the road
Came Farmer McCrode
A plid-plid-plodding.

It was cold and snowing, and the wind was
blowing
At the rate of a hundred miles and hour ;
While the farmer was fretting and his counten-
ance getting
Each moment more angry, forbidding and
sour.

'She pays me no rent, although I have sent
To her time and again for the money ;
And now we shall see what she'll say to me,
For the tining has long ceased to be funny.'

Thus he muttered aloud, while the snow like a
shroud
Enveloped his burly old figure completely ;
And 'twas dark, but not late, when he entered
the gate
Of the tenant he was going to astonish so
neatly.

Disdaining to knock, he groped for the lock,
And had already planted one foot on the sill,
When, just by a chance, he happened to glance
Through the window, and his heart for a
moment stood still.

He saw a woman nodding in a low old-fashioned
chair ;
Her face was sad and wrinkled, while silvered
was her hair.
A large and well-thumbed Bible on her lap half-
opened lay,
And a cat was softly purring in a sympathetic
way.
A scanty pile of fagots, in the fireplace burn-
ing low,

Lit up the room at intervals, and cast a mellow
glow
O'er the kindly, aged face, like the nimbus we
are told
Which used to hover round the foreheads of the
martyred saints of old.
And the landlord drew up closer, that he might
the better look
On the plainly lettered pages of the unfamiliar
Book ;
And the verse he dwelt the longest on, then read
it through again,
Was, "Blessed are the merciful, for mercy they'll
obtain."

Now why he forebore to push open the door
The farmer could offer no clear explanation ;
Yet in spite of the storm, his heart had grown
warm
As he stood gazing in with a strange fascina-
tion.

Then after a while a queer sort of smile
Lit up his brown face now and then ;
And when, at the last, he turned round and
passed
Out into the snow-covered highway again.

The smile was there still, and continued until
He found himself facing the small village store.
Though business was dull, the room was quite
full
Of hard-working men whose days' labors
were o'er,

And all lazily sat round the stove for a chat,
Each comfortably resting his head on his
hands ;
But they rose in affright, and their faces grew
white
When the farmer burst in and poured forth his
commands.
"Just fetch me a sack, or a bag, and mind
It's the largest and strongest that you can find.

Now put in some 'taters—a peck will do ;
 A package of flour, and some turnips, too ;
 A piece of pork, wrapped good and strong,
 A nice smoked ham (don't be so long !);
 Now throw in a couple of pounds of tea—
 No, I won't be stingy, make it three.
 Say, you over there, just stop your staring—
 Do you think I'm a lunatic out for an airing?
 Some pepper and salt, and sugar, too ;
Do I want 'em mixed? I'd like to mix you !
 Some crackers and cheese, dried peaches and
 snuff ;
 An' I reckon as how you hev got 'bout enough.
 Just gimme a lift—there, that is all right ;
 Charge 'em to me ; and now—good-night ! ”

So back o'er the road he went with his load,
 Tossed, like a ship in a storm, to and fro ;
 But the heart of the farmer was very much
 warmer,
 And that makes a great deal of difference, you
 know.

Arriving once more at the old cottage door,
 He peered through the window, and saw with
 delight
 That good Widow Clare still slept in her chair,
 Unconscious of what was transpiring that
 night.

He never quite knew just how he got through
 That low, narrow door with the load on his
 back,


Nor how he was able to reach the small table
 And noiselessly lay down the burdensome
 sack ;
 But in less than a minute, every single thing in it
 Was spread out before him in tempting array.
 The turnips kept still, as they seldom will,
 And not even a potato rolled off and away.

The old cat looked wise, and puffed up twice
 her size,
 But, seeing no harm to her mistress was meant,
 She resumed her deep thinking, and her gray
 eyes were blinking,
 When at last from the room the strange visitor
 went.

And now, once again, he pressed close to the
 pane,
 And endeavored to picture the widow's sur-
 prise ;
 While it wasn't the snow, as you and I know,
 That he brushed once or twice from his eyes

Then Farmer McCrode
 Went back o'er the road
 A plid-plid-plodding ;
 While still in her chair
 Sat old Widow Clare
 A nid-nid-nodding.
 DE WITT CLINTON LOCKWOOD.

GIVE THANKS FER WHAT ?

“ET Earth give thanks,” the deacon
 said,
 And then the proclamation read.

“Give thanks fer what, an' what about ! ”
 Asked Simon Soggs when church was out.
 “Give thanks fer what? I don't see why ;
 The rust got in an' spiled my rye,
 And hay wan't half a crop, and corn
 All wilted down and looked forlorn ;
 The bugs jest gobbled my pertaters,

The what-you-call-em *lineaters*,
 And gracious ! when you come to wheat,
 There's more than all the world can eat ;
 Unless a war should interfere,
 Crops won't bring half a price this year ;
 I'll hev to give 'em away, I reckon ! ”

“Good for the poor ! ” exclaimed the deacon

“Give thanks fer what ? ” asked Simon Soggs,
 “Fer th' freset carryin' off my logs ”

Fer Dobbin goin' blind? Fer five
 Uv my best cows, that was alive
 Afore the smashin' railroad come
 And made it awful troublesome?
 Fer that hay stack the lightnin' struck
 And burnt to ashes?—thund'rin luck!
 For ten dead sheep?" sighed Simon Soggs.

The deacon said "You've got yer hogs!"

"Give thanks? And Jane and baby sick?
 I e'enmost wonder if ole Nick
 Ain't runnin' things!"

The deacon said,
 "Simon! yer people *might* be dead!"


"Give thanks!" said Simon Soggs again,
 "Jest look at what a fix we're in!
 The country's rushin' to the dogs
 At race horse speed!" said Simon Soggs,
 "Rotten all through—in every State,—
 Why, ef we don't repudiate,
 We'll hev to build, fer big and small,
 A poor-house that'll hold us all.

All round the crooked whisky still
 Is runnin' like the Devil's mill;
 Give thanks? How mad it makes me feel,
 To think how office-holders steal!
 The taxes paid by you and me
 Is four times bigger'n they should be:
 The Fed'ral Gov'ment's all askew,
 The ballot's sech a mockery, too!
 Some votes too little, some too much,
 Some not at all—it beats the Dutch!
 And now no man knows what to do,
 Or how is how, or who is who.
 Deacon! corruption's sure to kill!
 This 'glorious Union' never will,
 I'll bet a continental cent,
 Elect another President!
 Give thanks *fer what*, I'd like to know?"

The deacon answered, sad and low,
 "Simon! It fills me with surprise,
 Ye don't see whar yer duty lies;
 Kneel right straight down, in all the muss,
 And thank God that it ain't no wuss!"

W. F. CROFFUT

MILTIADES PETERKIN PAUL.

 LITTLE Miltiades Peterkin Paul
 Had been heard to declare he feared
 nothing at all.

"There's Abiathar Ann"—he would say—
 "now, at *her* age,

One *would* think she might show a little more
 courage.

Why, I really believe she would fall dead with
 fright,

If she came down the lane by herself in the
 night.

I can tell you, though, that's not the stuff I am
 made of!

I never saw anything I was afraid of!"

But one warm summer evening it chanced to
 befall

That Little Miltiades Peterkin Paul,
 Having been to the village for John Henry Jack,

Found it growing quite dark when he came to
 start back,

But he thought, "Pooh! I don't care for that in
 the least!"

And he winked at the full moon, just up in the
 east:

Then with hands in his pockets he swaggered
 along,

While he kept up his courage with whistle and
 song.

All at once young Miltiades Peterkin Paul,
 As he turned down the lane, perceived, close by
 the wall,

Right before him, a dark, ghostly shape, crouch-
 ing low,

Which frightened poor little Miltiades so
 That he turned cold all over—our valiant young
 hero—



OUR GREAT GRANDPARENTS WERE ONCE YOUNG, TOO.
AND THIS IS THE WAY THEY USED TO DO.



"I'M NOT QUITE SURE I'LL TAKE YOU FOR MY MAID;"
"WELL NOBODY ASKED YOU TO," SHE SAID.

Just as though the thermometer'd dropped down
to zero ;

Then, his heart beating loudly, he covered his
face

With his hands, and trudged on at a much
quicker pace.

But little Miltiades Peterkin Paul

Had not gone many steps, when he thought,
"After all,

I may be mistaken ; perhaps I mistook
Some old stump, or a rock, or the cow, for a
'spook.'

Why, what *could* I be thinking of?" Then
growing bolder,

He ventured to cast a glance over his shoulder,
When what was his wonder and horror to find
That the spectre was following close behind.

For one moment Miltiades Peterkin Paul
Was so terribly frightened he thought he would fall ;
Then he flung his checked apron up over his head
& shut out the dread sight, and ingloriously
fled.

But, alas ! by the footsteps behind he soon knew
That his ghostly pursuer began to run, too ;
And he uttered a shriek, and sped on without
knowing

(With his eyes covered up) just which way he
was going.

But little Miltiades Peterkin Paul,
Though he ran like the wind, found 'twas no
use at all.

The footsteps grew louder behind, and at last
He suddenly found himself caught and held fast
Whereupon, faint with terror, he sank to his
knees,

And in piteous accents besought, "Oh, sir,
please,

Good, *kind* Mr. Ghost, let me go ! Oh, *please*
do !

I am sure I would do as much, gladly, for you !"

But just then the ghost spoke and soothed his
alarms,
And he found he rushed into his own brother's
arms.

"Why," cried John Henry Jack, "what does
this mean, my lad ? Oh,

I see. Ha, ha, ha ! Why sir, *that's your own*
shadow !"

And, sure enough, when he uncovered his face,
Our hero saw plainly that such was the case.

"Well," said little Miltiades Peterkin Paul,
"Please don't tell our Abiathar Ann—that is all !"

JOHN BROWNJOHN.

THE EMANCIPATION OF MAN.

SHE looked just like that kind of a woman
when she came into the sanctum, and all
the seniors became instinctively very busy
and so absorbed in their work that they did not
see her, which left the youngest man on the staff
an easy prey, for he looked at the visitor with a
little natural politeness, and was even soft enough
to offer her a chair.

"You are the editor?" she said, in a deep,
bass voice.

He tried to say "Yes," so that she could
hear him, while his colleagues in the sanctum
couldn't; but it was a failure, for the woman
gave him dead away in a minute.

"You are !" she shouted, "then listen to
me ; look at me ; what am I ?"

The foolish youngest man looked at her
timidly and ventured to say, in a feeble voice,
that she looked to be about forty-sev—"

"Am I not a woman?" she said.

The youngest young man weakly tried to
correct his former error, and said she seemed
more like a girl—

But again she broke in on him with a scornful
hiss :

"Gir-r-l !" she said ; "I am a woman !
woman with all the heaven-born aspirations, the
fathomless feelings, the aggressive courage and
the indomitable will of a woman. What can
you see on my face ?"

The position of the youngest man on the staff
was pitiable, but none of the old heads appeared

to observe it. At least, they didn't offer to help him out. So he looked at her face for a second, and said, timidly:

"Freckl—"

"Nursling!" she shrieked; "had you the soulful eyes of a free man you could see shining on my brow the rising light of a brighter day."

"Could I?" asked the youngest man, timidly.

"Yes, you could I!" the woman said in tones of unmeasureable scorn. "Now hear me, have you a—but I cannot bring myself to use that hateful expression in the style of masculine possession; are you anybody's husband?"

The youngest man blushed bitterly, and said that he wasn't as yet, but he had some hopes—

"And you expect your—that is, you expect the woman whose husband you will be to support you?"

The youngest man blushed more keenly than before, and tremblingly admitted that he had some expectations—that—that—the only daughter of his proposed father-in-law, if he might put it in that way—

"Yah!" snarled the woman; "now let me tell you, the day of woman's emancipation is at hand. From this time we are free, fer-ree! You must look for other slaves to bend and cringe before your majesties, and wait upon you like slaves. You will feel the change in your affairs since we have burst our chains, and how will you live without the aid of women? Who makes your shirts now?" she added, fiercely.

The youngest man miserably said that a tailor on Jefferson street made his.

"Hm," said the woman, somewhat disconcerted. "Well, who washes 'em, then?" she added, triumphantly.

"A Chinaman, just west of Fifth street," the

youngest man said, with a hopeful light in his eyes.

The woman glared at him and groaned under her breath, but she came at him again with:

"Proud worm, who cooks your victuals?"

The youngest man said truly that he didn't know the name of the cook at his restaurant, but he was a man about forty years old, and round as a barrel, with whiskers like the stuffing of a sofa.

The woman looked as though she was going to strike him.

"Well," she said, as one who was leading a forlorn hope, "who makes up your bed and takes care of your room?"

The youngest man replied with an air of truth and frankness that he roomed with a railroad conductor, and an ex-Pullman sleeping-car porter took care of their room.

She paused when she reached the door, and turned upon him with the face of a drowning man who is only five feet away from a life buoy.


"Miserable dependent," she cried, "who sews on your buttons?"

The youngest man on the staff rose to his feet with a proud, happy look on his face.

"Haven't a sewed button on a single clothes," he cried, triumphantly; "patents, every one of 'em, fastened on like copper rivets, and nothing but studs and collar-buttons on my shirts. Haven't had a button sewed on for three years. Patent buttons last for years after the garments have gone to decay."

And the woman fled down the winding passage and the labyrinthine stairs with a hollow groan, while the other members of the staff, breaking through their heroic reserve, clustered around the youngest man and congratulated him upon the emancipation of his sex.

TRouble BORROWERS.


 HERE'S many a trouble
 Would break like a bubble,
 And into the waters of Lethe depart,
 Did we not rehearse it,
 And tenderly nurse it,
 And give it a permanent place in the heart.

There's many a sorrow
 Would vanish to-morrow,
 Were we but willing to furnish the wings;
 So sadly intruding
 And quietly brooding,
 It hatches out all sorts of horrible things.

How welcome the seeming
Of looks that are beaming,
Whether one's wealthy or whether one's poor!
Eyes bright as a berry,
Cheeks red as a cherry,
The groan and the curse and the heartache can
cure.

Resolve to be merry,
All worry to ferry
Across the famed waters that bid us forget;
And no longer fearful,
But happy and cheerful,
We feel life has much that's worth living for
yet.

MUMFORD'S PAVEMENT.

SOME person accidentally upset a bucket of water on Mumford's pavement one of those snapping cold evenings last week, and Jack Frost slipping along soon after transformed it into a sheet of glistening, bone-breaking ice.

Mumford, wholly unconscious of the pitfall in front of his door, had just taken his seat at the basement window, when a stout old gentleman came along, carrying a half-peck of cranberries tied up in brown paper, and softly humming to himself;

"I wish I was a turtle-dove,
I wish I was a sparrow,
I'd fly away to——

Je—ru—sa—lem!" he exclaimed, as his legs spread themselves suddenly apart. A frightened, dazed look crept into his eyes, and a minute later he had burst the suspender buttons off his pantaloons, and hopelessly ruined a new eight-dollar silk hat trying to butt a barrel of ashes into the gutter, while the air in that vicinity was filled with blue profanity and red cranberries.

Owing to the thermometer being down one flight of stairs below zero, and the old gentleman not having a calcium light in his vest pocket, he concluded not to pick the eighty-eight-thousand-and-odd scattered cranberries, but contented himself by shaking his fist violently in Mumford's direction and yelling as he moved away:

"I can lick the stuffing out of a hull cart-load of such 'smartys' as you!"

"Mercy, what a funny old gentleman! first he falls down, and then he jumps up and blames me for it," remarked Mumford to his wife, who was sitting by the light, sewing.

He can't to this hour recollect what reply his

wife made, his whole attention being suddenly riveted upon a very tall, thin woman with a long nose and big bustle, who was dragging a fat, dumpling-built little boy along by the hand. She had reached about the same spot where the old gentleman a moment before had been performing, when she stopped suddenly, clutched wildly at vacancy, tried to kick her bonnet off, missed it by a few of the shortest kind of inches, tripped up the boy and sat down on him with a force that threatened to drive him through the earth to China.

The prompt use of the boy preserver saved her bones and bustle from destruction, but it flattened the sacrificing youth to a thickness of a Jack of Clubs in a euchre deck.

"Don't you grin at me, you nasty big baboon you!" she screamed, nodding her head at Mumford, while she groped around for her false teeth that had slipped out of her mouth in the confusion.

"She must certainly be drunk," soliloquized Mumford, watching her actions with amazement.

"If I was a man I'd skin you alive for this, you wretch!" she shouted, when she got her teeth back, her bonnet on, and her bustle propped up.

"Drunk, and a lunatic both. What've I got to do with her slamming herself around on the sidewalk, I'd like to know?" he asked himself, as he watched her fading away in the darkness with her flattened boy in tow.

A few moments later, as he was flattening his nose against the window pane, a pair of lovers came tripping along.

"And, Amy, love," said the gentleman, "I can hardly realize that soon you are to be my own little darling ducksey—Suffering alligator!" he shrieked, as his legs opened like a pair of compasses and he struck the sidewalk with a jar that loosened his back teeth, lifted his scalp an inch or two, cooled his love, ripped his pantaloons, started his eyes full of tears, and made him regret bitterly that he'd forgotten so much of his boyhood's profanity.

"O Fred!" exclaimed his *fiance*, trying to lift him up by his paper collar, and the next instant his charmer's feet slipped on the ice, and after swaying to and fro for a moment, she attempted to turn a back somersault which her lover did not look upon as a success, owing probably to the fact of her kicking him in the ear as she went over him, with more of the force of a yellow mule or a dynamite cartridge, than that of the cardinal-stockinged idol of his heart.

They got up, glanced sheepishly around to see any one had noticed them, tried to coax up a sickly smile, and limped away trying to look as if they didn't want to rub themselves.

"Hang it all! why don't you sprinkle some

ashes on that ice?" called out a grocer, who had skated off into the gutter, and mashed two dozen eggs, the back of his head, and a bottle of olive oil, in falling.

"Oh! there's ice there; so that accounts for the gymnastics," said Mumford filling a scuttle with hot coals and ashes, and hurrying out.

Some of the neighbors, who happened to be looking out of their front windows about this time, have said since that it was grand and awe-inspiring to see Mumford, after remaining for a second on the back of his neck, pointing at the twinkling stars with his heels, and emptying his pockets out on the walk, suddenly collapse into a tangled, scorched and bruised heap, and fill the air with shrieks and more sparks than a firework explosion would make.

A policeman helped his wife and the cook carry him into the house, and he has informed the doctor who is attending him, that as soon as he can cultivate enough skin to cover the burned places, he's going to move to a climate where it don't freeze once in a billion years. His wife, who was brought up in Sunday-school, thinks she has read of such a place in the Bible.

MY FIRST RECITAL.

I WAS seized with an ambition to appear in public once,

I was young and not bad looking, nor by any means a dunce;

But I little knew the trouble my wild desire would cause,

Or the woes of those who try to win the "popular applause."

I had no voice for singing, so my fancy took its flight;

I would study elocution and in public would recite;

So I bought a recitation, and I read it night and day,

Until without a single break, I every word could say.

I bought a book on action, and studied ease and grace,

And practised well, before the glass, each tragical grimace,

For I was of a sombre turn and loved dramatic rhyme,

Of haunted towers, and lover's sighs, and deeds of horrid crime.

I moved my eyebrows up and down, as tragic actors do,

And ate a pound of acid drops, and sticky jujubes too;

I practised deep tones, very deep, and growled like any bear,

Until my landlady would ask, "What is that noise up there?"

I joined a concert company, and had my name put down.

And thought my first appearance was the talk of half the town;

The piece I had selected was a splendid one to
 "go,"
 I had heard it oft recited by a fellow that I know.

And when you hear the title, I am sure you'll
 say "that's good,"
 'Twas the most dramatic poem ever written by
 Tom Hood ;
 I had seen the ladies clap their hands, and give
 a little scream—
 Now, can't you guess the title? It was "Eugene
 Aram's Dream!"

It's rather difficult because of the recurring
 rhyme,
 But I thought I had quite mastered that and now
 could bide my time.
 My name upon the programme gave me quite a
 sudden start,
 But I knew my words exactly, so I cheered my
 drooping heart,

And I practised more than ever in deep tones
 that tragic rhyme,
 And related all the details of the usher's horrid
 crime.
 And at last the wished-for evening came, as
 evenings ever will,
 For whatever *we* are doing *time* is never stand-
 ing still.

The spacious hall was crowded with an audience
 most select,
 And some most distinguished visitors whom we
 did not expect—
 A real *live* Lord and Lady, and the Mayor of
 Blanktown, too,
 With a fierce moustachioed Captain of the Royal
 Horse Guards blue,

The Vicar of the parish and Church wardens in
 a row,
 With crowds of gushing ladies, each with her
 special beau,

And one, I must confess it, the adored one of
 my heart,
 It was for her I tried to shine in this most tragic
 part.

There was carpet on the platform, and banners
 trailed the ground,
 And a scented water fountain threw its perfumed
 spray around ;
 And plants of tropic beauty in pots were bloom-
 ing there,
 You scarcely could imagine a scene more won-
 drous fair.

I looked at my adored one, with the glorious
 hazel eyes,
 And felt that her applause would be an all-suffi-
 cient prize.
 First a grand piano solo, then a chorus by the
 choir—
 I always had a notion that sweet music could
 inspire,

And give a soldier courage ; but the more I now
 reflect,
 I am quite sure that the music had an opposite
 effect,
 For although my head was burning I was tremb-
 ling like a leaf,
 Then I thought the songs might soothe me, but
 the songs were all too brief.
 When I looked upon the programme, and had
 marked off every name,
 It seemed as if my time t' appear like a flash of
 lightning came.
 I tried to feel collected, and as if I didn't care,
 But I felt my face was burning right away into
 my hair.

I stood just behind the platform, trying vainly
 to keep cool,
 And whispering softly to myself, "Be calm,
 don't be a fool!"
 When, smiling, our conductor round the corner
 popped his head,

"Come, look sharp, Mr. Whiffim, the platform waits!" he said.

Then I rushed upon the platform, nearly falling on my face,

And stood before the audience, glaring wildly into space.

When I saw the upturned faces, I'd have given the world to say,

"Please don't stare at me so rudely! Oh, do look the other way!"

Where were all my tragic actions, which their feelings must have stirred?

And, O horror! more important, where, oh where, was the *first word*!

Vainly stared I at the ceiling, vainly stared I at the floor,

Yes the words were quite forgotten, I had known so well before.

And I saw my own adored one hide her face behind her fan,

And a stout old lady murmured, "Dear me, what can ail the man?"

Then suddenly I remembered part of that most tragic rhyme,

And I waved my arms and shouted, "In the prime of summer time."

Why the audience laughed I know not, but they did, and I got mad,

It was not a comic poem, and to laugh was much too bad;

Then I thought about my action, when "some moody turns he took,"

And I tramped along the platform till the very rafters shook.

Then I reached the thrilling portion where the ladies *ought* to scream,

Then I said, "My lad, remember, this is nothing but a dream."

But to me it was a nightmare, awful, but, alas! too true;

How I wished the creaking platform would but break and let me through.

Oh! but for one drink of water, one to cool my burning tongue.

Then I stooped to lift the body, then again upward sprung;

I had clasped a splendid rose-bush, on my shoulder held it tight,

Then I plunged into the audience, scattering it wildly left and right.

And I dropped that splendid rose-bush on a stout old lady's lap,

And the branches got entangled with the ribbons of her cap.

Then I pulled it, waved it wildly, like a palm-branch high in air,

Wig and cap hung in the branches—the old lady's head was bare.

Wildly then I flung it from me, flung it ere I turned and fled,

And it struck the portly Rector, struck him on his shiny head.

Then the fierce moustachioed captain seized me with an angry shout,

Lifted me by the coat collar, and, yes, really, kicked me out.

Angelina, my adored one, passes me and does not bow,

Angelina goes out walking with another fellow now.

How I hate my wild ambition! I detest dramatic rhyme,

And the art of elocution I would punish as a crime.

For reciting may be pleasant if you don't aspire too high,

But before you say it's easy, do as I did—go and try.

W. A. EATON.

BABY IN CHURCH.

AUNT NELLIE had fashioned a dainty thing,
 Of Hamburg and ribbon and lace.
 And mamma had said, as she settled it round
 Our beautiful baby's face,
 'Where the dimples play and the laughter lies
 Like sunbeams hid in her violet eyes ;
 " If the day is pleasant and baby is good,
 She may go to church and wear her new hood."

Then Ben, aged six, began to tell,
 In elder-brotherly way,
 How very, very good she must be
 If she went to church next day.
 He told of the church, the choir, and the crowd,
 And the man up in front who talked so loud ;
 But she must not talk, nor laugh, nor sing.
 But just sit as quiet as anything.

And so, on a beautiful Sabbath in May,
 When the fruit-buds burst into flowers,
 (There wasn't a blossom on bush or tree
 So fair as this blossom of ours,)
 All in her white dress, dainty and new,
 Our baby sat in the family pew.
 The grand, sweet music, reverent air,
 The solemn hush, and the voice of prayer

Filled all her baby soul with awe,
 As she sat in her little place,
 And the holy look that the angels wear
 Seemed pictured upon her face.

And the sweet words uttered so long ago
 Come into my mind with a rhythmic flow ;
 " Of such is the kingdom of heaven," said He,
 And I knew that He spake of such as she.

The sweet-voiced organ pealed forth again,
 The collection-box came round,
 And baby dropped her penny in,
 And smiled at the clinking sound.
 Alone in the choir Aunt Nellie stood,
 Waiting the close of the soft prelude,
 To begin her solo. High and strong,
 She struck the first note ; clear and long

She held it, and all were charmed but one,
 Who, with all the might she had,
 Sprang to her little feet and cried :
 "*Aunt Nellie yours being bad !*"

The audience smiled, the minister coughed,
 The little boys in the corner laughed,
 The tenor man shook like an aspen leaf,
 And hid his face in his handkerchief.

And poor Aunt Nellie never could tell
 How she finished that terrible strain,
 But says that nothing on earth would tempt
 Her to go through the scene again.
 So, we have decided perhaps 'tis best,
 For her sake, ours, and all the rest,
 That we wait, maybe, for a year or two,
 Ere our baby re-enter the family pew.

THE BICYCLE AND THE PUP.

THIS is a bicycle man, o'er his broken wheel,
 That grieveth himself full sore.
 For the joy of its newness his heart shall
 feel,
 Alack and alas ! no more.

When the bright sun tippeth the hills with gold,
 That rider upriseth gay,
 And with hat all be-ribboned and heart that is
 bold,

Pursueth his jaunty way.
 He gazeth at folks in the lowly crowd
 With a most superior air.
 He thinketh ha ! ha ! and he smileth aloud
 As he masheth the maiden fair.

Oh, he masheth her much in his nice new
 clothes,
 Nor seeth the cheerful pup,


Till he roots up the road with his proud, proud
nose,
While the little wheel tilteth up.

Oh, that youth on his knees—though he doth
not pray!
Is a pitiful sight to see,

For his pants in their utterest part give way,
While merrily laugheth she.

And that bicycle man in his heart doth feel
That the worst of unsanctified jokes
Is the small dog that sniffeth anon at his wheel
But getteth mixed up in the spokes.

PAT'S LOVE.

 CH hone, and it's Biddy McClooney,
For whom me sowl is disazed,
And the heart in me head is grown looney,
And the brains in me bosom is crazed.
I have lost all me love for pertaties—
My affliction for inyuns and pork,
For she is the finest of ladies
That walks on the State of Ne' York.

Me life with her worship runs over,
Like a hod full of mortar; I'm sick;
And me moments with mimeries of her
Are as full as a hod full of brick.
I think of her always and longer,
From night until morning, and back;
My love than good whisky is shtonger,
And burdens me down like a pack.

Her mouth is so sweet, and her kisses
Are the rarest and best of the sort;
And her voice, when she's washing the dishes,
Makes me jump like the cry of "More
mort."


Her hair is as red as the raven's,
And faith don't I worship the same
When 'tis curled just like carpenter's shav
ings,
Or I see 't in the butther or crame!

Her eyes when she's mad they are frish,
And had they a voice they could speak,
She's the best of her sex, and that's Irish,
And she's thirty almost to a week.
She can take her own part at the table
In a way that could never be bate,
And I wish 'twas myself that was able
To buy all the victuals she'd ate.

She has sworn on a stack of pertaties
Some day to be mine she'd consint;
And shure as me name is O'Gradies
If she should change her intint
I would grow to the weight of a shadder,
And hardly know what I was at;
I'd drop from a six-story ladder,
And make it the last of poor Pat.

JOE TOT, JR.

MERRY MIKE.

 MERRY MIKE from the door bounded
off to his play,
With his head in his hat on a blustery
day;
When the wind of a sudden came frolicking
down
And lifted Mike's hat from his round little
crown.

Don't you call that funny, I'd like to know?
Then he made up his mind to return to the
house,
But the merry wind pushed itself under his
blouse,
And it roared and it roared, and he puffed as he
ran,
Till it just knocked over this queer little man.



THE DAUGHTER OF THE REGIMENT—SUGGESTION FOR A TABLEAU



"Ho! ho! ho!" said Mike, and he said "ha!
ha! ha!
I'll get up again, old wind, you see."

Then the wind with a flurry of bluster and
racket
Went crowding and crowding under his jacket,
And it lifted him off of his two little feet,
And carried him bodily over the street.

Mike laughed ha! na! ha! and he laughed
ho! ho! ho!

But the wind, with its antics, was plainly not
through,
For fiercer and fiercer, and fiercer it blew,
Till making one effort of fury intense
It carried Mike bodily over the fence.

He met there a somewhat discouraged old cow,
That had blown thither too, though he failed to
see how,
Then he smiled and said, "Make yourself easy,
my friend,
Only keep your mind quiet and things will soon
mend,"
Mike laughed ha! ha! ha! and he laughed ho!
ho! ho!
"For the wind is just playing, old cow, you know."

As he scampered off home, what above should
he see

But the roof of a shed that had lodged in a tree;
And he laughed and he laughed till his sides
fairly ached,

For, he said, this is better than wedding or wake
And he roared, ha! ha! ha! ho! ho! ho!

"That boy," say the terrified folks of the town,
"He would laugh just the same if the sky
tumbled down."

"Indeed, and I would," answered Mike, with a
grin,

"For I might get a piece with a lot of stars in."
And he chuckled, he! he! he! and he chuckled,
ho! ho! ho!

The very idea delighted him so.

His father complained to the priest, "Now, I
say,

Mike never stops laughing by night or by day."

"Let him laugh," spoke the priest, "he will
change by and by;

'Tis better to laugh than to grumble and cry:
It's the *way* with the lad; let him laugh if he
like,

And be glad you've a son that's as merry as
Mike."

SAVED BY A GHOST.

YES, sir, I *do* believe in ghosts. *Why?*
Well, sir, because I saw one once.
Tell you about it? Well, sir, I will, if
you'll set down an' listen. 'Taint very much to
tell, but it was a good deal to see, you can jest
bet your life, an' I never go by the place when I
see it without feelin' kind o' scary.

Lem' me see. 'Twas in '60. I was jest
beginnin' my work on this road that year. I'd
been on a road out West, but a friend got me
the position here that I've kep' ever sence.

It was a rainy, disagreeable day when the affair
I'm goin' to tell you about happened. Jest one o'
them days that makes a feller feel blue in spite
of himself, an' he can't tell why, neither, 'less
he lays it all to the weather.

I don't know what made 'me feel so, but it
seemed as if there was danger ahead ever after
we left Wood's Station. An' what made it seem
so curious was that the feelin' o' danger come on
me all to once. It was jest about four o'clock,
as near as I can tell. Anyway, jest about the
time when the down express must have got safely
by the place where what I'm goin' to tell you
about happened, I was a-standin' with one hand
on a lever, a-lookin' ahead through the drizzlin'
rain, feelin' chilly an' kinder downhearted, as
I've said, though I didn't know why, when, all
of a sudden, the idea come to me that somethin'
was wrong somewhere. It took hold o' me an'
I couldn't get red of it, nohow.

It got dark quite early, on account o' the fog

an' the rain; it was dark as pitch afore we left Holbrook which was the last station we passed afore we come to the place where I see the ghost.

"I never felt so queer in my life afore," said Jimmy, the firemen, to me, all of a sudden.

As I was feelin' queer myself, he kinder startled me, a-sayin' what he did.

"Why! What d'ye mean?" said I, without lettin' on that I felt uneasy myself.

"Do' know," answered Jimmy; "can't tell how I do feel, on'y as if suthin' was goin' to happen."

That was jest it! I felt the same thing, an' I told him so, an' we talked about it till we both got real figety.

There's a purty sharp curve about twenty miles from Holbrook. The road makes a turn round a mountain, an' the river runs below ye, about forty feet, or seech a matter. It is a pokerish lookin' place when you happen to be goin' over it an' think what 'ud be if the train should pitch over the bluff inter the river.

Wall, we got to the foot o' the mountain jest where the curve begins. The light from the head-lamp lit up the track and made it bright as day, about as fur as from me to the fence yonder, ahead o' the engine. Outside o' that spot, all was dark as you ever see it, I'll bet.

All to once I see suthin' right ahead, in the bright light. We allers run slow round this curve, so I could see distinct. My hair riz right up, I tell ye, fer what I see was a man a-standin' right in the middle o' the track, a-wavin' his hands; an' I grabbed hold o' the lever an' whistled down brakes, an' stopped the train as fast as ever I could, fer ye see I thought 'twas a live man. An' Jimmy he see it too, an' turned round to me with an awful scart face, fer he thought sure he'd be run over.

But I began to see 'twan't any flesh-and-blood man afore the train come to a stop, for it seemed to glide right along over the track, keepin' jest about so fer ahead of us all the time.

"It's a ghost," cried Jimmy, a grabbin' me by the arm. "You can see right through him."

An' we could!

Yes, sir, we could. When I come to notice it, the figger ahead of us was a kind of foggy-lookin' thing, and only half hid anything that was behind it. But it was jest as much like a man as you be, an' you'd a said the same thing if you'd a seen it.

The train stopped. An' then, sir, what d'ye think happened?

Well sir, that *thing* jest grew thinner an' thinner, till it seemed to blend right in with the fog that was all around it, and the fust we knew 'twas gone!

"It *was* a ghost!" said Jimmy, in a whisper. "I knew somethin' was a-goin' to happen, 'cause I felt so queer like."

They come a crowdin' up to find why I'd stopped the train, an' I swear I never felt so kind o' queer and foolish as I did when I told 'em what I'd seen 'cause I knew they didn't b'leeve in ghosts, most likely, an' they'd think I was drunk or crazy.

"He see it, too," sez I, a pointin' to Jimmy.

"Yes, 'fore God, I did," sez Jimmy, solemn as if he was a witness on the stand.

"This is a pretty how-d'ye-do," sez the conductor, who didn't b'leeve we'd seen anything. "I'm surprised at you, Connell; I thought you was a man o' sense."

"I thought so, too," sez I, "but I can't help what I see. If I was a dyin' this minnit I'd swear I see a man on the track, or leastwise the ghost of one. I thought 'twas a real man when I whistled."

"An' so would I," sez Jimmy.

The conductor couldn't help seein' that we was in earnest, an' b'leeved what we said.

"Take a lantern an' go along the track," sez he, to some o' the men.

An' they did. An' what d'ye s'pose they found?

Well, sir, they found the rails all tore up jest at the spot where the train would a shot over the bluff into the river if it had gone on!

Yes, sir; they found that, an' I tell you there was some pretty solemn lookin' faces when it got

among the passengers how near we'd been to death.

"I never b'leeved in ghosts," sez the conductor, "but I b'leeve you see *somethin'*, Connell, an' you've saved a precious lot o' lives. That's a sure thing."

Well, sir, they went to huntin' round, an' they found a lot o' tools an' things that the men who'd tore up the rails had left in a hurry, when they found the train wasn't goin' over the bluff as they'd expected. An' they found, too, when it come light, the body o' the man whose busi-

ness it was to see to the curve, where it had been hid away after bein' murdered. An' that man was the man whose ghost we had seen.

Yes, sir. He'd come to warn us o' the danger ahead after the men had killed him an' was a-waitin' for us to go over the rocks to destruction. An' he'd saved us.

I found out afterward that there was a lot o' money on board, an' I s'pose the men who tore up the track knew it.

So that's my ghost story, an' it's a true one, sir.

EBEN E. REXFORD.

WIDDER BUDD.

I 'M fifty, I'm fair, an' without a gray hair,

An' I feel just ez young ez a girl.

When I think o' Zerrubbabel Lee, I declare
It sets me all into a whirl.

Last night he wuz here, an' I told him to
"clear"—

An' my! How supprised he did look:

Perhaps I was rash, but he's after my *cash*—

I see through his plans like a book.

Some offers I've had that I can not call bad,

There was Deacon Philander Breezee;

I'd a sartin sed *Yez*, when he wanted a kiss,

Ef he hadn't so flustrated me.

It took me so quick that it felt like a kick—

I flew all to pieces at once;

Sez I, "You kin go—I'm not wanting a beau;"

I acted, I know, like a dunce.

Sez ne, ez he rose, "I hev come to propose."

I stopped him afore he began:

Sez I, "You kin go, an' see Hepzibah Stow—

I won't be tied down to a man."

"Mariar," ses he, 'Widder Tompkins an' me

Kin strike up a bargain, I know;

An', seein' ez we can't decide to agree,

I guess that I better hed go."

He picked up his hat from the chair where it sat

An' solemnly started away.

Sez I, with a look that I'm *sure* he mistook,

"You're perfectly welcome to stay."

My face got ez red ez our old waggin-shed—

I thought for the land I should melt.

Sez he, "I am done. Good night, leetle one,"

I *wish* he'd a known how I felt.

To-day, Isaac Beers, with his snickers and sneers,

Whose face is ez ugly ez sin,

Dropped in jest to see about buyin' my steers,

An' tickled the mole on my chin.

Sez I, "You jest quit; I don't like you a bit;

You can't come your sawder on me.

You'd better behave till Jane's cold in her grave,

Your manners is ruther too free."

When dear David died (sniff—sniff), ez 'sot
by his side (sniff—sniff);

He ketched up my hand in his own (sniff—
sniff);

He squeezed it awhile (sniff—sniff) an' he sez
with a smile (sniff—sniff),

"You'll soon be a widder alone (sniff—sniff—
sniff),

An' when I am gone (sniff—sniff) don't you
fuss an' take on (sniff—sniff),

Like old Widder Dorothy Day (sniff—sniff).

Look out fur your tin (sniff—sniff) if you marry
agin (sniff—sniff),

Nor throw your affections away (sniff—sniff—sniff).

My children hev grown, an' have homes o' their own—

They're doin' ez well ez they can (*wipes her eyes and nose*):

An' I'm gettin' sick o' this livin' alone—

I wouldn't mind havin' a man.

Fur David hez gone to the mansion above—

His body is cold in the ground,

Ef you know of a man who would marry for love,

Jest find him an' send him around.

MR. SANSRIPT'S SLIDE DOWN HILL.

THE boys were coasting down the hill last evening when John Sanscript and his wife came along. They had been visiting some friends and were on their way home.

"Just see them boys, now," said John, as he braced up at the street crossing. "It really reminds me of the days when I was a lad. Do you know, Jane, that I used to coast down hill on a sled that way?"

"Did you, John?"

"Why, yes; but that was fifty years ago."

Sanscript scratched his head contemptively and then muttered sotto voce: "I think I'll try it again."

"Try what, dear?" anxiously asked Mrs. S.

"I'm going to coast just once, to revive recollections of fifty years ago."

"Now, John, if I were *yōu*—"

"But you are not me, so don't interfere. Here sonny" (to a lad who had just puffed up the hill with his sled); "here, sonny, I'll give you a quarter to let me slide down on your sled once."

The bargain was eagerly nailed and clinched.

"Be keerful, old man," urged the boy, as Sanscript squatted rather awkwardly on the sled; "be keerful, I say, and don't let her flunk one way or t'other till she springs up, or you will git mashed."

"Never mind, yonker," assured John; "I've been here afore, some years afore, but—"

But what will never be known, for just then the sled of its own accord started down hill, and even John himself has not since been able to recall what he was about to observe. The surprise at the sled's unexpected movement was general.

"Look out!" yelled the boy.

"O John!" screamed Mrs. Sanscript.

"Whoa there!" yelled John.

But the sled wouldn't whoa. It seemed to have set off down the hill to beat its best time. John had chance only to clutch hold of both sides and hold his breath for fear the wind would blow off the top of his head. The only thought he had time to foster was that the boy must have greased the sled's runners as a practical joke. And if this was coasting, he had never coasted, if his recollection had served him right.

Two-thirds the way down the hill the sled struck an ice hammock, and immediately his course was changed to a parabolic curve.

Wack! bang! clash! clink!

The bringing up was awfully sudden and uncertain. Sanscript and the sled disappeared as abruptly as a shooting star. The latter lay shivered to atoms against a lamp-post, and Sanscript lay shivering in the grocery cellar just opposite. When the off-runner of the sled collided with the lamp-post and stopped the vehicle, Sanscript rose like a circus-leaper and went right on, turning twenty somersaults to the second. He went through the grocery window as the circus-leaper goes through a paper hoop. All the ginger-bread horses and candy apples and other Christmas luxuries were disarranged, of course. One of Sanscript's feet struck a cheese on the counter, scattering the skippers in consternation. The old coaster bounced five feet at an obtuse angle, touching again for a second at the top step of the cellar stairs in the rear of the store, and then, continuing like a diver into the Plutonic depth below, he went feet foremost through the head of a hogshhead filled with some-

thing soft. At first he was uncertain whether the contents were Orleans molasses or melted glucose. Before he had time to investigate, the grocer and two policemen came down. The unhappy old boy was lifted out of his sweet pickle and hauled off to the station-house, on a charge of malicious destruction of property. The grocer appeared soon after and compromised upon John paying the following bill:

Window sash	\$10 00
Crushed cheese	12 00
Hogshead molasses	48 20
Christmas goods	1 16
<hr/>	
Total	\$71 36

Then the boy came in with a bill of \$5 for his sled, to say nothing of the loss of a suit of clothes, a surgeon's bill for plastering sundry skinned surfaces, and the bill of a hackman who conveyed the fainting wife home. In the cooler moments of afterthought Sanscript reckoned it up and discovered that it had cost him \$109.78 to recall recollections of fifty years ago, and required but one minute and five seconds of old Father Time in which to do the recollecting.

He is not quite sure that it pays to be an old boy, and he is firmly resolved that if he ever recovers and wishes to go down that hill again, he will walk.

AIN'T HE CUTE.

ARRAYED in snow-white pants and vest
And other raiment fair to view,
I stood before my sweetheart Sue,—
The charming creature I love best.
“Tell me, and does my costume suit?”
I asked that apple of my eye,
And then the charmer made reply—
“Oh, yes, you do look awful cute!”

Although I frequently had heard
My sweetheart vent her pleasure so,

I must confess I did not know
The meaning of that favorite word.

But presently at window side
We stood and watched the passing throng
And soon a donkey passed along
With ears like sails extending wide.
And gazing at the doleful brute
My sweetheart gave a merry cry,—
I quote her language with a sigh,—
“O Charlie, ain't he awful cute?”

WHAT ADAM MISSED.

ADAM never knew what 'twas to be a boy,
To wheedle pennies from a doting sire,
With which to barter for some pleasing toy,
Or calm the rising of a strong desire

To suck an orange. Nor did he
E'er cast the shuttlecock to battledoor;
Nor were his trousers ever out at knee,
From playing marbles on the kitchen floor.

He never skated o'er the frozen rill,
When winter's covering o'er the earth was
spread;
Nor ever glided down the slippery hill,
With pretty girls upon his trusty sled.

He never swung upon his father's gate,
Or slept in sunshine on the cellar door,
Nor roasted chestnuts at the kitchen grate,
Nor spun his humming top upon the floor.

He ne'er amused himself with rows of bricks,
So set, if one fall, all come down;
Nor gazed delighted at the funny tricks
Of harlequin or traveling circus clown.

By gradual growth he never reached the age
When cruel Cupid first invokes his art,
And stamps love's glowing lesson, page by page,
Upon the tablets of a youngling's heart.

He never wandered forth on moonlight nights,
 With her he loved above all earthly things;
 Nor tried to mount old Pindar's rocky heights,
 Because he fancied love had lent him wings.

He never tripped it o'er the ball-room floor,
 Where love and music intertwine their charms,

Nor wandered listless by the sandy shore,
 Debarred the pleasures of his lady's arms.

For Adam,—so at least it has been said
 By many an ancient and a modern sage,—
 Before a moment of his life had fled,
 Was fully *thirty years of age!*

GUNN'S LEG.

A GOOD deal of interest was felt in the case of Gunn vs. Barclay, which was tried recently in the Blank County Court. It involved the question of the ownership of Gunn's right leg. Gunn related the facts of the case as follows:

You see, one day last winter, while I was shoveling snow off the roof of my house, I slipped and fell over on the pavement below. When they picked me up they found that my right leg was fractured. Dr. Barclay examined it and gave it as his opinion that mortification would be certain to set in unless that leg came off. So I told him he'd better chop it away. And he went round to his office, and presently he came back with a butcher knife and a cross-cut saw and a lot of rags. Then they chloroformed me, and while I was asleep they removed that leg. When I came to I felt pretty comfortable, and the doctor, after writing some prescriptions, began wrapping my off leg up in an old newspaper; then he tucked the bundle under his arm and began to move toward the door. I was watching him all the time, and I hallooed at him:

"Where in the mischief are you going with that leg of mine?"

"I'm not going anywhere with that leg of yours," he said. "But I am going home with my leg."

"Well, you'd better drop it," said I. "It belongs to me, and I want it for a keepsake."

And you know he faced me down about it,—said when a doctor saved a man apart, he always took the amputated member as one of his perquisites; and he said that, as it was his legal

right to take something on such occasions, it was merely optional with him whether he took the leg, or left the leg and took me; but he preferred the leg. And when I asked him what he wanted with it, anyway, he said he was going to put it in a glass jar, full of alcohol, and stand it in his office. Then I told him it shocked my modesty to think of a bare leg of mine being put on exhibition in that manner, with no pantaloons on: but he said he thought he could stand it.

But I protested. I said I had had that leg a good many years, and I felt sort of attached to it. I knew all its little ways. I would feel lonely without it. Who would tend to the corns that I had cared for so long? Who would treat the bunion with the proper degree of delicacy? Who would rub the toes with liniment when they got frosted? And who would keep the shin from being kicked? No one could do it as well as I could, because I felt an interest in the leg; felt sociable and friendly, and acquainted with it. But Barclay said he thought he could attend to it, and it would do the corns good to be soaked in alcohol.

And I told him I'd heard that, even after a man lost a limb, if any one hurt that limb the original owner felt it, and I told Barclay I would not trust him not to tread on my toes, and stick pins in my calf, and make me suffer every time he had a grudge against me; and he said he didn't know, maybe he would if I didn't use him right.

And I wanted to know what was to hinder him, if he felt like it, taking the bone out of the leg and making part of it up into knife-handles and suspender buttons, and working the

rest up into some kind of a clarionet with finger holes punched in the sides. I could stand a good deal, I said, even if I had only one leg; but I couldn't bear to think of a man going around the community serenading girls with tunes played on one of my bones—a bone, too, that I felt a good deal of affection for. If he couldn't touch a girl's heart without serenading her with one of my bones, why he better remain single.

We blathered away for about an hour, and at last he said he was disgusted with so much bosh about a ridiculous bit of meat and muscle, and he wrapped the paper around the leg again and rushed out of the door for home.

When I sued him, and the case came up in court, the judge instructed the jury that the evidence that a leg belonged to a man was that

he had it, and as Barclay had this leg, the presumption was that it was his. But no man was ever known to have three legs and as Barclay thus had three the second presumption was that it was not his.

But as Gunn did not have it, the law could not accept the theory that it was Gunn's leg, and consequently the law couldn't tell who under the sun the leg belonged to, and the jury would have to guess at it. So the jury brought in a verdict against both of us, and recommended that in the uncertainty that existed, the leg should be buried. The leg was lying during the trial out in the vestibule of the court room, and we found afterward that during the trial Bill Wood's dog had run off with it, and that settled the thing. Queer, wasn't it.

TREADWATER JIM.

‘**W**HO'S DAT?—W'y dat's Treadwater Jim,

De wust little nigger in town;
What de folkes all sez dey'll hang him,
'Kase why, hit don't seem he kin drown!
He keeps hisself dere in de watah
'Bout half ob his time in de year;
An' ef he's got any home round hyar
Hits out on de eend ob dat pier!

“Well, de name what's he's got—it was gin him

By folkes what was kno'in de facks,
Fer dey sed dat sum title was due him
'Kase he'd done wun de nobles' of acks!
Ob koarse I kin tell yer de story,
'Kase I was rite dare on de spot,
An' ef Jim is entutl'd to glory
He fa'rly earnt all dat he's got!

“Yer see, hit waz out on de wahf, dar,
Wun sunshiny mawnin in May,
Dat er little chile up from de Nawf, sah,
Wuz tooken out dar fer ter play;
An' Jim wuz out dar wid his fish line,

An' de nuss warn't a-watchin' de chile,
So hit walked off rite inter de brine
At dat corner dar by de big pile.

“Well, den dar wuz skreamin' and cryin'
Fum all de folkes round on de pier.
But Jim seed hit warn't no use tryin'
Ter reskew de chile fum up heah—
So he tuck er long dive fer de watah
An' struck whar de chile hed gone down,
An' hit tuck him so long fer ter fine hit
De people tho't bofe 'em would drown.

“But purty soon out in de stream dar
Er kinky black hed cum in sight,
An' helt close ter his bres' wif bofe han's, sah
Wuz de baby all limpy an' white!
Den de moufs ob de peeples wuz opened
In er long an' enkuridgin shout!
‘Cum on wid de bote, men!’ Jim hollered—
‘I'll tread watah ontill yer get out!’

“Den dey bent ter der ores like Marsters,
An' flew ter whar Jim, wid de chile,
Wuz doin' his bes' ter keep floatin'
But weak'unin' hiz lick a'le while,

Dey brought de two heah ter de landin',
 An' de mother wuz crazy wid joy,
 While de fater jiss retched fer dat darkey
 An' hugged him ez do' his own boy!

'So, yer see, dat's de reezin dey gib him
 De name dat yer heered me jess call—

An' nobody boddies along wid Jim,
 An' he does ez he pleazes wid all!
 Ob koarse, what he done wuz right brave, sah,
 An' mebbe wuz worthy er crown—
 But Jim!—Well, Jim's jess de blamedes'
 No 'count little nigger in town!"

SAMUEL W. SMALL.

EXPERIENCE WITH A REFRACTORY COW.

[To be most effective, this piece should be given in costume.]

WE used to keep a cow when we lived in the country, and sich a cow! Law sakes! Why, she used to come to be milked as reg'lar as clock-work. She'd knock at the gate with her horns, jest as sensible as any other human critter.

Her name was Rose. I never knowed how she got that name, for she was black as a kittle.

Well, one day Rose got sick, and wouldn't eat nothing, poor thing! and a day or so arter she died. I raly do believe I cried when that poor critter was gone. Well, we went for a little spell without a cow, but I told Mr. Scruggins it wouldn't do, no way nor no how; and he gin in. Whenever I said *must* Mr. Scruggins knowed I meant it. Well, a few days arter, he come home with the finest cow and young calf you ever seed. He gin thirty dollars for her and the calf, and seventy-five cents to a man to help bring her home.

Well, they drove her into the back yard, and Mr. Scruggins told me to come out and see her, and I did; and I went up to her jest as I used to did to Rose, and when I said "Poor Sukey," would you believe it? the nasty brute kicked me right in the fore part of my back; her foot catthed into my dress—bran-new dress, too—cost fifty cents a yard, and she took a dollar's worth right out as clean as the back of my hand.

I screeched right out and Mr. Scruggins kotched me jest as I was dropping, and he carried me to the door, and I went in and sot down. I felt kind o' faintish, I was so abominable skeered.

Mr. Scruggins said he would larn her better

manners, so he picked up the poker and went out, but I had hardly began to get a leetle strengthened up afore in rushed my dear husband a-flourishing the poker, and that vicious cow arter him like all mad. Mr. Scruggins jumped into the room, and, afore he had time to turn round and shut the door, that desperate brute was in, too.

Mr. Scruggins got up on the dining-room table, and I run into the parlor. I thought I'd be safe there, but I was skeered so bad that I forgot to shut the door, and, sakes alive! after hooking over the dining-room table and rolling Mr. Scruggins off, in she walked into the parlor, shaking her head as much as to say: "I'll give you a touch now." I jumped on a chair, but thinking that warn't high enough, I got one foot on the brass knob of the Franklin stove, and put the other on the mantel-piece. You ought to ha' seen that cow in our parlor; she looked all round as if she was 'mazed; at last she looked in the looking-glass, and thought she seed another cow exhibiting anger like herself; she shuck her head and pawed the carpet, and so did her reflection, and—would you believe it?—that awful brute went right into my looking-glass.

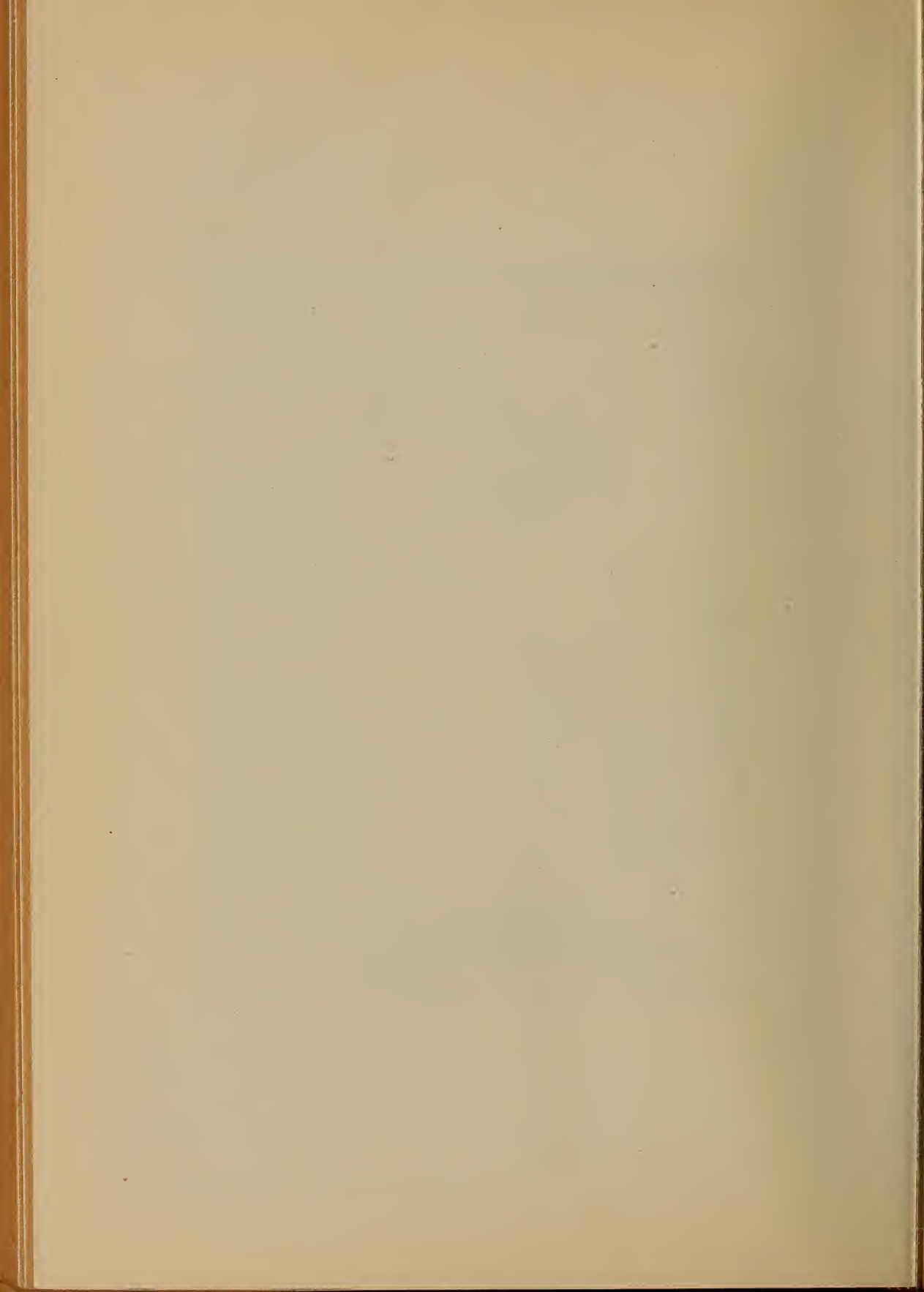
Then I boo-hoo'd right out. All this while I was getting agonized; the brass knob on the stove got so hot that I had to sit on the narrow mantel-piece and hold on to nothing. I dussent move for fear I'd slip off.

Mr. Scruggins came round to the front door, but it was locked, and then he come to the window and opened it. I jumped down and run for the window, and hadn't more'n got my



PHOTO. BY MORRISON, CHICAGO

A HUMOROUS RECITATION



head out afore I heard that critter a-coming after me. Gracious! but I was in a hurry; more haste, less speed, always; for the more I tried to climb quick the longer it took, and just as I got ready to jump down, that brute of a cow kitched me in the back and turned me over and over out of the window.

Well, when I got right side up, I looked at the window and there stood that cow, with her head between the white and red curtains, and another piece of my dress dangling on her horns.

Well, my husband and me was jest starting for the little alley that runs alongside of the house, when the cow give a bawl, and out of the window she come, whisking her tail, which had kitched fire on the Franklin stove, and it served her right.

Mr. Scruggins and me run into the alley in such haste we got wedged fast. Husband tried to get ahead, but I'd been in the rear long enough, and I wouldn't let him. That dreadful cow no sooner seen us in the alley, than she made a dash, but thank goodness! she stuck fast, too.

Husband tried the gate, but that was fast, and there wasn't nobody inside the house to open it.

Mr. Scruggins wanted to climb over and unbolt it, but I wouldn't let him. I wasn't going to be left alone again with that desperate cow, even if she was fast; so I made him help me over the gate. Oh, dear, climbing a high gate when you're skeered by a cow is a dreadful thing, and I know it!

Well, I got over, let husband in, and then it took him and me and four other neighbors to get that dreadful critter out of the alley. She bellowed and kicked, and her calf bellowed to her, and she bawled back again; but we got her out at last, and such a time! I'd had enough of her; husband sold her for twenty dollars next day. It cost him seventy-five cents to get her to market, and when he tried to pass off one of the five dollar bills he got, it turned out to be a counterfeit.

Mr. Scruggins said to his dying day that he believed the brother of the man that sold him the cow bought it back again. I believe it helped to worry my poor husband into his grave. Ah, my friends, you better believe I know what a cow is. I don't need an introduction to any female of the cow species.

THE RAILROAD CROSSING.

I CAN'T tell much about the thing, 'twas done so powerful quick;

But 'pears to me I got a most outlandish heavy lick:

It broke my leg, and tore my skulp, and jerked my arm most out.

But take a seat: I'll try and tell jest how it kem about.

You see, I'd started down to town, with that 'ere team of mine,

A-haulin' down a load o' corn to Ebenezer Kline,

And drivin' slow; for, jest about a day or two before,

The off-horse run a splinter in his foot. and made it sore.

You know the railroad cuts across the road at Martin's Hole:

Well, thar I seed a great big sign, raised high upon a pole;

I thought I'd stop and read the thing, and find out what it said,

And so I stopped the hosses on the railroad-track, and read.

I ain't no scholar, rekollect, and so I had to spell,

I started kinder cautious like, with R-A-I-and L;

And that spelt "rail" as clear as mud; R-Q-A-D was "road."

I lumped 'em: "railroad" was the word, and that 'ere much I knowed.

C-R-O and double S, with I-N-G to boot,
 Made "crossing" jest as plain as Noah Webster
 dared to do't.
 "Railroad crossing"—good enough!—L double-
 O-K, "look,"
 And I was lookin' all the time, and spellin' like
 a book.

O-U-T spelt "out" jest right; and there it was,
 "look out,"
 It's kinder cur'us, like, to know jest what 'twas
 all about;
 F-O-R and T-H-E; 'twas then "look out for
 the—"
 And then I tried the next word; it commenced
 with E-N-G.

I'd got that 'tween suddenly there came an
 awful whack;
 A thousand fiery thunderbolts just scooped me
 off the track:
 The hosses went to Davy Jones, the wagon went
 to smash,
 And I was histed seven yards above the tallest ash.
 I didn't come to life ag'in fur 'bout a day or
 two;
 But, though I'm crippled up a heap, I sorter
 struggled through;
 It ain't the pain, nor 'tain't the loss o' that 'ere
 team of mine;
 But, stranger, how I'd like to know the rest of
 that 'ere sign! HEZEKIAH STRONG.

THE FIRST CLIENT

JOHAN SMITH, a young attorney, just admitted to the bar,
 Was solemn and sagacious as—as young attorneys are;
 And a frown of deep abstraction held the seizin
 of his face—
 The result of contemplation of the rule in
 Shelley's case.
 One day in term-time Mr. Smith was sitting in
 the court,
 When some good men and true of the body of
 the county did on their oath report,
 That heretofore, to wit: upon the second day of
 May,
 A. D. 1895, about the hour of noon, in the
 county and State aforesaid, one Joseph
 Scroggs, late of said county, did then
 and there feloniously take, steal and
 carry away
 One bay horse, of the value of fifty dollars,
 more or less
 (The same then and there being of the property,
 goods and chattels of one Hezekiah Hess),
 Contrary to the statute in such case expressly
 made

And provided; and against the peace and
 dignity of the State wherein the venue
 had been laid.
 The prisoner, Joseph Scroggs, was then arraigned
 upon this charge,
 And plead not guilty, and of this he threw him-
 self upon the country at large;
 And said Joseph being poor, the court did grac-
 iously appoint
 Mr. Smith to defend him—much on the same
 principle that obtains in every charity
 hospital, where a young medical student
 is often set to rectify a serious injury to
 an organ or a joint.
 The witnesses seemed prejudiced against poor
 Mr. Scroggs;
 And the District Attorney made a thrilling
 speech, in which he told the jury that if
 they didn't find for the State he reckoned
 he'd have to "walk their logs;"
 Then Mr. Smith arose and made his speech for
 the defense,
 Wherein he quoted Shakespeare, Blackstone,
 Chitty, Archibald, Joaquin Miller, Story,
 Kent, Tupper, Smedes and Marshall, and

many other writers, and everybody said they "never heerd sich a bust of eloquence."

And he said "On *this* hypothesis my client must go free ;"

And: "Again on *this* hypothesis, it's morally impossible that he could be guilty, don't you see ?"

And: "Then, on *this* hypothesis, you really can't convict ;"—

And so on, with forty-six more hypotheses, upon none of which, Mr. Smith ably demonstrated, could Scroggs be derelict.

But the jury, never stirring from the box wherein they sat,

Returned a verdict of "guilty ;" and his Honor straightway sentenced Scroggs to a three years term in the penitentiary, and a heavy fine, and the costs on top of that, And the prisoner, in wild delight, got up and danced and sung ;

And when they asked him the reason of this strange behavior, he said: "It's because I got off so easy—for if there'd ha' been a few more of them darned *hypothesises*, I should certainly have been hung !"

IRWIN RUSSELL.

THE MOVEMENT CURE FOR RHEUMATISM.

ONE day, not a great while ago, Mr. Middlerib read in his favorite paper a paragraph copied from the *Prager Landwirthschaftliches Wochenblatt*, a German paper, which is an accepted authority on such points, stating that the sting of a bee was a sure cure for rheumatism, and citing several remarkable instances in which people had been perfectly cured by this abrupt remedy. Mr. Middlerib did not stop to reflect that a paper with such a name as that would be very apt to say anything ; he only thought of the rheumatic twinges that grappled his knees once in a while, and made life a burden to him.

He read the article several times, and pondered over it. He understood that the stinging must be done scientifically and thoroughly. The bee, as he understood the article, was to be gripped by the ears and set down upon the rheumatic joint, and held there until it stung itself stingless. He had some misgivings about the matter. He knew it would hurt. He hardly thought it could hurt any worse than the rheumatism, and it had been so many years since he was stung by a bee that he had almost forgotten what it felt like. He had, however, a general feeling that it would hurt some. But desperate diseases required desperate remedies, and Mr.

Middlerib was willing to undergo any amount of suffering if it would cure his rheumatism.

He contracted with Master Middlerib for a limited supply of bees. There were bees and bees, humming and buzzing about in the summer air, but Mr. Middlerib did not know how to get them. He felt, however, that he could depend upon the instincts and methods of boyhood. He knew that if there was any way in heaven or earth whereby the shyest bee that ever lifted a 200-pound man off the clover, could be induced to enter a wide-mouthed glass bottle, his son knew that way.

For the small sum of one dime Master Middlerib agreed to procure several, to-wit: six bees, age not specified ; but as Mr. Middlerib was left in uncertainty as to the race, it was made obligatory upon the contractor to have three of them honey, and three humble, or in the generally accepted vernacular, bumble bees. Mr. Middlerib did not tell his son what he wanted those bees for, and the boy went off on his mission, with his head so full of astonishment that it fairly whirled. Evening brings all home, and the last rays of the declining sun fell upon Master Middlerib with a short, wide-mouthed bottle comfortably populated with hot, ill-natured bees, and Mr. Middlerib and a dime.

The dime and the bottle changed hands and the boy was happy.

Mr. Middlerib put the bottle in his coat pocket and went into the house, eyeing everybody he met very suspiciously, as though he had made up his mind to sting to death the first person that said "bee" to him. He confided his guilty secret to none of his family. He hid his bees in his bedroom, and as he looked at them just before putting them away, he half wished the experiment was safely over. He wished the imprisoned bees didn't look so hot and cross. With exquisite care he submerged the bottle in a basin of water, and let a few drops in on the heated inmates, to cool them off.

At the tea table he had a great fight. Miss Middlerib, in the artless simplicity of her romantic nature said: "I smell bees. How the odor brings up——"

But her father glared at her, and said, with superfluous harshness and execrable grammar:

"Hush up! You don't smell nothing."

Whereupon Mrs. Middlerib asked him if he had eaten anything that disagreed with him, and Miss Middlerib said: "Why, pa!" and Master Middlerib smiled as he wondered.

Bedtime came at last, and the night was warm and sultry. Under various false pretenses, Mr. Middlerib strolled about the house until everybody else was in bed, and then he sought his room. He turned the night-lamp down until its feeble rays shone dimly as a death-light.

Mr. Middlerib disrobed slowly—very slowly. When at last he was ready to go lumbering into his peaceful couch, he heaved a profound sigh, so full of apprehension and grief that Mrs. Middlerib, who was awakened by it, said if it gave him so much pain to come to bed, perhaps he had better sit up all night. Mr. Middlerib checked another sigh, but said nothing and crept into bed. After lying still a few moments he reached out and got his bottle of bees.

It was not an easy thing to do, to pick one bee out of a bottle full, with his fingers, and not get into trouble. The first bee Mr. Middlerib got was a little brown honeybee that wouldn't

weigh half an ounce if you picked him up by the ears, but if you lifted him by the hind leg as Mr. Middlerib did, would weigh as much as the last end of a bay mule. Mr. Middlerib could not repress a groan.

"What's the matter with you?" sleepily asked his wife.

It was very hard for Mr. Middlerib to say; he only knew his temperature had risen to 86 all over, and to 197 on the end of his thumb. He reversed the bee and pressed the warlike terminus of it firmly against his rheumatic knee.

It didn't hurt so badly as he thought it would.

It didn't hurt at all!

Then Mr. Middlerib remembered that when the honey-bee stabs a human foe it generally leaves its harpoon in the wound, and the invalid knew then the only thing the bee had to sting with was doing its work at the end of his thumb.

He reached his arm out from under the sheet, and dropped this disabled atom of rheumatism liniment on the carpet. Then, after a second of blank wonder, he began to feel around for the bottle, and wished he knew what he had done with it.

In the meantime, strange things had been going on. When he caught hold of the first bee, Mr. Middlerib, for reasons, drew it out in such haste that for the time he forgot all about the bottle and its remedial contents, and left it lying uncorked in the bed. In the darkness there had been a quiet but general emigration from that bottle. The bees, their wings clogged with the water Mr. Middlerib had poured upon them to cool and tranquilize them, were crawling aimlessly about over the sheet. While Mr. Middlerib was feeling around for it, his ears were suddenly thrilled and his heart frozen by a wild, piercing scream from his wife.

"Murder!" she screamed, "murder! Oh, help me! Help! help!"

Mr. Middlerib sat bolt upright in bed. His hair stood on end. The night was very warm, but he turned to ice in a minute.

"Where, oh, where," he said, with allid lips, as he felt all over the bed in frenzied haste

—“where in the world are them infernal bees?”

And a large “bumble,” with a sting as pitiless as the finger of scorn, just then lighted between Mr. Middlerib’s shoulders, and went for his marrow, and said calmly: “Here is one of them.”

And Mrs. Middlerib felt ashamed of her feeble screams when Mr. Middlerib threw up both arms, and, with a howl that made the windows rattle, roared:

“Take him off! Oh, land of Scott, somebody take him off!”

And when a little honey-bee began tickling the sole of Mrs. Middlerib’s foot, she shrieked that the house was bewitched, and immediately went into spasms.

The household was aroused by this time. Miss Middlerib, and Master Middlerib and the servants were pouring into the room, adding to the general confusion, by howling at random and asking irrelevant questions, while they gazed at the figure of a man, a little on in years, paw-

ing fiercely at the unattainable spot in the middle of his back, while he danced an unnatural, weird, wicked-looking jig by the dim religious light of the night lamp.

And while he danced and howled, and while they gazed and shouted, a navy-blue wasp, that Master Middlerib had put in the bottle for good measure and variety, and to keep the menagerie stirred up, had dried his legs and wings with a corner of the sheet, after a preliminary circle or two around the bed, to get up his motion and settle down to a working gait, fired himself across the room, and to his dying day Mr. Middlerib will always believe that one of the servants mistook him for a burglar, and shot him.

No one, not even Mr. Middlerib himself, could doubt that he was, at least for the time, most thoroughly cured of rheumatism. His own boy could not have carried himself more lightly or with greater agility. But the cure was not permanent, and Mr. Middlerib does not like to talk about it.

ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

SHE MEANT BUSINESS.

HERE is no reason why the inventor of a remedy to “cure the worst case of catarrh in five minutes” shouldn’t feel it his duty to place a bottle of the same in every person’s hand—“price, twenty-five cents; no cure, no pay.” Therefore, the long-legged chap who pulled a door-bell on John R. Street yesterday had none of that timidity in his bearing which characterizes rag-buyers, lightning-rod men, and solicitors for the fire sufferers. He had a good thing, and he knew it, and he wanted other folks to know it. When the door opened and a hard-featured woman about forty years of age confronted him, he pleasantly went to business, and asked:

“Madam, is your husband ever troubled with the catarrh?”

“Can a man who has been dead seven years be troubled with the catarrh?” she grimly replied.

“But he children are liable to be attacked at any hour this season,” he remarked.

“Whose children?”

“Yours, madam.”

“I never had any, sir! What brought you here, anyhow? Why do you come asking these questions?”

“Madam, I have compounded a remedy for the catarrh. It is a good thing. I’ll warrant it to knock any case of catarrh sky-high in less than five minutes.”

“Well, sir, what’s all this to me?”

“Why, madam—why—” he stammered.

“Do I look as if I needed any catarrh remedies?” she demanded, as she stepped out on the platform.

“Madam, I would not for the world have you think that I thought you had the catarrh, but I suppose the fair and lovely can be attacked, as well as the strong and brave.”

“And what have I got to do with all that rigmarole? Who are you, sir, and what do you want?”

"Madam," he whispered, backing down one step, "I have compounded a remedy for the catarrh."

"Whose catarrh?"

"Madam, I am selling my catarrh—"

"Where is your catarrh—where is it?" she interrupted.

He got down on the second step and softly began:

"Madam, I have a sure cure for the catarrh, and I am selling lots of it."

"Well, what do I care? Must you ring my door-bell to tell me that you are selling lots of catarrh medicine?"

He got down on the walk, clear of the steps, and he tried hard to look beautiful around the mouth as he explained:

"Madam, didn't I ask you if your husband was ever troubled with catarrh?"

"Yes, sir, and didn't I reply that he was dead? Do you want to see his grave, sir?"

"No, madam, I do not. I am sorry he's dead, but my catarrh remedy can't help him any. Good-by, madam."

"Here, sir, hold on a minute!" she called, what was your business with me!"

"Why, I have a remedy for the catarrh."

"So you said before."

"I asked you if you didn't want to purchase, and—"

"You are a falsifier, sir, you never asked me to purchase!"

"Do—you—want—a—bottle?" he slowly asked.

"Yes, sir: give me two of them: here's your money! Next time you want to sell your catarrh remedy, don't begin to talk around about the discovery of America. Here you've bothered me fifteen minutes, and put all my work behind, and it's good for you I didn't bring the broom to the door!"

He retreated backward through the gate, his left eye squinted up and his mouth open. He shut the gate, leaned over it and looked long at the front door. By-and-by he said:

"Well, well! You can never tell where to find 'em."

THE WIFE-HUNTING DEACON.

POOR Deacon Brown, in the prime of life
Had buried his loved and loving wife;
And what in the world could the deacon do
With four small boys, and a baby, too?
Joseph and Jesse, Isaac and Paul—
And none but the deacon to do it all?
So he said to neighbor Jones one day,
In a semi-serious kind of a way,
"I'll tell you, Jones, I am sick, indeed,
Of the lonely, humdrum life I lead;
It would brighten the gloom of my lonely life,
If I only—well, if I had a wife!

And then, my friend, you are well aware
That my poor little babes need a mother's care
If I knew of a woman, kind and good,
That would care for them as a mother should,
Why, neighbor Jones, I would give my life.
But where, oh! where can I find a wife?
There is widow Smith, but don't you see,
She isn't the woman at all for me.

I do not care for a pretty face,
A lovely maid with a form of grace,
But give me a woman of common sense,
And not a miserable bill of expense—
Hearty and rugged and ready to work,
Never complaining nor trying to shirk;
One who can go, if the need demands,
Out in the field with the harvest hands,
And wouldn't consider it out of her place—
Oh! I wouldn't give much for a pretty face."

"Well, Deacon," said Jones, with a comical sigh,
While a bushel of fun twinkled right in his eye,
"I know of a woman, you may depend,
Who will make you a tip-top wife, my friend;
She lives in the border of Barrytown,
And I'm sure she will suit you, Deacon Brown.
She's not very handsome, but then, I suppose,
That you don't care a cent for the length of her
nose,

Not yet for the cut of the lady's clothes.
 She is always ready to do the chores,
 Or to work on her farm with the men out doors
 When help is needed—you understand—
 Samantha Simpkins is right on hand."
 "Indeed!" said the deacon, in friendly tones,
 "I'm much obliged to ye, neighbor Jones."

The very next Sunday Deacon Brown
 Drove in his carriage to Barrytown;
 And you may be sure that the deacon dressed
 In his new plug hat and his Sunday best.
 He had spent an hour dyeing his hair;
 And he shaved his chin with the greatest care,
 "For," he said to himself as he drove away,
 "We ought to dress well on the Sabbath day."
 The day was warm—it was rather late
 When he tied his horse at Samantha's gate.

"This here is splendid!" the deacon said
 As he cast a glance at the barn and shed.
 "The house looks neat, and the yard is clean,
 And the farm is the slickest that can be seen."
 And he wiped the sweat from his dripping brow.
 "Ah! this is the woman for me, I trow!"
 Then his heart beat hard, and he said no more,
 And he gently knocked at the parlor door.
 He heard a rush and a heavy tread—
 "I guess it's a man," the deacon said.

Then the door was hastily opened wide—
 And the frightened deacon stood beside
 A swarthy dame that was six feet two,
 Who sported neither boot nor shoe.
 She wore on her head a broad-brimmed hat,
 Old and battered and worn at that.
 Her nose was long, and her eyes were black,
 And her coarse, dark hair hung over her back.

She had just come in from her well-kept farm,
 And she carried a pitchfork under her arm.
 "I beg your parding!" continued he,
 "It is Miss Samantha I'd like to see."
 "Wall," said Samantha—"that is me!
 I presume you called to see the hay
 I offered for sale the other day."
 The deacon didn't know what to say,
 Or how in the world to get away.

"Say, what do you want of me?" she cried.
 And she stepped right up to the deacon's side.
 "Nothing!" said he with charming grace.
 Then she slammed the door in the deacon's face.
 The wonder is that he didn't fall,
 For he went through the gate like a cannon-ball!
 And when, at last, he was safe from harm,
 A mile or so from the Simpkins farm,
 He said to himself, in smothered tones,
 "If ever again that wicked Jones
 Crosses my path, I'll break his bones!"

L. D. A. SUTTLE.

HIS FLYING-MACHINE.

A N enterprising saloon-keeper on Grand
 River avenue is always on the lookout
 for any novelty that may draw customers,
 and perhaps this fact may have been known to a
 bland-faced old man who entered the place the
 other day and confidentially began:

"If I could draw a crowd of one hundred
 men to your place here, what sum would you be
 willing to give me?"

"What do you mean?" asked the saloonist.

"If it was known that I had in my possession
 a flying-machine and that it would fly from your
 door here on a certain day and hour wouldn't

the novelty be sure to collect a thirsty crowd?"

"Yes, I think so. If you have a flying-
 machine and want to show it off here to-morrow
 night, I'll give you a dollar, and if the machine
 is a success, perhaps I'll buy it."

"Well, sir," continued the old man in a
 whisper, "I've got the boss! She flies from the
 word go! All I've got to do is to toss her into
 the air, and away she sails. It's right down fine
 —no chance for a failure. I'll be on hand at
 seven o'clock to-morrow night."

The matter became noised about, and the next
 evening a crowd had collected around the saloon

to witness the experiment. The old man arrived on time having some sort of a bundle under his arm. He collected his dollar and several treats from the crowd. When everything was finally ready, he went out into the street a short distance from the eager spectators, and said:

"Gentlemen, I warrant this thing to fly. I did not invent it myself, but I am now acting as State agent to dispose of county rights. Hundreds of men have spent years of anxious thought and thousands of dollars seeking to invent flying-machines, but this one leads them all. Please

stand back and give her a chance to rise. One—two—three—all ready! There she goes."

The crowd fell back, and the man let fall the cover enclosing this wonderful invention and gave it a toss into the air. A dismal squawk was heard, an old speckled hen sailed this way and that, bumped against a telegraph post and finally settled down on the roof of a low shed, cackling in an indignant manner at being turned loose in a strange neighborhood.

The old man took advantage of their bewilderment to make good his escape.

MR. O'HOOLAHAN'S MISTAKE.

AN amusing scene occurred in Justice Young's court-room an evening or two since. Two sons of the "ould sod," full of "chain-lightning" and law, rushed in, and, advancing to the justice's little law-pulpit at the rear of the court-room, both began talking at once.

"One at a time, if you please," said the judge.

"Judge—yer—honor—will I sphake thin?" said one of the men.

"Silence!" roared his companion. "I am here! Let me talk! Phwat do you know about law?"

"Keep still yourself, sir," said the judge. "Let him say what he wants."

"Well, I want me naime aff the paiper. That's phwat I want," said the man.

"Off what paper?" said the judge.

"Well, aff the paiper: ye ought to know what paiper. Sure, ye married me, they say."

"To whom!" asked the judge.

"Some female, sir; and I don't want her, sir. It don't go! and I want me naime aff the paiper."

"Silence!" roared the friend, bringing his huge fist down upon the little pulpit, just under the judge's nose, with a tremenous thwack. "Silence! I am here. Phwat do you know about law? Sure, yer honor, it was Tim McCloskey's wife that he married—his widdy, I mane. You married thim, yer honor."

"And I was dhrunk at the time, sir. Yis' sir; an' I was not a fre: aigent; an' I don't know a thing about it, sir—do ve see? I want me naime aff the paiper—I repudiate, sir."

"Silence! Let me spake. Phwat do you know about law?" bringing his fist down upon the judge's desk.

"But I was dhrunk; I was not at the time a free aigent."

"Silence! I am here to spake. It does not depind on that at all. It depinds—and there is the whole pint, both in law and equity—it depinds whether was the woman a sole thrader or not at the time this marriage was solemnated. That is the pint, both in law and equity!"

"But I was dhrunk at the time. Divil rowast me if I knowed I was gittin' married. I was not a free aigent. I want the judge to tak me naime aff the paiper. It don't go."

The judge tried to explain to the man that, drunk or sober, he was married to the woman fast enough, and, if he wanted a divorce, he must go to another court.

"Burn me up!" cried the man, "if I go to another court. Ye married me, and ye can unmarry me. Taik me naime aff the paiper!"

"Silence!" cried the friend, bringing his fist down in close proximity to the judge's nose. "Phwat do you know about law? I admit, judge, that he must go to a higher court; that is (down comes the fist) if the woman can prove

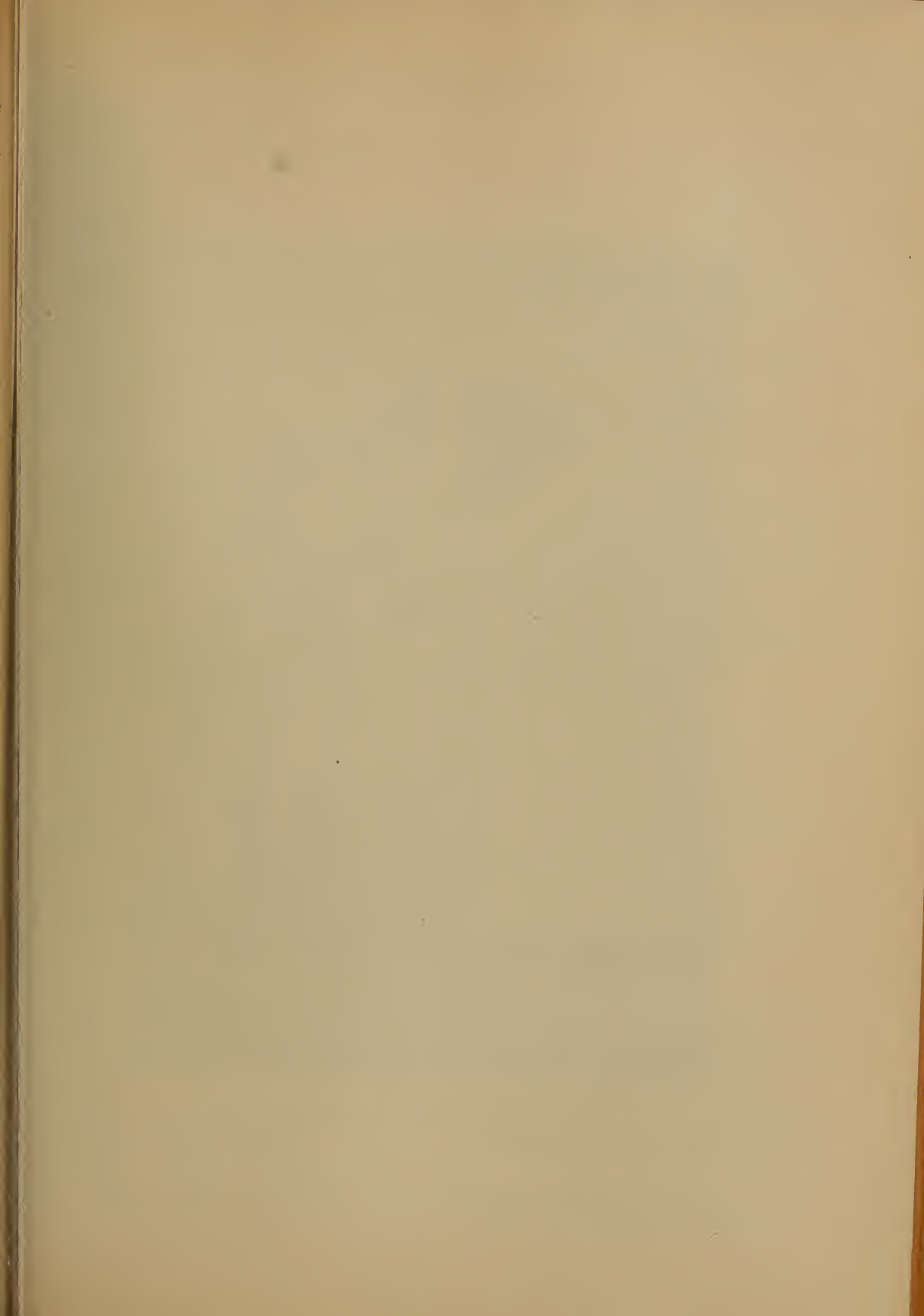




PHOTO. BY MORRISON, CHICAGO

NO DECEPTION, NOW!

(whack) that she was at the time the marriage was solemnated (whack) a regularly ordained sole thrader (whack). On this pint it depinds, both in law and equity."

"I have had enough of this!" cried the judge: "I cannot divorce you. You are married, and married you must remain, for all I can do."

"Ye won't taik me naime aff the paiper, thin?"

"It would not mend the matter," said the judge.

"Ye won't taik it aff?"

"No: I won't!" fairly yelled the judge.

"Silence!" cried the partner, bringing down his fist, and raising a cloud of dust under the judge's nose. "It depinds whether, at the time, the woman was a regular sole—"

"Get out of here," cried the judge. "I've had enough of this!" at the same time rising.

"Ye won't taik it aff? Very well, thin, I'll go hoam and devorce myself. I'll fire the thatch! I will—"

Here he glanced toward the front door: his under jaw drooped, he ceased speaking, and in a half-stooping posture he went out of the back door of the office like a shot.

The valiant friend and legal adviser also glanced toward the door, when he too, doubled up and *scooted* in the footsteps of his illustrious principal.

A look at the door showed it darkened by a woman about six feet in height, and so broad as to fill it almost from side to side.

The judge took a look at this mountain of flesh, doubled up, and was about to take the back track, but thought better of it, and took refuge behind his little law-pulpit.

The mountain advanced, gave utterance in a sort of internal rumble, and then, amid fire smoke, and burning lava, belched out,—

"Did I, or did I not see Michael O'Hoolahan sneak out of your back doore?"

"I believe O'Hoolahan is the name of one of the gentlemen who just went out," said the judge.

Advancing upon the pulpit, behind which the judge settled lower and lower, the mountain belched,—

"You be-e-lave! You *know* it was Michael O'Hoolahan! Now, what is all this connivin' in here about? Am I a widdy agin? Did ye taik his naime aff the paiper? Did ye taik it aff?"

"N-no," said the judge.

"Ye didn't? Don't ye desave me!"

"No: I give you my word of honor I didn't, couldn't—I had no right."

"It's well for ye didn't. I'll cache him to be runnin' about connivin' to lave me a lone widdy agin', whin I'm makin' a jintleman of him!"

With this she sailed back to the door, where she turned, and, shaking her fist, thus addressed the tip of the judge's nose, which alone was visible above the little pulpit,—

"Now, do ye mind that ye lave his naime on the paiper! I want no meddlin' wid a man wanst I git him. No more connivin'!"

JESTER CONDEMNED TO DEATH.



NE of the Kings of Scanderoon,
A Royal Jester
Had in his train, a gross buffoon,
Who used to pester

The Court with tricks inopportune,
Venting on the highest folks his
Scurvy pleasantries and hoaxes.

It needs some sense to play the fool,
Which wholesome rule

Occurred not to our jackanapes,
Who consequently found his freaks
Lead to innumerable scrapes,
And quite as many kicks and tweaks,
Which only seemed to make him faster
Try the patience of his master.

Some sin, at last, beyond all measure,
Incurred the desperate displeasure

Of his serene and raging highness :
Whether he twitched his most revered
And sacred beard,

Or had[^] intruded on the shyness
Of the Seraglio, or let fly
An epigram at royalty,
None knows :—his sin was an occult one,
But records tell us that the Sultan,
Meaning to terrify the knave,
Exclaimed—" 'Tis time to stop that breath ;
Thy doom is sealed :—presumptuous slave !

Thou standest condemned to certain death
Silence, base rebel !—no replying !—
But such is my indulgence still,
That of my own free grace and will,
I leave to thee the mode of dying."

"Thy royal will be done—'tis just,"
Replied the wretch, and kissed the dust ;
"Since, my last moments to assuage,
Your Majesty's humane decree
Has deigned to leave the choice to me,
"I'll die, so please you, of old age !"

HORACE SMITH.

LOVE UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

I MET a dear creature, it matters not where ;
And I met with a fall too, in meeting the
fair ;
For I fell quite in love—but you wouldn't blame
me,
If this beautiful creature you only could see.
Her eyes were like—stay, they bewildered me
quite ;
No mortal could see them and criticise right.
I could only observe that their number was two,
And their color—about the most mischievous
blue.
Her mouth (my own waters)—don't ask me,
I pray—
'Twas the sweetest of mouths, and that's all I
can say :
And the envious fellow who dares to say "no,"
If he had any *taste*, faith, he wouldn't say so !
Her mouth, when she laughed, was a casket
thrown wide
With pearls gleaming white from pink velvet
inside ;

When she sang, 'twas a cage, which to shut were
a sin ;
While her tongue, like a little bird, warbled
within.

Her hair, gathered up in a net with much care
Peeped out from the bars of its prison up there,
Ev'ry wave, ev'ry fold, seeming slyly to say—
"Don't you think it's a shame to confine me
this way ?"

For lightness, her foot was like that of a lamb ;
For whiteness, her hand might have borne off
the palm ;

And kind was the heart that went beating below,
To keep itself warm in her bosom of snow.
The next time I met my dear charmer, thought I,
"I'll disclose to her father the truth, or I die.
"Introduce me," I said, "to your worthy old
sire,

The grey, spectacled gentleman next to the fire."
She replied with surprise, and a mixture of glee :
"That old gentleman there—is my husband !"
said she.

MR. BOWSER TAKES PRECAUTIONS.

MR. BOWSER doesn't intend to let sick-
ness or death get ahead of us as a
family if any effort of his can pre-
vent, and he is always doing the right thing in
the nick of time. One day he came home an
hour ahead of time, his countenance wearing a
very important look, and the first thing he did

was to bolt upstairs to our bedroom and lower
the window, although I had just closed it after
airing the room for two hours. He then came
clattering down to ask me for a pan.

"What on earth do you want of a pan ?" I
asked.

"To save all our lives," he answered.

"How!"

"Your bedroom is full of poisonous gases, which must be absorbed by an open vessel of water."

"Nonsense!"

"I expected it. That's the weapon of the ignorant! Mrs. Bowser, if you want to die by poisonous gases poisoning the blood I have nothing to say, but I shall save the life of our child, if possible. I have felt a strange lassitude for several days, and a sanitary plumber tells me that we have poisoned air in the room."

"Your lassitude couldn't have come from being out to club and lodge four successive nights until twelve o'clock, could it?"

He seized the pan and hurried upstairs, and when he had filled it at the lavatory he set it in the middle of the floor and came down with a relieved look on his face, to say: "See if you don't feel better to-morrow than you have for a month. It's a wonder we are not all dead."

"Did the ancients know about these poisonous gases?" I asked.

"Not a thing. They never gave them a thought."

"And yet the average of health was seventeen per cent. above that of to-day, and the average of mortality that much lower! How do you account for it?"

"Oh, well, if you want to die, go ahead. I'll even buy a rope and help you to hang yourself. I expected this of course, but ridicule never moves me, Mrs. Bowser, never!"

Two hours later he went upstairs in his slippers to look for a paper in another coat, and, of course, he set foot plump down in that pan of water. There was a yell and a jump, and over went the pan, and when I got up there he stood holding up one leg, as you have seen a hen do on a wet day. What I said on that occasion kept Mr. Bowser very quiet for a whole week.

Then he began to grow restless again, and one night he brought home a suspicious-looking package and sneaked it upstairs. After supper he suddenly disappeared, and when I looked for him upstairs he had something in a basin and was about to hold it over a gasburner.

"Mr. Bowser have you got a new theory?" I asked.

"Look here, Mrs. Bowser," he replied, as he put down the basin, "you have heard of bacteria, I presume?"

"Yes, sir."

"They are the germs of disease floating about. They are alive. If inhaled, cholera, yellow fever and other dread diseases are the result. Fumigation kills them."

"And you are going to fumigate this room?"

"I am. I am going to kill off the dreaded bacteria."

"Well, you'll drive us out of the house or kill us."

I went downstairs and he burned a compound of tar and sulphur. In ten minutes we had to open doors and windows, and the cook came running in to ask:

"Is it cremation Mr. Bowser is trying on us?"

"I am simply driving out the bacteria," he replied, coming downstairs at that moment.

"And there's bacteria in the house?" she gasped.

"I'm afraid so."

"And I've worked here for weeks under the noses of the dreadful creatures! Mr. Bowser I quits. I quits now!"

And quit she did. We had to sleep on the sitting-room floor last night, and three weeks later every caller could still detect that odor. It was hardly gone, however, when Mr. Bowser began to sniff around again.

"Any more bacteria?" I asked.

"Mrs. Bowser, if you want to sit here and die I have no objections, but I don't propose to neglect common sense precautions to preserve my own health."

"Is anything wrong now?"

"I think so. I think I can detect an odor of sewer gas in the house."

"Impossible! I shall have no more stuff burned until I know it is necessary!"

"Wont you? If there is sewer gas here it must be eradicated at once."

For the next week the entire house smelled of chloride of lime until one could hardly draw a long breath, but Mr. Bowser was not satisfied.

"I have been thinking," he said to me one evening, "that I may bring the germs of some terrible disease home in my clothes. I ride on the cars, you know, and I ought to take precautions."

"How?"

"Carry a disinfectant about me to repel the germs."

"It might be a good idea."

"Now you are talking sense. Now you seem to understand the peril which has menaced us."

He got something down town the next day. I think some of his friends put up a job on him, knowing his craze. It was a compound which left him alone on the street car before he had ridden three blocks, and he had no sooner got into the house than we had to retire to the back

doors. The cook got a sniff of it, and down went the dinner and up went her hands, and she shouted at Mr. Bowser:

"A man as will keep skunks under his house would beat me out of my wages, and I'll be going this minute."

It took soap and water and perfumery and half a day's time to remove the odor, and when I declared that it was the last straw, Mr. Bowser crossed his hands under his coat tails and replied:

"Mrs. Bowser, I believe this house to be clear of bacteria, owing to my prudence and self-sacrifice, and I want it kept so."

"I suppose I got 'em here!" I said coldly.

"Without a doubt, madam!"

"And all this rumpus has been on my account?"

"Exactly. But don't go too far with me! Enough is enough. You must stop right where you are. I have humored you all I propose to."

HE WORRIED ABOUT IT.

"THE sun's heat will give out in ten million years more,"

And he worried about it;

"It will sure give out then, if it doesn't before,"

And he worried about it;

It would surely give out, so the scientists said
In all scientific books that he read,

And the whole mighty universe then would be
dead,

And he worried about it;

"And some day the earth will fall into the sun,"

And he worried about it;

"Just as sure, and as straight, as if shot from a gun,"

And he worried about it;

"When strong gravitation unbuckles her straps
Just picture," he said, "what a fearful collapse!
It will come in a few million ages, perhaps,"

And he worried about it;

"The earth will become much too small for the race,"

And he worried about it;

"When we'll pay thirty dollars an inch for pure space,"

And he worried about it;

"The earth will be crowded so much, without doubt,

That there'll be no room for one's tongue to stick out,

And no room for one's thoughts to wander about,"

And he worried about it;

"The Gulf Stream will curve, and New England grow torrid,"

And he worried about it;

"Than was ever the climate of southernmost Florida,"

And he worried about it.

"The ice crop will be knocked into small smithereens,

And crocodiles block up our mowing machines,
And we'll lose our fine crops of potatoes and beans,"

And he worried about it.

"And in less than ten thousand years, there's no doubt,"

And he worried about it ;

"Our supply of lumber and coal will give out,"

And he worried about it ;

"Just then the Ice Age will return cold and raw,
Frozen men will stand stiff with arms outstretched
in awe,

As if vainly beseeching a general thaw,"

And he worried about it.

His wife took in washing (a dollar a day),

He didn't worry about it ;

His daughter sewed shirts, the rude grocer to
pay,

He didn't worry about it ;

While his wife beat her tireless rub-a-dub-dub
On the washboard drum in her old wooden tub
He sat by the stove and he just let her rub,

He didn't worry about it.

LYMAN ABBOTT.

JACK HOPKINS' STORY.

"DOES Mr. Sawyer live here?" said Mr. Pickwick, when the door was opened.

"Yes," said the girl, "first floor.

It's the door straight afore you, when you gets to the top of the stairs."

Having given this instruction, the handmaid disappeared with the candle in her hand, down the kitchen stairs, perfectly satisfied that she had done everything that could possibly be required of her under the circumstances.

Mr. Snodgrass, who entered last, secured the street door, after several ineffectual efforts, by putting up the chain ; and the friends stumbled up stairs, where they were received by Mr. Bob Sawyer. "How are you?" said the student, "Glad to see you—take care of the glasses." This caution was addressed to Mr. Pickwick, who had put his hat in the tray.

"Dear me," said Mr. Pickwick, "I beg your pardon."

"Don't mention it, don't mention it," said Bob Sawyer, "I'm rather confined for room here, but you must put up with all that, when you come to see a young bachelor. Walk in. You've seen this gentleman before, I think?" Mr. Pickwick shook hands with Mr. Benjamin Allen and his friends followed his example. They had scarcely taken their seats when there was another double knock.

"I hope that's Jack Hopkins!" said Mr. Bob Sawyer, "Hush. Yes it is. Come up, Jack ; come up."

A heavy footstep was heard upon the stairs, and

Jack Hopkins presented himself. He wore a black velvet waistcoat, with thunder-and-lightening buttons; and blue striped shirt, with a white false collar.

"You're late, Jack?" said Mr. Benjamin Allen.

"Been detained at Bartholomew's," replied Hopkins.

"Anything new?"

"No, nothing in particular. Rather a good accident brought into the casualty ward."

"What was that, sir?" inquired Mr. Pickwick.

"Only a man fallen out of a four pair of stairs' window ; but it's a very fair case—very fair case indeed."

"Do you mean that the patient is in a fair way to recover?" inquired Mr. Pickwick.

"No," replied Hopkins, carelessly. "No, I should rather say he wouldn't. There must be a splendid operation though to-morrow—magnificent sight if Slasher does it."

"You consider Mr. Slasher a good operator?" said Mr. Pickwick.

"Best alive," replied Hopkins. "Took a boy's leg out of the socket last week—boy ate five apples and a gingerbread cake—exactly two minutes after it was all over, boy said he wouldn't lie there to be made game of ; and he'd tell his mother if they didn't begin."

"Dear me!" said Mr. Pickwick, astonished.

"Pooh! that's nothing, that ain't," said Jack Hopkins, "Is it Bob?"

"Nothing at all," replied Mr. Bob Sawyer.

"By-the-bye, Bob," said Hopkins with scarcely a perceptible glance at Mr. Pickwick's attentive face, "we had a curious accident last night. A child was brought in who had swallowed a necklace."

"Swallowed what, sir?" interrupted Mr. Pickwick.

"A necklace," replied Jack Hopkins. "Not all at once, you know, that would be too much—you couldn't swallow that, if the child did—eh, Mr. Pickwick, ha! ha!" Mr. Hopkins appeared highly gratified with his own pleasantry; and continued—"No the way was this;—child's parents were poor people who lived in a court. Child's eldest sister bought a necklace—common necklace, made of large black wooden beads. Child being fond of toys, cribbed the necklace, hid it, played with it, cut the string, and swallowed a bead. Child thought it capital fun, went back next day, and swallowed another bead."

"Bless my heart," said Mr. Pickwick, "what a dreadful thing! I beg your pardon, sir. Go on."

"Next day, child swallowed two beads; the day after that, he treated himself to three, and so on, till in a week's time, he had got through the necklace—five-and-twenty beads in all. The sister, who was an industrious girl, and seldom treated herself to a bit of finery, cried her eyes out, at the loss of the necklace; looked high and low for it; but I needn't say, didn't find it. A few days afterwards, the family were at dinner—baked shoulder of mutton, and pota-

toes under it—the child, who wasn't hungry was playing about the room, when suddenly there was heard a noise like a small hail-storm. 'Don't do that, my boy,' said the father. 'I ain't a doin' nothing,' said the child. 'Well, don't do it again,' said the father.

"There was a short silence, and then the noise began again, worse than ever. 'If you don't mind what I say, my boy,' said the father, 'you'll find yourself in bed, in something less than a pig's whisper.' He gave the child a shake to make him obedient, and such rattling ensued as nobody ever heard before. 'Why, it's *in* the child!' said the father, 'he's got the croup in the wrong place!' 'No, I haven't, father,' said the child beginning to cry, 'it's the necklace; I swallowed it, father.' The father caught the child up, and ran with him to the hospital: the beads in the boy's stomach rattling all the way with the jolting; and the people looking up in the air, and down in the cellars, to see where the unusual sound came from. He's in the hospital now, and he makes so much noise when he walks about, that they're obliged to muffle him in a watchman's coat, for fear he should wake the patients."

"That's the most extraordinary case I ever heard of," said Mr. Pickwick, with an emphatic blow on the table.

"Very singular things occur in our profession, I can assure you," said Jack Hopkins.

"So I should imagine," replied Mr. Pickwick.

CHARLES DICKENS.

THE WIDOW O'SHANE'S RINT.

WHISHT there! Mary Murphy, doan think
me insane,
But I'm dyin' ter tell ye of Widder
O'Shane:

She as lives in the attic nixt mine, doan ye know
An' does the foine washin' fer ould Mither
Shnow.

Wid niver a chick nor a child ter track in,
Her kitchen is always as nate as a pin;

An' her cap an' her apron is always that clane—
Och, a moighty foine gurrel is the Widder
O'Shane.

An' wud ye belave me, on Saturday night
We heard a rough stip comin' over our flight;
An' Mike, me ould man, he jist hollered to me,
"Look out av the door an' see who it moight
be."

An' I looked, Mary Murphy, an' save me if there
Wusn't Thomas Mahone on the uppermost stair,
(He's the landlord ; ye're seen him yerself, wid
a cane),
An' he knocked on the door of the Widder
O'Shane.

An' I whispered to Michael, " Now what can it
mane
That his worship is calling on Widder O'Shane?"
Rint day comes a Friday wid us, doan you see,
So I knew that it wusn't collectin' he'd be.

"It must be she owes him some money for rint,
Though the neighbors do say that she pays to
the cint ;
You take care of the baby, Michael Brady,"
says I,
"An' I'll pape through the keyhole, I will, if I
die."

The howly saints bliss me ! what shuldn't I see
But the Widder O'Shane sittin' pourin' the tea ;
An' the landlord wus there, Misther Thomas
Mahone,
A sittin' one side ov the table alone.

An' he looked at the Widder O'Shane, an' sez
he,
"It's a privilege great that ye offer ter me ;
Fer I've not once sat down by a fair woman's
side
Since I sat down by her that I once called me
bride.

"An' is it ye're poor now, Widder O'Shane ;
Ye're a dacent woman, both tidy and clane ;
An' we're both av us here in the wurruld alone,
Wud ye think of unitin' wid Thomas Mahone?"

Then the Widder O'Shane put the tea kettle
down,
An' she says, " Misther Thomas, your name is a
crown ;
I take it most gladly "—an' then me ould man
Hollered, " Bridget, cum in here, quick as yer
can."

So then Mary Murphy, I riz off that floor,
An' run into me attic an' bolted the door ;
An' I sez to me Michael, "Now isn't it mane ?
She'll have no rint to pay, will that Widder
O'Shane."

THE WOMAN NEXT DOOR.

VOU all know her. She it is who pokes
her head out of the window every time
your bell rings, and never knows who
threw the dead cat over into your yard.

She is the Khedive who secures a reserved
seat at the knot-hole in the fence and lets her
neighbor know what the rest of the neighbor-
hood had for dinner. She sets her ash barrel,
invariably, several inches past her party line, so
it scourges over your sidewalk.

She has something less than a million children
and they make a play ground of your front stoop
and use their own as a front parlor. They look
upon your front gate as their own personal prop-
erty and swing on it until they break the hinges.
They pick your choicest flowers and leave their
carts and hobby horses in your pathway.

She cooks cabbage three or four times a week
and gives you the benefit by throwing open all
the windows. She always beats her carpets on
wash-day and makes your shirt fronts look as
though they were ironed with a brick.

The children begin playing foot-ball next to
your bedroom just about bed-time and don't
finish the game until after midnight, and then
wake up in the morning quarreling about who
won the game. They have at least a dozen pet
cats that fight their battles nightly under your
chamber window until you haven't a bootjack,
shoe brush, or any other get-at-able within your
reach ; and their watchdog sits on your front
steps and barks and howls alternately from early
evening until daylight.

When a new family moves into the neighbor-

hood, she sits by the closed blinds and takes an inventory of the furniture and reports to her chosen friends in the block the result of her investigations. In the winter she sees that her snow is shoveled onto your side walk and chokes up your gutter until it gets red in the face.

She runs from one to the other with all the choice bits of gossip she can pick up and man-

ages to keep the whole neighborhood in a very active state of fermentation.

A funeral is a picnic to her, and she swaps comments on the appearance of the coffin and the mourners over the front balcony. When her funeral day comes around, there isn't water enough in the neighborhood to get up a good sized weep.

THE SPOOPENDYKES.

THE OLD GENTLEMAN TAKES EXERCISE ON A BICYCLE.

"NOW, my dear," said Mr. Spoopendyke, hurrying up to his wife's room, "If you'll come down in the yard I've got a pleasant surprise for you."

"What is it?" asked Mrs. Spoopendyke, "what have you got, a horse?"

"Guess again," grinned Mr. Spoopendyke. "It's something like a horse."

"I know! It's a new parlor carpet. That's what it is!"

"No, it isn't, either. I said it's something like a horse; that is, it goes when you make it. Guess again."

"Is it paint for the kitchen walls?" asked Mrs. Spoopendyke, innocently.

"No, it ain't and it ain't a hogshhead of stove blacking, nor a set of dining-room furniture, nor it ain't seven gross of stationary wash tubs. Now guess again."

"Then it must be some lace curtains for the sitting-room windows. Isn't that just splendid?" and Mrs. Spoopendyke patted her husband on both cheeks and danced up and down with delight.

"It's a bicycle, that's what it is!" growled Mr. Spoopendyke. "I bought it for exercise and I'm going to ride it. Come down and see me."

"Well, ain't I glad," ejaculated Mrs. Spoopendyke. "You ought to have more exercise, if there's exercise in anything, it's in a bicycle. Do let's see it!"

Mr. Spoopendyke conducted his wife to the yard and descanted at length on the merits of the machine.

"In a few weeks I'll be able to make a mile a minute," he said, as he steadied the apparatus against the clothes post and prepared to mount. "Now you watch me go to the end of this path."

He got a foot into one treadle and went head first into a flower patch, the machine on top, with a prodigious crash.

"Hadh't you better tie it up to the post until you get on?" suggested Mrs. Spoopendyke.

"Leave me alone, will ye?" demanded Mr. Spoopendyke, struggling to an even keel. "I'm doing most of this myself. Now you hold on and keep your mouth shut. It takes a little practice, that's all."

Mr. Spoopendyke mounted again and scuttled along four or five feet and flopped over on the grass plat.

"That's splendid!" commended his wife. "You've got the idea already. Let me hold it for you this time."

"If you've got any extra strength you hold your tongue, will ye?" growled Mr. Spoopendyke. "It don't want any holding. It ain't alive. Stand back and give me room, now."

The third trial Mr. Spoopendyke ambled to the end of the path and went down all in a heap among the flower pots.

"That's just too lovely for anything!" proclaimed Mrs. Spoopendyke. "You made more'n a mile a minute, that time."

"Come and take it off!" roared Mr. Spoopendyke. "Help me up! Blast the bicycle!" and the worthy gentleman struggled and plunged around like a whale in shallow water.

Mrs. Spoopendyke assisted in righting him and brushed him off.

"I know where you make your mistake," said she. "The little wheel ought to go first, like a buggy. Try it that way going back."

"Maybe you can ride this bicycle better than I can," howled Mr. Spoopendyke. "You know all about wheels! What you need now is a lantern in your mouth and ten minutes behind time to be the City Hall clock! If you had a bucket of water and a handle you'd make a steam grind-stone! Don't you see the big wheel has got to go first?"

"Yes, dear, murmured Mrs. Spoopendyke, "but I thought if you practiced with the little wheel at first, you wouldn't have so far to fall."

"Who fell?" demanded Mr. Spoopendyke. "Didn't you see me step off? I tripped, that's all. Now you just watch me go back."

Once more Mr. Spoopendyke started in, but the big wheel turned around and looked him in the face, and then began to stagger.

"Look out!" squealed Mrs. Spoopendyke.

Mr. Spoopendyke wrenched away and kicked

and struggled, but it was of no avail. Down he came, and the bicycle was a hopeless wreck.

"What'd ye want to yell for!" he shrieked. "Couldn't ye keep your measly mouth shut? What'd ye think ye are, anyhow, a fog horn? Dod gast the measly bicycle!" and Mr. Spoopendyke hit it a kick that folded it up like a bolt of muslin.

"Never mind, my dear," consoled Mrs. Spoopendyke, "I'm afraid the exercise was too violent anyway, and I'm rather glad you broke it."

"I s'pose so," snorted Mr. Spoopendyke. "There's sixty dollars gone."

"Don't worry love. I'll go without the carpet and curtains, and the paint will do well enough in the kitchen. Let me rub you with arnica."

But Mr. Spoopendyke was too deeply grieved by his wife's conduct to accept any office at her hands, preferring to punish her by letting his wounds smart rather than get well, and thereby relieve her of any anxiety she brought on herself by acting so outrageously under the circumstances.

A SMOOTH DAY.

WE walked along that slippery street,
Malinda Ann and I;
Of all the thousands that we'd meet
None were so blest as I.
Her ringing laugh was very smooth;
No smoother had I known,
And I was slicked up in my best—
The slickest man in town.

Smooth was the way of life to me
As we walked smoothly on;
Her gentle fingers grasped my arm—
I thought I weighed a ton.
So gentle did we glide along
I hardly marked the way;
Her tones were polished and refined—
Our conversation gay.

They said we were a happy pair,
So full of life and youth,
Whose path through all the years to come
Should be most smoothly smooth.
I never made a slip of tongue
In all I had to say;
My feet seemed light as if they wore
Light slippers on that day.

I fondly gazed on that smooth cheek
With smoothly glancing eyes,
And wished my hopes would not slip up
Of making her my prize.
How proudly did I walk along
As one of higher birth
Until I struck a patch of ice
And then I left the earth—


Just for one second. Had I stayed
 In space all had been well :
 I had slipped up and must come down,
 And thus, of course, I fell.
 Oh, slipperiest slide that ever was !
 'Twas a fell stroke to me ;
 The gentle maiden shared my fate,
 For also down came she.

Oh, slippery day, slip off my mind !
 Slide, glide from memory !
 Fade, fade into oblivion
 And no more torture me !
 That day saw all my fond hopes slip,
 And all my gladness glide,
 Because that maiden madly rose
 And—well, she let *me* slide.

JOE TOT, JR.

THE COW AND THE BISHOP.

[A taking humorous recitation when well acted.]

 NCE, in a good old college town,
 Where learned doctors in cap and gown
 Taught unfledged theologues how to
 preach,—

Youths of many a land and speech,—
 There was a student, studious ever,
 Whom fellows and townsfolk counted clever,
 Despite red hair and an awkward gait,
 “He’ll be a great man,” they said, “just wait !”

So it chanced, on a chill September day,
 When the wind was sharp and the sky was gray,
 This student, deep in a study brown,
 Was striding along on the edge of the town.
 A tiny cottage he neared and passed
 When the sound of footsteps approaching fast
 And his own name called, as in urgent need,
 Made him abruptly slacken his speed.
 As he turned, a woman had reached his side.

“Oh, sir ! you are learned and good,” she cried,
 “And my cow is dying, my own cow Pink ;
 There’s nothing she’ll eat and nothing she’ll
 drink ;

She seems to be moaning her life away ;—
 Oh, lose not a moment, but come, I pray !”

“Good madam,” said he, with a puckered brow,
 “My knowledge, I fear, would not help your
 cow.

On cattle diseases I’m all unread,—
 You’d better consult a physician instead.”

“Why, sir,” said the woman, with pleading
 eyes,

“They told me you were uncommonly wise,
 And for hours I’ve waited and watched for you,
 In hopes you would pass, as you often do.”

So the student suffered himself to be led
 To the poor old cow, in the rickety shed.
 And he thought as he looked her carefully over,
 “How I wish you were out among the clover !
 But I must do something, right or wrong,
 Better than all this talk prolong.”

Now this quiet student loved a joke
 As well as any merrier folk ;
 So, pausing a moment, as if in doubt,
 He traced a circle the cow about,
 Which thrice he reversed, with measured tread,
 Stopping thrice at the creature’s head.

While with solemn face, besuited the time,
 Thrice he intoned this impromptu rhyme :

“Here a suffering animal lies,
 Faithful, trusty and true ;
 If she lives, she lives,—if she dies, she dies ;
 And nothing more can I do.”

Then he said, in a tone of an ardent lover,
 “I heartily trust this cow will recover !”
 While the woman, watching with wide-open eyes
 And awe-struck face, was dumb with surprise ;
 Till the student, with, “Madam, a very good
 day !”

Was out of the shed, up the road, and away.

Had the woman heard the laugh ring out
 When the story was told that night, no doubt
 Her faith in the charm she would hardly have
 kept;
 But, hearing naught, she believed, and slept.

Years afterward in that same town
 There lived a bishop of much renown;
 Wise theologians spoke his fame,
 And the little children loved his name.
 But one sad day the bishop fell ill,
 And the news spread broad, as such news will;
 One said to another, with tear or sigh,—
 “Nothing can save him—our bishop must die!”

In his sunlit chamber, smiling and calm
 As a child unconscious of aught to harm,
 The sufferer waited with heart of peace,—
 Patiently waited for Death's release.
 The fearful swelling that stopped his speech
 The skill of doctors could not reach,
 And now it is sucking his breath away,
 And the shadows are falling, still and gray.

Of a sudden, a voice outside was heard
 And the sick man's memory strangely stirred
 As a woman entered, bent and old,
 Making her way with assurance bold.
 She paused a moment, then stooping low,
 She marked a circle, with finger slow,
 Across the carpet, around the bed,
 From head to foot, and from foot to head;
 And then, in the circle she had traced
 She hobbled around with eager haste;
 And why, 'mid servitors strong and stout,
 Did nobody venture to put her out?
 Ah, why, no man of them ever could tell,
 But each seemed holden, as by a spell,—

While the woman, in voice now high, now low,
 Sang the student's rhyme of long ago:

“Here a suffering animal lies,
 Faithful, trusty and true;
 If he lives, he lives,—if he dies, he dies;
 And nothing more can I do!”

Then she piped, in the tone of an old cracked
 bell,

“I hope the bishop will soon get well!”

But the words her lips had scarcely left
 When the air with a quick, sharp cry was cleft,—
 It rang through the chamber, it rang through the
 hall.

Up sprang the attendants, one and all;
 They stared at the sick man, perplexed, amazed—
 Was the dying bishop suddenly crazed?
 He laughed till the tears ran down his cheeks,
 And, wonder of wonders,—“He speaks! he
 speaks!”

Ah, the woman had reached with her charm and
 crutch

What the surgeon's lancet failed to touch!
 “The swelling is broken!” the doctors avowed,
 As they clustered together, a joyous crowd.

In a tiny cot on the edge of the town
 A little old woman, in kerchief and gown,
 Recounts, for the hundredth time, the tale
 Which never to her grows old or stale,
 With many a flourish of withered arm,
 Of the cow, the bishop, and potent charm.
 “To think,” she says to the aged crones,
 “At last I can rest my poor old bones,
 And never a thought to the future give,
 But know that in plenty I ever shall live!
 A wonderful man, you must allow;—
 God bless the bishop, and my new cow!”

GEORGE ALFRED TOWNSEND.

KATE.

HERE'S something in the name of Kate
 Which many will condemn;
 But listen, now, while I relate
 The traits of some of them.

There's Deli-Kate, a modest dame,
 And worthy of your love;
 She's nice and beautiful in frame.
 As gentle as a dove.

Communi-Kate's intelligent,
 As we may well suppose ;
 Her faithful mind is ever bent
 On telling what she knows.

There's Intri-Kate, she's so obscure
 'Tis hard to find her out ;
 For she is often very sure
 To put your wits to rout.

Prevari-Kate's a stubborn maid,
 She's sure to have her way ;
 The cavilling, contrary jade
 Objects to all you say.

There's Alter-Kate, a perfect pest,
 Much given to dispute ;
 Her pattering tongue can never rest,
 You cannot her refute.

There's Dislo-Kate, in quite a fret,
 Who fails to gain her point ;

Her case is quite unfortunate,
 And sorely out of joint.

Equivo-Kate no one will woo ;
 The thing would be absurd,
 She is so faithless and untrue,
 You cannot take her word.

There's Vindi-Kate, she's good and ~~kind~~
 And strives with all her might
 Her duty faithfully to do,
 And battle for the right.

There's Rusti-Kate, a country lass ;
 Quite fond of rural scenes ;
 She likes to trample through the grass
 And loves the evergreens.

Of all the maidens you can find,
 There's none like Edu-Kate ;
 Because she elevates the mind
 And aims at something great

SAM WELLER'S VALENTINE.

"I'VE done now," said Sam, with slight embarrassment ; "I've been a writin'."
 "So I see," replied Mr. Weller.
 "Not to any young 'ooman, I hope, Sammy."
 "Why, it's no use a sayin' it ain't," replied Sam. "It's a valentine."
 "A what?" exclaimed Mr. Weller, apparently horror-stricken by the word.
 "A valentine," replied Sam.
 "Samivel, Samivel," said Mr. Weller, in reproachful accents, "I didn't think you'd ha' done it. Arter the warnin' you've had o' your father's wicious propensities ; after all I've said to you upon this here wery subject ; after actiwallly seein' and bein' in the company o' your own mother-in-law, vich I should ha' thought was a moral lesson as no man could ever ha' forgotten to his dyin' day ! I didn't think you'd ha' done it, Sammy, I didn't think you'd ha' done it." These reflections were too much for the good old man ; he raised Sam's tumbler to his lips and drank off the contents.

"Wot's the matter now?" said Sam.
 "Nev'r mind, Sammy," replied Mr. Weller, "it'll be a wery agonizin' trial to me at my time o' life, but I'm pretty tough, that's vun consolation, as the wery old turkey remarked ven the farmer said he vos afreed he should be obliged to kill him for the London market."
 "Wot'll be a trial?" inquired Sam.
 "To see you married, Sammy ; to see you a deluded wictim, and thinkin' in your innocence that it's all wery capital," replied Mr. Weller. "It's a dreadful trial to a father's feelin's, that 'ere, Sammy."
 "Nonsense," said Sam, "I ain't a goin' to get married, don't you fret yourself about that. I know you're a judge o' these things ; order in your pipe, and I'll read you the letter,—there !"
 Sam dipped his pen into the ink to be ready for any corrections, and began with a very theatrical air—
 "Lovely——"
 "Stop," said Mr. Weller, ringing the bell.

"A double glass o' the invariable, my dear."

"Very well, sir," replied the girl, who with great quickness appeared, vanished, returned, and *disappeared*.

"They seem to know your ways here," observed Sam.

"Yes," replied his father, "I've been here before, in my time. Go on, Sammy."

"'Lovely creetur'," repeated Sam.

"'Taint in poetry, is it?" interposed the father.

"No, no," replied Sam.

"Wery glad to hear it," said Mr. Weller.

"Poetry's unnat'ral. No man ever talked in poetry 'cept a beadle on boxin' day, or Warren's blackin' or Rowland's oil, or some o' them low fellows. Never you let yourself down to talk poetry, my boy. Begin again, Sammy."

Mr. Weller resumed his pipe with critical solemnity, and Sam once more commenced and read as follows:

"'Lovely creetur' i feel myself a damned'" —

"That ain't proper," said Mr. Weller, taking his pipe from his mouth.

"No: it ain't damned," observed Sam, holding the letter up to the light, "it's 'shamed,' there's a blot there; 'i feel myself ashamed.'"

"Wery good," said Mr. Weller. "Go on."

"'Feel myself ashamed, and completely cir—.' I forget wot this 'ere word is," said Sam, scratching his head with the pen, in vain attempts to remember.

"Why don't you look at it, then?" inquired Mr. Weller.

"So I *am* a lookin' at it," replied Sam, "but there's another blot: here's a 'c,' and a 'i,' and a 'd.'"

"Circumwented, p'rhaps," suggested Mr. Weller.

"No, it ain't that," said Sam: "circumscribed, that's it."

"That ain't as good a word as circumwented, Sammy," said Mr. Weller, gravely.

"Think not?" said Sam.

"Nothin' like it," replied his father.

"But don't you think it means more?" inquired Sam.

"Vell, p'rhaps it's a more tendererword," said Mr. Weller, after a few moments' reflection. "Go on, Sammy."

"'Feel myself ashamed and completely circumscribed in a dressin' of you, for you *are* a nice gal and nothin' but it.'"

"That's a wery pretty sentiment," said the elder Mr. Weller, removing his pipe to make way for the remark.

"Yes, I think it's rayther good," observed Sam, highly flattered.

"Wot I like in that 'ere style of writin'," said the elder Mr. Weller, "is, that there ain't no callin' names in it,—no Wenuses, nor nothin' o' that kind; wot's the good o' callin' a young 'ooman a Venus or a angel, Sammy?"

"Ah! what indeed?" replied Sam.

"You might just as vell call her a griffin, or a unicorn, or a king's arms at once, which is wery well known to be a collection o' rābulous animals," added Mr. Weller.

"Just as well," replied Sam.

"Drive on, Sammy," said Mr. Weller.

Sam complied with the request, and proceeded as follows: his father continuing to smoke with a mixed expression of wisdom and complacency, which was particularly edifying.

"'Afore i see you i thought all women was alike.'"

"So they are," observed the elder Mr. Weller, parenthetically.

"'But now,'" continued Sam, "'now i find what a reg'lar soft-headed, ink-red'lous turnip i must ha' been, for there ain't nobody like you, though i like you better than nothin' at all.' I thought it best to make that rayther strong," said Sam, looking up.

Mr. Weller nodded approvingly, and Sam resumed.

"'So i take the privildge of the day, Mary, my dear,—as the gen'lem'n in difficulties did, ven he valked out of a Sunday,—to tell you that the first and only time i see you your likeness wos took on my hart in much quicker time and brighter colors than ever a likeness was taken by the profeel macheen (wich p'rhaps you may have

heard on Mary my dear), aitho' it *does* finish a portrait and put the frame and glass on complete with a hook at the end to hang it up by, and all in two minutes and a quarter.' "

"I am afeerd that verges on the poetical, Sammy," said Mr. Weller, dubiously.

"No it don't," replied Sam, reading on very quickly to avoid contesting the point.

"Except of me Mary my dear as your valentine, and think over what I've said. My dear Mary I will now conclude.' That's all," said Sam.

"That's rayther a sudden pull up, ain't it, Sammy?" inquired Mr. Weller.

"Not a bit on it," said Sam: "she'll vish there wos more and that's the great arto' letter writin'."

"Well," said Mr. Weller, "there's somethin' in that: and I wish your mother-in-law 'ud only conduct her conversation on the same gen-teel principle. Ain't you a goin' to sign it?"

"That's the difficulty" said Sam; "I don't know what *to* sign it."

"Sign it—Veller," said the oldest surviving proprietor of that name.

"Won't do," said Sam. "Never sign a valentine with your own name."

"Sign it Pickvick, then," said Mr. Weller; "it's a wery good name, and a easy one to spell."

"The wery thing," said Sam. "I *could* end with a werse: what do you think?"

"I don't like it, Sam," rejoined Mr. Weller. "I never know'd a respectable coachman as wrote poetry, 'cept one as made an affectin' copy o' worses the night afore he was hung for a highway robbery, and *he* wos only a Cambervell man, so even that's no rule."

But Sam was not to be dissuaded from the poetical idea that had occurred to him, so he signed the letter,—

"Your love-sick
Pickwick."

CHARLES DICKENS.

THE LOST PENNY.

IN little Daisy's dimpled hand
Two bright, new pennies shone;
One was for Rob (at school just then),
The other Daisy's own.
While waiting Rob's return she rolled
Both treasures round the floor,

When suddenly they disappeared,
And one was seen no more.
"Poor Daisy. Is your penny lost?"
Was asked in accents kind.
"Why, no, *mine's* here!" she quickly said,
"It's Rob's I cannot find."

TWO VISITS.

THE fire in the kitchen was out,
The clock told that midnight was past.
The cook was in bed and asleep,
And the door of the pantry was fast;

When six little mischievous mice,
A-strolling for plunder and play,
Came in by a hole in the wall
They had gnawed for the purpose that day.

First Sharp Tooth and Spry hurried through,
Followed closely by Pry Nose and Fuzz;
And lastly came Shy Toes and Sleek—
Then, oh, what a frolic there was!

They danced on the best china plates—
These six little mischievous mice;
They nibbled the fruit-cake and pies;
They scattered the sugar and rice.

With nothing to startle or harm,
They kept up their frolic and feast
Till the stars faded out of the sky,
And morning appeared in the east.

When they came to the pantry again,
They spied in the midst of the floor
A structure of wire and wood,
Unseen on their visit before.

It seemed to their curious eyes,
Well fitted for pleasure and ease,
With six little rooms; and each one
Had tables of bacon and cheese.


They viewed it around and around,
They snuffed the sweet smells with delight:
"Tis a house built for us," they exclaimed,
"And we were expected to-night!"

Then Sharp Tooth and Spry and the rest
With nothing to make them afraid,
Crept into the six little rooms
Where supper was waiting and—staid!

They came to the pantry no more,
For this was the end of them all;
And the cook nailed a stout piece of tin
On the hole they had made in the wall.

N. E. M. HATHEWAY.

MISS MALONY ON THE CHINESE QUESTION.

 CH! dont' be talkin'. Is it howld on, ye say? An' didn't I howld on till the heart of me was clane broke entirely, and me wastin' that thin you could clutch me wid yer two hands? To think o' me toilin' like a nager for the six year I've been in Ameriky—bad luck to the day I iver left the owld country! to be bate by the likes o' them! (faix an' I'll sit down when I'm ready, so I will, Ann Ryan, an' ye'd better be list'nin' than drawin' your remarks); an' is it mysel, with five good characters from respectable places, would be herdin' wid the haythens? The saints forgive me, but I'd be buried alive sooner'n put up wid it a day longer.

Sure an' I was the granehorn not to be lavin' at onct when the missus kim into me kitchen wid her perlaver about the new waiter man which was brought out from Californy. "He'll be here the night," says she; "and, Kitty, it's meself looks to you to be kind and patient wid him, for he's a furriner," says she, a kind o' lookin' off. "Sure an' it's little I'll hinder nor interfare wid him nor any other, mum," says I, a kind o' stiff, for I minded me how these French waiters, wid their paper collars and brass rings on their fingers, isn't company for no gurril brought up dacint and honest.

Och! sorra a bit I knew what was comin' till the missus walked into me kitchen smillin', and says kind o' shcared: "Here's Fing Wing, Kitty, an' you'll have too much sinse to mind his bein' a little strange." Wid that she shoots the doore, and I, mistrusting if I was tidied up sufficient

for me fine b'y wid his paper collar, looks up and—Howly fathers! may I niver brathe another breath, but there stud a rale haythen Chineser a-grinnin' like he'd just come off a tay-box. If you'll belave me, the craytur was that yellor it 'ud sicken you to see him; and sorra stitch was on him but a black night-gown over his trowsers, and the front of his head shaved claner nor a copper biler, and a black tail a-hangin' down from it behind, wid his two feet stook into the heathenestest shoes you ever set eyes on.

Och! but I was up-stairs afore you could turn about, a givin' the missus warnin', an' odly stopt wid her by her raisin' me wages two dollars, and playdin' wid me how it was a Christian's duty to bear wid haythins and taitch 'em all in our power—the saints save us! Well, the ways and trials I had wid that Chineser, Ann Ryan, I couldn't be tellin'. Not a blissed thing cud I do but he'd be lookin' on wid his eyes cocked up'ard like two poomp-handles, an' he widdout a speck or smitch o' whiskers on him, an' his finger nails full a yard long. But it's dyin' you'd be to see the missus a-larnin' him, and he grinnin' an' waggin' his pig tail (which was pieced out long wid some black stoof, the haythen chate!), and gettin' into her ways wonderful quick, I don't deny, imitatin' that sharp, you'd be shurprised, and ketchin', an copyin' things the best of us will do a-hurried wid work, yet don't want comin' to the knowledge of the family—bad luck to him!

Is it ate wid him? Arrah, an' would I be sittin' wid a haythen an' he a-atin wid drum-

sticks—yes, an' atin' dogs an' cats unknownst to me, I warrant you, which it is the custom of them Chinesers, till the thought made me that sick I could die. An' didn't the craytur' proffer to help me a wake ago come Toosday, an' me a foldin' down me clane clothes for the ironin', an' fill his haythin mouth wid water, an' afore I could hinder squirit it through his teeth stret over the best linen table-cloth, and fold it up tight as innercent now as a baby, the dirrity baste!

But the worrest of all was the copyin' he'd be doin' till ye'd be dishtraced. It's yersel' knows the tinder feet that's on me since ever I've been in this counthry. Well, owin' to that, I fell into a way o' slippin' me shoes off when I'd be settin' down to pale the praities or the likes o' that, and, do ye mind! that haythin would do the same thing after me whinivir the missus set him to parin' apples or tomaterses. The saints in heaven couldn't have made him belave he cud kape the shoes on him when he'd be paylin' anything.

Did I lave fur that? Faix an' I didn't. Didn't he get me into throuble wid my missus, the haythin? You're aware yersel' how the boondles comin' in from the grocery often contains more'n'll go into anything dacently. So, for that matter, I'd now and then take out a sup o' sugar, or flour, or tay, an' wrap it in

paper and put it in me bit of a box tucked under the ironin' blankit the how it cuddent be bodderin' any one.

Well, what shud it be, but this blessed Sathurday morn the missus was a spakin' pleasant and respec'ful wid me in me kitchen when the grocer boy comes in an' stands fornenst her wid his boondles, an' she motions like to Fing Wing (which I never would call him by that name ner any other but just haythin),—she motions to him, she does, for to take the boondles an' empty out the sugar an' what not where they belongs. If you'll belave me, Ann Ryan, what did that blatherin' Chineser do but take out a sup o' sugar, an' a handful o' tay, an' a bit o' chaze right afore the missus, wrap them into bits o' paper, an' I spacheless wid shurprize, an' he the next minute up wid the ironin' blankit and pullin' out me box wid a show o' bein' sly to put them in. Och, the Lord forgive me, but I clutched it, and the missus sayin', "O Kitty!" in a way that 'ud cruddle your blood. "He's a haythin nager," says I. "I've found you out," says she. "I'll arrist him," says I. "It's you ought to be arristed," says she. "You won't," says I. "I will," says she—and so it went till she give me such sass as I cuddent take from no lady—an' I give her warnin' an' left that instant, an' she a-pointin' to the doore.

MARY MAPES DODGE.

THE KNIFE OF BOYHOOD.

I PRIZE it, I love it, this jack-knife of mine!
No money could tempt me my prize to resign!

Through the lab'rinth of boyhood it proved a sure guide,
And the notches it cut were my safety and pride.

How long seemed the years I must patiently wait,
My finger-ends tingling, and hear big boys prate
Of the wonderful things which a jack-knife could do!

And they always wound up, "But it's too sharp for you!"

But with pockets and pants came the coveted prize;

And I felt—well, as proud, for a lad of my size,
As a millionaire does who has worked his own way

From a farmhouse to life in a palace to-day.

In that back seat at school, Oh, the nicks that I made!

I there made my mark, though Time, the old jade,

While lifting my classmates to honor and fame,
Has left me still plodding on, ever the same.

This knife's neat and trim as a knife could well
be,
Though I broke off the blade just here, as you
see;
It was when I went fishing with Fred for brook
trout,
And the eels pulled so hard, our fish-poles gave
out.

"And the handle!" I split that by letting it fall
Once when I went nutting, and climbed a stone
wall;
It slid from my pocket and cracked on the rocks,
For jack-knives, like people, can't stand too
rude shocks.

When once you get started in going down hill
You are just like the grain that's put into the
mill;
It falls and it falls till it's ground, drop by drop;

So, in going down hill, it's the foot where you
stop.

'Tis the same old jack-knife though, in handle
and blade,
It's been broken more times than a routed bri-
gade;
But, fresh from the workshop, it always comes
back
With some grace or some beauty all other knives
lack.

I love it, I prize it—my long cherished friend!
It shall stay by my side till my life here shall
end.

'Tis the knife of my boyhood—it's beauty ne'er
fades,
Though it's had six new handles and sixteen
new blades.

LOUISE UPHAM.

NOT GUILTY(?)

"O you call that manners, Jacob? is that
the way to bow—
Tugging at your hat brim with strength
to pull a plough?

You seem to be embarrassed; you act like you
were dazed;
Let go your hat and answer me: why look you
so amazed?"

"Nuffin wrong, sah, nuffin! 'fore God I do de-
clar'!

'Ceptin' I war tinkin' as how you'd cuss an'
swar

'Cause de pigs hab not been fed, de horses cur-
ried down;

'Pears when tings ar' gwine wrong you're sho to
hap'n roun."

"I thought I heard a chicken, Jake behind the
cabin wall;

At first a lively cackle, and then a doleful squall.
I may have been mistaken, but I hardly think I
was,

And chickens never squall you know, unless
they have a cause"

"Yes, sah—no, sah! dat ol' chicken-hawk—ah
—he don' com' again—

Mi! da hab de hardes' fight, him an' de speckle'
hen.

At firs' de hawk war master, but dat ol' hen am
wise,

She flop him crazy wid her wings an' peck him
in the eyes:

If dat ol' hen ain't game, boss, den dis ol' nigger
lies."

"And so you do, you rascal, it was no hen at all,
I know a rooster's voice, boy—I heard a rooster
squall."

"Yes, sah, a spring chicken, 'bout the size to
fry.

De way dat rooster run an' squall an' try his bes'
to fly!

'Twas fun to see his capers, how he struv to get
away!

Golly, he won't git ober de fright until his dyin'
day."

"That rooster fell in cruel hands that clutched
him by the throat;

That stopped his breath, his life, perhaps, in the middle of a note."

"'Scuse me, boss, I mos' forgot, dem pigs mus' hab dar corn,

I'll feed de shoats an' plow de fiel' till Dinah blows de horn."

"Hold, Jake, that hat of yours, now like a steeple grows—

Now the crown sinks down again—spreads out just like your nose—

Now—ha! ha! ha! What's that between the crown and brim?

A rooster's head! *and you are caught*, as sure as you caught him."

The rooster turned his head about and gave a flop or two;

Then in a voice both loud and shrill, cries "Cack-cack-cack-cack—koo-hoo!"

Much as to say, "I'm puzzled, I know not what to do."

Jake gently raised his beaver up, and out the prisoner flew.

He slowly scratched his woolly head, and gazed upon the ground,

Pondering what excuse to make, if any could be found.

But soon his reverie's broken by the question:

"Well, sir, how

Came that chicken in your hat,—your hat upon your brow?"

"'Clar, boss, 'is bery strange how dese young chickens do;

When da'r frightened by de hawk da'l creep into a shoe,

An' dat young rooster got dar jes' to hide hese'f, As cunnin' as de little mouse what clim's upon de she'f,

You dunno how he git dar, how he come an' go, But you kno' de varmint's up dar, for sartin an' for sho—


But de way dat rooster clim' de wey up in my hat, Beats de sharpes' mouse, sah, dat eber fooled a cat!

I wish dat I ma' die, sah, 'fore I move a peg, If I don't beleab he clim' dar, *up my breeches' leg!*"

J. W. HATTON

THE CAT'S BATH.

A "LITTLE FOLKS'" SONG.

 S pussy sat washing her face by the gate,
A nice little dog came to have a good chat;

And after some talk about matters of state,
Said, with a low bow, "My dear Mrs. Cat,
I really do hope you'll not think I am rude;
I am curious, I know, and that you may say—
Perhaps you'll be angry—but no, you're too good—

Pray why do you wash in that very odd way?
Now I every day rush away to the lake,
And in the clear water I dive and I swim;
I dry my wet fur with a run and a shake,
And am fresh as a rose and neat as a pin.
But you any day in the sun may be seen,
Just rubbing yourself with your red little tongue;

I admire the grace with which it is done—
But really, now, are you sure you get yourself clean?"

The cat, who sat swelling with rage and surprise

At this, could no longer her fury contain,
For she had always supposed herself rather precise,

And of her sleek neatness had been somewhat vain;

So she flew at poor doggy and boxed both his ears,

Scratched his nose and his eyes, and spit in his face,

And sent him off yelping; from which it appears
Those who ask prying questions may meet with disgrace.

THE QUEER LITTLE HOUSE.

THERE'S a queer little house,
 And it stands in the sun.
 When the good mother calls,
 The children all run.
 While under her roof
 They are cozy and warm,
 Though the cold wind may whistle
 And bluster and storm.

In the daytime, this queer
 Little house moves away,
 And the children run after it,
 Happy and gay ;
 But it comes back at night,
 And the children are fed,
 And tucked up to sleep
 In a soft feather-bed.

This queer little house
 Has no windows nor doors—
 The roof has no shingles,
 The rooms have no floors—
 No fire-place, chimney,
 Nor stove can you see,
 Yet the children are cozy
 And warm as can be.

The story of this
 Funny house is all true,
 I have seen it myself,
 And I think you have, too,
 You can see it to-day,
 If you watch the old hen,
 When her downy wings cover
 Her chickens again.

REVERIE IN CHURCH.

TOO early of course ! How provoking !
 I told ma just how it would be.
 I might as well have on a wrapper,
 For there's not a soul here yet to see.

There ! Sue Delaplaine's pew is empty,—
 I declare if it isn't too bad !
 I know my suit cost more than her's did,
 And I wanted to see her look mad.

I do think that sexton's too stupid—
 He's put some one else in our pew—
 And the girl's dress just kills mine completely ;
 Now what am I going to do ?

The psalter, and Sue isn't here yet !
 I don't care, I think it's a sin
 For people to get late to service,
 Just to make a great show coming in.

Perhaps she is sick, and can't get here—
 She said she'd a headache last night.
 How mad she'll be after her fussing !
 I declare it would serve her just right.

Oh, you've got here at last, my dear, have you !
 Well, I don't think you need be so proud
 Of that bonnet if Virot did make it,
 It's horrid fast-looking and loud.

What a dress !—for a girl in her senses
 To go on the street in light blue !—
 And those coat-sleeves—they wore them last
 summer—
 Don't doubt, though, that she thinks they're
 new.

Mrs. Gray's polonaise was imported—
 So dreadful !—a minister's wife,
 And thinking so much about fashion !—
 A pretty example of life !

The altar's dressed sweetly—I wonder
 Who sent those white flowers for the font !—
 Some girl who's gone on the assistant—
 Don't doubt it was Bessie Lamont.

Just look at her now, little humbug !—
 So devout—I suppose she don't know
 That she's bending her head too far over
 And the ends of her switches all show.

What a sight Mrs. Ward is this morning !
 That woman will kill me some day,
 With her horrible lilacs and crimsons,
 Why will these old things dress so gay ?

And there's Jenny Wells with Fred Tracy—
 She's engaged to him now—horrid thing !
 Dear me ! I'd keep on my glove sometimes,
 If I did have a solitaire ring !

How *can* this girl next to me act so—
 The way that she turns round and stares,

And then makes remarks about people:—
 She'd better be saying her prayers.

Oh, dear, what a dreadful long sermon !
 He must love to hear himself talk !
 And it's after twelve now,—how provoking !
 I wanted to have a nice walk.

Through at last. Well, it isn't so dreadful
 After all, for we don't dine till one ;
 How can people say church is poky !—
 So wicked !—I think its real fun.

GEORGE A. BAKER, JR.

BABY'S LOGIC.

SHE was ironing her dolly's new gown
 Maid Marian, four years old,
 With her brows puckered down
 In a painstaking frown
 Under her tresses of gold.

'Twas Sunday, and nurse coming in
 Exclaimed in a tone of surprise :
 "Don't you know it's a sin

Any work to begin
 On the day that the Lord sanctifies ?"

Then, lifting her face like a rose,
 Thus answered this wise little tot :
 "Now, don't you suppose
 The good Lord he knows
 This little iron ain't hot ?"

ELIZABETH W. BELLAMY.

ABNER'S SECOND WIFE.

ANINE days' wonder had Tattlerstown,
 Its gossips regaled on a morsel sweet,
 And the whilom widower, Abner Brown,
 Provided, free gratis, the luscious treat.
 For Abner, tiring of single life,
 And sighing again for wedded bliss,
 Affinity found for a second wife
 In Amanda Green, an ancient miss.

The widow Simmons made bold to state
 (Though in neighbors' affairs she took no part!)
 That Abner was lured to a dreadful fate
 By deep design and a cunning art.
 However, this view caused no surprise,
 For as plain as the noonday sun 'twas seen,
 The widow looked through the monster's eyes,
 Whose hues are said to be emerald green.

Samantha Jones and Abigail White—
 Two maidens born in the long ago—
 Wouldn't think of marrying such a fright !
 "But 'Mandy was growing old, you know !"
 We're told at length in ancient tale
 How Reynard roamed where the grapes hung
 high—
 To both Samantha and Abigail
 This aged legend will well apply.

Belinda Jenkins turned up her nose,
 And scornfully sniffing the ambient air,
 Maliciously hinted the dead wife's clothes
 Were all the living would get to wear.
 To which Mrs. Mopps rejoined, "I guess
 Ab. Brown 'll be like the rest of his ilk,
 Who keep the fust in a kaliker dress
 That the second critter may wear the silk !"

Some said Amanda would be the boss,
 And others argued the other way ;
 Some thought his grief for his first wife's loss
 Was a hypocrite's pretense and play.
 Amanda and Abner were both the theme
 At the quilting-bee and the milliner's shop,
 Until it really began to seem
 The wagging tongues would never stop.

A fragment or two came Abner's way,
 Conveyed by his bosom friend, Bill Ayers,
 And the bridegroom had only this to say,
 While the town was nosing in his affairs :
 "I knowed a man onst 'way down South,
 And houses and lands and bonds were his
 And he made it all by shuttin' his mouth
 And mindin' his individooal biz !"

M'CALLA AND THE MIDDY.

HOW THE LATTER GOT SQUARE.

"**W**HEN I sailed with Lieutenant-Com-
 mander McCalla several years ago,"
 said a young naval officer to a
 Washington reporter, "he had already made a
 reputation as a rigid disciplinarian. One day it
 chanced that a young midshipman whom he had
 sent ashore went a trifle beyond the instructions
 given him with relation to his errand. The
 matter was not of the least importance, but
 McCalla chided him sharply, saying :

"When you receive an order, sir, do simply
 what you are told to do and never a particle
 more or less."

"The midshipman touched his hat respect-
 fully, but he thought the rebuke uncalled for and
 bided his time for getting even. A few days
 later McCalla summoned him and said :

"You will take a boat, sir, and go ashore to
 the postoffice. See if there is a package there
 for me. "Ay, Ay, sir."

"The midshipman took the boat and went
 ashore. When he returned McCalla asked :

"Well, sir, was there a package for me at the
 postoffice?"

"Yes, sir," replied the midshipman, touch-
 ing his cap.

"Where is it?" "At the postoffice, sir."

"What? you didn't bring it with you?"

"No, sir." "Why not, sir?"


"Because I had no orders to do so, sir."

"I told you to get the package."

"Beg pardon, sir, but I understood you to
 tell me merely to see if there was a package for
 you at the postoffice, and I could not venture
 to do a particle more or less than my instruc-
 tions indicated."

"McCalla looked just then as if he would
 have liked to eat up that midshipman, but it
 was impossible for him to say anything. The
 midshipman had got square."

THE HUSKIN'.

 LE "Cross-roads Brown," he give a bee,
 An' 'vited all the neighbors,
 Until a rig'ment fought his corn,
 With huskin'-pegs fur sabers.

The night was clear as Em Steele's eyes,
 The moon as mild as Nancy's,
 The stars was winkin's if they knowed
 All 'bout our loves and fancies.

The breeze was sharp an' braced a chap,
 Like Minnie Silvers' laughin' ;

The cider in the gallon jug
 Was jes tip-top for quaffin'.

The gals sung many a ole-time song,
 Us boys a-jinin' chorus—
 We'd no past shames to make us sad,
 Nor dreaded ones afore us.

The shock was tumbled on the ground,
 Each one its own direction,
 An' ears was droppin' all around,
 Like pennies at collection.

On one side o' the shock a boy,
His sweetheart on the other,
A kind o' timid like an' coy,
But not so very, nuther.

The fodder rustles dry and clean,
The husks like silver glisten,
The ears o' gold shine in between,
As if they try to listen.

An' when a red ear comes to light,
Like some strange boy a-blushin',
The gal she gives a scream o' fright,
An' jukes her pardner, rushin'

To get a kiss, the red ear's prize,
Till, conquered most completely,
She lifts her lips an' brightened eyes
An' gives him one so sweetly.

They hed a shock off from the rest—
Tom Fell an' Lizzie Beyer,
An' Tom he wouldn't say a word,
Got mute in getting nigh her.

But Liz, she knowed jest by his move,
Tom loved her like tarnation,
An' every time she said a word
She seen him blush carnation.

She seen him husk the red ears out,
The bashful, foolish fellow,
As if each red one wasn't worth
A dozen piles o' yellow.

Their shock was jes' 'bout finished up,
An' Liz was busy twistin'
A great big ear, to get it off,
An' it was still resistin'.

Until she said, "Do break it, Tom,"
She didn't know she hed one,
Till lookin' down she blushed an' cried,
"Oh! gracious, Tom, 't's a red one!"

An' Tom he gave her *such* a kiss—
Stretched out 'twould make me twenty,
An' all that night, in all their shocks,
Red ears seemed mighty plenty.

WILL F. MCSPARRAN.

THE FANCY WORK MAIDEN.

PN' so you kinder wanter know w'y I broke
off with Sal?

It war'nt because she war'nt a good an'
mighty purty gal;
For there ain't a blessed star in heaven shines
brighter than her eyes,
An' her cheeks are just like peaches on the trees
of Paradise!

An' her smile is like the sunshine spilt upon a
flower bed,
An' her hair like sproutin' sunbeams, on the
garding of her head,
An' her laff is like a singin' brook that bubbles
as it passes
Thro' the stuck-up tiger lilies, an' the purty
smellin' grasses.

An' I told her that I loved her much as forty
times a day,

But she hadn't much time to bother, an' kept on
with her crowshay,
W'en I plumped right down afore her, plumb
upon my very knees,
She said, "Git off my rick-rack, an' you're
rumplin' up my frieze."

An' I tried to talk of love an' things, an' told
her I would die
Unless she smiled upon my soot. She simply
said, "Oh, my!
You've tore my purty tidy down, an' hain't ye
got no eyes?
You've planted them big feet o' yourn on them
ar tapestries!"

An' she wove big flamingoes, snipes, an' turkeys
on her rugs,
An' she painted yuller poodles on her mother's
'lasses jugs,

An' she painted purple angels on majenta colored plaques,

An' five orange-colored cherubs, with blue wings behind their backs.

An' w'en I talked of love an' stuff she'd talk of rugs an' lace,

An' ax me would I take my feet from off thet Chiny vase.

I'd say, "My heart's love, O, be mine! be mine! be wholly mine!"

She'd say, "You've got your elbows mixed in that silk skein er twine."

Now I'm goin' to Arizony for to do a cowboy's work,

Driven forth from civil'zation by the cuss er fancy work,

But her smile will allus hant me, allus in my visions play,


Framed in latest styles of rick-rack, with a backgroun' of crowshay. S. W. Foss.

THE REASON WHY.

"WHEN I was at the party,"
Said Betty (aged just four),
"A little girl fell off her chair,
Right down upon the floor;
And all the other little girls
Began to laugh, but me—
I didn't laugh a single bit,"
Said Betty, seriously.

"Why not?" her mother asked her,
Full of delight to find
That Betty—bless her little heart!—
Had been so sweetly kind.
"Why didn't *you* laugh, darling?
Or don't you like to tell?"
"I didn't laugh," said Betty,
"Cause it was me that fell!"

A BIT OF SHOPPING FOR THE COUNTRY.

Y very dear friend:
This is simply addenda to what I last wrote,
But the price-list I see, from which I there quote,
Improves every day. I'm fairly delighted
(Perhaps you may call my condition excited)
At what I've just read in *The Star* and *The Sun*.
What soul-stirring bargains must be going on!
I enclose you straightway a whole Ten Dollar note
To go with the list I have just made you out—
One moment, dear Carrie, with impudence bear
If I ask you to handle the enclosure with care.
Try to stretch it as far, now, please, dearest, do,
As ever a "ten-stroke" has been known to go.
You'll lift it, I'm sure, as a thing of some weight
When I tell you it *outweighs twelve bushels of wheat*.

As mine, now, are hanging most limp and threadbare,
I'll trouble you, Carrie, to get me two pair.
Twenty yards, I suppose,—twenty yards more or less,—
I can't be exact; but I know you can guess.
The walls need a paper,—gilt paper I'd choose;
Some eight or ten pieces would do, I suppose.
Then, the dear, old arm-chair decidedly hints
She'd like a new dress of the cretonne or chintz,
A lounge cover, too, may as well come along,
Since cretonne is selling for just "a mere song."
I can't slight the mantle! Send a lambrequin, too;
The old would look shabby with so much brand-new.
I want all alike,—the cretonne for these,
Not the sort that is thin and slazy, dear, please—
You remember 'tis rather a weakness of mine.
I like the price low, but the quality fine.

Imprimis, my room. And Madras, I see
Is just down as low as curtains can be;

Next for myself. And so far gone is *this*
 I think there is nothing that could come amiss.
 But then I must limit my wishes, of course,
 Or else my demands might outrun my purse.
 Once begin and I hardly know when I shall stop,
 For order's sake, then, we'll begin at the top.
 A bonnet,—I want just the simplest frame,
 With a scrap of green surah to cover the same,
 (Please pin it on, love, with the top-knot and
 strings).

Of course I don't dream of those fine Frenchy
 things,

But I want enough flowers and lace to look nice,
 And something in jet to tip off the device.

Some collars and cuffs,—the size just for you ;
 Say a dozen of each ; and of handkerchiefs, too,
 (By the way, I see bordered and beautiful ones
 Can be had for ten cents at Nichols and Sons').
 And gloves, some eight-buttoned at Donald and
 Dent's ;

The best of Jouran's at—I think, fifty cents.
 Six is my number. I must own the fact
 That in matter of gloves I am *very* exact.

Next for my boots. O Carrie, dear, *please*
 Get softest French leather in good number threes.
 I see that Waukeasy and some of the rest,
 For less than a dollar are selling "the best."
 But my poor tender toes—O Carrie, my dear,

Of those ironside corn-crushers please you beware !
 Those pitiless soles that pierce you like thorns
 Right into the quick of your tenderest corns !

As to the dress I need say nothing more.
 The order stands just as I wrote you before.
 I don't care how cheap you get the sateen
 Just so it is fine, and pretty sage green.

And now, I believe I have made out the bill,
 Which I hope, love, will give you no trouble to
 fill.

Of course you'll retain what will have it ex-
 pressed,

Or, send it by mail, just as you think best.

And then with what's over don't worry about ;
 It makes no great odds how you lay it out.
 'Twill be but a trifle, and I'm not precise,
 Any cute little notion, that's useful and nice.

And now, dear, forgive if I should here repeat
 The gentle reminder regarding the wheat.
 For money *is* money these dreadful hard times,
 And reckless extravagance ranks with the crimes.
 Please send on the package as soon as can be,
 Of course these returns I'm distracted to see.
 Curiosity's sharpened distressingly keen
 Of—truly and fondly, your own, EVA GREEN.

MATTIE'S WANTS AND WISHES.

Ⓘ WANTS a piece of cal'co
 To make my doll a dress ;
 I doesn't want a big piece ;
 A yard'll do I guess.
 I wish you 'fred my needle,
 And find my fible, too—
 'T has such heaps o' sewin'
 I don't know what to do.

My Hepsy tored her apron
 A tum'lin' down the stair.
 And Cæsar's lost his pantnoons.
 And needs anoizzer pair.

I wants my Maud a bonnet ;
 She hasn't none at all ;
 And Fred must have a jacke'
 His ozzier one's too small.

I wants to go to grandma's ;
 You promised me I might.
 I know she'd like to see me ;
 I wants to go to-night.
 She lets me wipe the dishes,
 And see in grandpa's watch—
 I wish I'd free, four pennies
 To buy some butter-sotch.

I wants some newer mittens—
 I wish you'd knit me some,
 'Cause most my finger freezes,
 They leaks so in the fum,
 I wored 'em out last summer,
 A pullin' George's sled;
 I wish you wouldn't laugh so—
 It hurts me in my head.

I wish I had a cookie;
 I'm hungry's I can be.
 If you hasn't pretty large ones,
 You'd better bring me free.
 I wish I had a p'ano—
 Won't you buy me one to keep?
 O, dear! I feels so tired,
 I wants to go to sleep. GRACE GORDON.

HATTIE'S VIEWS ON HOUSECLEANING.

OUR folks have been cleaning house—and, oh! it is just dreadful, I think! Why, a little girl might just as well have no mamma as to have a mamma who is cleaning house. She does not have any time to tend to me at all. She ties her head up in an old apron, and wears an ugly old dress, and she don't look a bit pretty. Then she pulls everything out of its place, and the house looks—oh! so bad. We do not have any good dinners, either, 'cause there's no time to stop to get them ready. And I cannot find my dear Margaret that was broken a little, and the saw-dust ran out of her. Mamma said she made so much dirt that she must be burnt up, and oh! I'm afraid that is where she has gone. And ever so many of my playthings are lost—lost in the housecleaning. What if they were old and broken! I loved them. So is it any wonder I think house-cleaning is a dreadful thing?

When I grow up to be a big woman, I mean never to clean house at all, but be just as dirty and happy as I can. What's the world made of if it isn't made of dirt?

PAT'S WISDOM.

TIM DOLAN and his wife, wan night,
 Were drinkin' av the crayture,
 Whin something started up a fight,
 And they wint at it right an' tight,
 According to their nature.

O'Grady and mesilf stood near,
 Expecting bloody murder.
 Says he to me: "Let's interfere."
 But I pretending not to hear,
 Moved off a little further.

"Lave off, ye brute," says he to Tim;
 "No man wud sthrike a lady."
 But both the Doolans turned on him,
 And in a whist the two av them
 Were wallopin O'Grady.

That night whin I was home, in bed,
 Remimbering this token,
 I took the notion in my head
 That the wisest word I iver said
 Was the one that wasn't spoken.

MODERN EDUCATION.

THE trustees of a school on Staten Island recently commissioned one of their number to convey to the teachers the wishes of the board as to the nature of the studies to be pursued. When the teachers were assembled before him, the spokesman of the trustees made the following address:

"TEACHERS: I've been disputed by my fellow-

cowleeks of the Board to make a short collation to you on the subject of running this school practical. We don't want you to learn the scholars no fancy things. They learned me lots of nonsense where I went to school, and I never made the first dollar out of it. Now, there's arithmetic. We want you to play light with that. You can learn the children to do sums in

Partition, Distraction, Stultification, and Long and Short Provisions, but that's all. Don't you teach them Fractures. I lost six months when I went to school learning Fractures, and last week I spent two days trying to measure off an acre of pasture, and I'd have been at it yet if I'd stuck to them Fractures. I had to go over the ground with a two-foot rule after all. Fractures is too puzzling. You are always Converting the Divider the wrong way, or getting the Fumigator and the Nomination mixed up on the wrong side of the line.

"Then there's English Grabber; that's another book we don't want you to use much. I learned all about it when I was a boy, and what do I know now? I couldn't parsley ten words if I had to die. Of course, all these boys may be the President of the United States, and then they'll want to know a little about it, for there's no use in a man running for office unless he's good at Grabber; so you can just learn the children what they call the Smarts of Speech—the Article, the Clown, the Axletive, the Herb, the Parsnip, the Injunction, and the rest of them.

"As for Geography, we don't want any of

that in the school unless you get the new and improved one. The Geography that me and my cowleeks of the board learned at school was filled with a pack of lies and nonsense; it said the earth was all covered over with criss-cross lines that they called the lines of Gratitude and the Cathartic Circular and the He-Quaker that ran all around the earth after the Great Sarah. Now, that's worse than dime novels, and don't you teach any of it here.

"Then I see in the next district they raised \$20 off the taxpayers to 'increase the Falicities of their school,' so they said. Now we don't want you to use any Falicities in this school; if you've got to use anything of that kind take a rattan, but I tell you public opinion is against corporation punishment in any shape, and though the tax-payers may stand a rattan they'll kick if any of their boys is whaled with a Falicity. The only kind of punishment that is allowed in these times is moral swearin'; it hurts the boys just as much as rattans, and it don't leave no marks on them.

"These are all the rules and regulations we have drawn up for the present, but at our next meeting will get up some more."

THE OWL-CRITIC.

"WHO stuffed that white owl?" No one spoke in the shop;
The barber was busy, and he couldn't stop;

The customers, waiting their turns, were all reading

The *Daily*, the *Herald*, the *Post*, little heeding
The young man who blurted out such a blunt question;

Not one raised a head, or even made a suggestion;

And the barber kept on shaving.

"Don't you see, Mister Brown,"

Cried the youth, with a frown,

"How wrong the whole thing is,

How preposterous each wing is,

How flattened the head is, how jammed down the neck is—

In short, the whole owl, what an ignorant wreck 'tis!

"I make no apology;

I've learned owl-eology.

I've passed days and nights in a hundred collections,

And cannot be blinded to any deflections

Arising from unskilful fingers that fail

To stuff a bird right, from his beak to his tail.

Mister Brown! Mister Brown!

Do take that bird down,

Or you'll soon be the laughing-stock all over town!"

And the barber kept on shaving.

"I've *studied* owls,
 And other night fowls
 And I tell you
 What I know to be true :
 An owl cannot roost
 With his limbs so unloosed ;
 No owl in this world
 Ever had his claws curled,
 Ever had his legs slanted,
 Ever had his bill canted,
 Ever had his neck screwed
 Into that attitude.
 He can't *do* it, because
 'Tis against all bird laws.
 Anatomy teaches,
 Ornithology preaches,
 An owl has a toe
 That *can't* turn out so !
 I've made the white owl my study for years,
 And to see such a job almost moves me to tears !
 Mister Brown, I'm amazed
 You should be so gone crazed
 As to put up a bird
 In that posture absurd !
 To *look* at that owl really brings on a dizziness ;
 The man who stuffed him don't half know his
 business !"

And the barber kept on shaving.

"Examine those eyes.
 I'm filled with surprise
 Taxidermists should pass
 Off on you such poor glass ;


So unnatural they seem
 They'd make Audubon scream,
 And John Burroughs laugh
 To encounter such chaff.
 Do take that bird down ;
 Have him stuffed again, Brown !"
 And the barber kept on shaving

"With some sawdust and bark
 I could stuff in the dark
 An owl better than that.
 I could make an old hat
 Look more like an owl
 Than that horrid fowl,
 Stuck up there so stiff like a side of coarse
 leather.
 In fact, about *him* there's not one natural
 feather."

Just then, with a wink and a sly normal lurch,
 The owl, very gravely, got down from his perch,
 Walked round, and regarded his fault-finding
 critic
 (Who thought he was stuffed) with a glance
 analytic,
 And then fairly hooted, as if he should say :
 "Your learning's at fault this time, anyway ;
 Don't waste it again on a live bird, I pray.
 I'm an owl ; you're another. Sir Critic, good-
 day !"

And the barber kept on shaving.
 JAMES T. FIELD.

THE REASON WHY.

 AN anybody tell why, when Eve was
 manufactured from one of Adam's ribs,
 a hired girl wasn't made at the same
 time to wait on her?

We can, easily. Because Adam never came
 whining to Eve with a ragged stocking to be
 darned, a collar button to be sewed on, or a
 glove to be mended "right away quick now."
 Because he never read the newspaper until the
 sun got down behind the palm trees, and then
 stretched himself, yawning out, "Ain't supper

most ready, my dear." Not he. He made the
 fire and hung over it the tea-kettle himself we'll
 venture, and pulled the radishes and peeled the
 bananas, and did everything else that he ought
 to. He milked the cows and fed the chickens
 and looked after the pigs himself.

He never brought home half a dozen friends
 to dinner when Eve hadn't any fresh pomegran-
 ates and the mango season was over. He never
 stayed out until 11 o'clock to a ward meeting,
 hurrahing for the out-and-out candidate, and

then scolded because poor Eve was sitting up and crying inside the gates. To be sure he acted rather cowardly about the apple-gathering time, but that don't depreciate his general helpfulness about the garden! He never played billards, nor drove fast horses, nor choked Eve with cigar-smoke. He never loafed around corner groceries while solitary Eve was rocking little Cain's cradle at home.

In short, he did not think she was specially created for the purpose of waiting on him, and wasn't under the impression that it disgraced a man to lighten his wife's cares a little. That is the reason that Eve did not need a hired girl, and we wish that it was the reason that none of her descendants did. He tended the baby while Eve was getting breakfast and was a sort of hired girl himself.

SONG OF THE ALL-WOOL SHIRT.

MY father bought an undershirt
Of bright and flaming red—
"All wool, I'm ready to assert,
Fleece-dyed," the merchant said.
"Your size is thirty-eight, I think;
A forty you should get,
Since all-wool goods are bound to shrink
A trifle when they're wet."

That shirt two weeks my father wore—
Two washings that was all—
From forty down to thirty-four
It shrank like leaf in fall.

I wore it then a day or two,
But when 'twas washed again,
My wife said "Now 'twill only do
For little brother Ben."

A fortnight Ben squeezed into it,
At last he said it hurt,
We put it on our babe—the fit
Was good as any shirt.
We ne'er shall wash it more while yet
We see its flickering light,
For if again that shirt is wet,
'Twill vanish from our sight.

THERE ONCE WAS A TOPER.

THERE once was a toper—I'll not tell his
name—
Who had for his comfort a scolding old
dame;
And often and often he wished himself dead,
For if drunk he came home, she would beat him
to bed.
He spent all his evenings away from his home,
And when he returned, he would sneakily
come
And try to walk straightly, and say not a word,—
Just to keep his dear wife from abusing her lord;
For, if he dared say his tongue was his own,
'Twould set her tongue going, in no gentle tone,
And she'd huff him, and cuff him, and call him
hard names;
And he'd sigh to be rid of all scolding old
dames.
It happened, one night, on a frolic he went,

He staid till his very last penny was spent,
But how to go home, and get safely to bed,
Was the thing on his heart that most heavily
weighed.

But home he must go, so he caught up his hat,
And off he went singing, by this and by that,
"I'll pluck up my courage, I guess she's in bed,
If she aint, 'tis no matter, I'm sure: who's
afraid?"

He came to his door; he lingered until
He peeped, and he listened, and all seemed quite
still;

In he went, and his wife sure enough was in bed!
"Oh!" says he, "it's just as I thought: who's
afraid!"

He crept about softly, and spoke not a word,
His wife seemed to sleep, for she never e'n
stirred!

Thought he, "For this night, then, my fortune
is made !

For my dear scolding wife is asleep ! Who's
afraid ? "

But soon he felt thirsty ; and slyly he rose,
And groping around, to the table he goes,
The pitcher found empty,—and so was the
bowl,

The pail and the tumblers ; she'd emptied the
whole !

At length in a corner, a vessel he found ;
Says he, "Here's something to drink, I'll be
bound ! "

And eagerly seizing, he lifted it up—
And drank it all off, in one large hearty sup !

It tasted so queerly ; and, what it could be,
He wondered :—it neither was water, nor tea !

Just then a thought struck him and filled him
with fear.

"Oh ! it must be the poison for rats, I declare ! "

And loudly he called on his dear sleeping wife,
And begged her to rise, "for," said he, "on
my life,

I fear it was *poison*, the bowl did contain ;
Oh, dear ! yes,—it *was* poison, I now feel the
pain ! "

"And what made you dry, sir ? " the wife
sharply cried ;

" 'Twould serve you just right if from poison
you died !

You've done a fine job, and you'd now better
march,

*For just see, you brute, you have drank all my
starch ! "*

A GREAT FIT.

THERE was a man in Arkansaw
As let his passions rise,
And not unfrequently picked out
Some other varmint's eyes.

His name was Tuscaloosa Sam ;
And often he would say :
"There's not a cuss in Arkansaw
I can't whip any day."

One morn, a stranger passin' by
Heard Sammy talkin' so,
When down he scrabbled from his hoss,
And off his coat did go.

He sorter kinder shut one eye,
And spit into his hand,
And put his ugly head one side,
And twitched his trousers' band.

"My boy," says he, "it's my belief,
Whomever you may be,
That I kin make you screech, and smell
Pertikler agony."

"I'm thar," says Tuscaloosa Sam,
And chucked his hat away ;
"I'm thar," says he, and buttoned up
As far as button may.

He thundered on the stranger's face,
The stranger pounded he ;
And oh ! the way them critters fit
Was beautiful to see.

They clinched like two rampagious bears,
And then went down a bit ;
They swore a stream of six-inch oaths,
And fit, and fit, and fit.

When Sam would try to work away,
And on his pegs to git,
The stranger'd pull him back ; and so
They fit, and fit, and fit !

Then, like a pair of lobsters, both
Upon the ground were knit,
And yet the varmints used their teeth,
And fit, and fit, and fit !

The sun of noon was high above,
And hot enough to split,
But only riled the fellers more
That fit, and fit, and fit!

The stranger snapped at Sammy's nose,
And shortened it a bit;
And then they both swore awful hard,
And fit, and fit, and fit!

The mud it flew, the sky grew dark,
And all the litenins lit:
But still them critters rolled about,
And fit, and fit, and fit!

First Sam on top, then t'other chap;
When one would make a hit
The other'd smell the grass: and so
They fit, and fit, and fit!

The night came on, the stars shone out
As bright as wimmen's wit;
And still them fellers swore and gouged,
And fit, and fit, and fit!

The neighbors heard the noise they made
And thought an earthquake lit;
Yet all the while 'was him and Sam
As fit, and fit, and fit!

Fur miles around the noise was heard,
Folks couldn't sleep a bit,
Because them two rantankerous chaps
Still fit, and fit, and fit!

But jist at cock-crow, suddenly,
There came an awful pause,
And I and my old man run out
To ascertain the cause.

The sun was rising in the east,
And lit the hull concern,
But not a sign of either chap
Was found at any turn.

Yet in the region where they fit,
We found, to our surprise,
One pint of buttons, two big knives,
Some whiskers and four eyes!

ORPHEUS C. KERR.

THE HYPOCHONDRIAC.

["Suit the action to the word; the word to the action."]'

GOOD-MORNING, Doctor; how do you do? I hain't quite so well as I have been; but I think I'm some better than I was. I don't think that last medicine you gin me did me much good. I had a terrible time with the earache last night; my wife got up and drapt a few draps of walnut sap into it, and that relieved it some; but I didn't get a wink of sleep till nearly daylight. For nearly a week, Doctor, I've had the worst kind of a narvous headache; it has been so bad sometimes that I thought my head would bust open. Oh, dear! I sometimes think that I'm the most afflictedest human that ever lived.

Since this cold weather sot in, that trouble-some cough, that I have had every winter for the last fifteen year, has began to pester me agin. (*Coughs.*) Doctor, do you think you can give

me anything that will relieve this desprit pain I have in my side?

Then I have a crick, at times, in the back of my neck, so that I can't turn my head without turning the hull of my body. (*Coughs.*)

Oh, dear! What shall I do? I have consulted almost every doctor in the country, but they don't any of them seem to understand my case. I have tried everything that I could think of; but I can't find anything that does me the leastest good. (*Coughs.*)

Oh, this cough—it will be the death of me yet! You know I had my right hip put out last fall at the rising of Deacon Jones' saw-mill; it's getting to be very troublesome just before we have a change of weather. Then I've got the sciatica in my right knee, and sometimes I'm so crippled up that I can hardly crawl around in any fashion.

What do you think that old white mare of ours did while I was out plowing last week? Why, the weacked old critter, she kept a backing and backing, ontill she backed me right up agin the colter, and knock'd a piece of skin off my shin nearly so big. (*Coughs.*)

But I had a worse misfortune than that the other day, Doctor. You see it was washing-day—and my wife wanted me to go out and bring in a little stove-wood—you know we lost our help lately, and my wife has to wash and tend to everything about the house herself.

I knew it wouldn't be safe for me to go out—as it was a raining at the time—but I thought

I'd risk it anyhow. So I went out, picked up a few chunks of stove-wood, and was a coming up the steps into the house, when my feet slipped, from under me, and I fell down as sudden as if I'd been shot. Some of the wood lit upon my face, broke down the bridge of my nose, cut my upper lip, and knocked out three of my front teeth. I suffered dreadfully on account of it, as you may suppose, and my face ain't well enough yet to make me fit to be seen, 'specially by the women folks. (*Coughs.*) Oh, dear! but that ain't all, Doctor; I've got fifteen corns on my toes—and I'm afeard I'm a going to have the “yeller janders.” (*Coughs.*) DR. VALENTINE.

THE CHICKENS.

SAID the first little chicken,
With a queer little squirm,
“I wish I could find
A fat little worm.”

Said the next little chicken,
With an odd little shrug,
“I wish I could find
A fat little slug.”

Said the third little chicken,
With a sharp little squeal,
“I wish I could find
Some nice yellow meal.”

Said the fourth little chicken,
With a small sigh of grief,
“I wish I could find
A little green leaf.”

Said the fifth little chicken,
With a faint little moan,
“I wish I could find
A wee gravel stone.”

“Now, see here,” said the mother
From the green garden patch,
“If you want any breakfast,
Just come here and scratch.”

AUNTY DOLEFUL'S VISIT.

NOW do you do, Cornelia? I heard you were sick, and I stepped in to cheer you up a little. My friends often say, “It's such a comfort to see you, Aunty Doleful. You have such a flow of conversation and are so lively.” Besides, I said to myself as I came up the stairs, “Perhaps this is the last time I'll ever see Cornelia Jane alive.”

You don't mean to die yet, eh? Well, now, how do you know? You can't tell. You think you're a gettin' better, but there was poor Mrs. Jones sitting up, and every one saying how smart she was, and all of a sudden she was taken

with spasms in the heart and went off like a flash. But you must be careful and not get anxious or excited. Keep quite calm, and don't fret about anything. Of course, things can't go jest as if you were down stairs; and I wondered whether you knew your little Billy was sailing about in a tub on the mill-pond, and that your little Sammy was letting your little Jimmy a-down from the veranda roof in a clothes basket.

Goodness? what's the matter? I guess Providence 'll take care of 'em; don't look so. You thought Bridget was watchin' them? No; I

saw her talking to a man at the gate. He looks to me like a burglar. There was a family at Knob Hill last week all killed for fifty dollars. Yes, indeed. Now, don't fidget so; it will be bad for the baby.

Poor little dear! How singular it is, to be sure, that you can't tell whether a child is blind, or deaf and dumb, or a cripple, at that age. It might be all and you'd never know it. Most of them that have their senses make bad use of them though; that ought to be your comfort, if it does turn out to have anything dreadful the matter with it.

How is Mr. Knobble? Well, but finds it warm in town, eh? Well, I should think he would. They are dropping down by hundreds there from sunstroke. You must prepare your mind for anything. Then, a trip on these railroad trains is just a-riskin' your life every time

you take one. Back and forth as he is, it's just a-triflin' with danger. Don't forget now, Cornelia, that the doctor said you must keep calm.

Dear! dear! now to think what dreadful things hang over us all the time! Oh dear! Scarlet fever has broken out in the village, Cornelia. Little Isaac Porter has it, and I saw your Jimmy playing with him last Saturday.

Well, I must be going now. I've got another sick friend, and I sha'n't think my duty done unless I cheer her up a little before I sleep. Good-bye. How pale you look, Cornelia. I don't believe you have a good doctor. Do send him away and get somebody else. You don't look as well as you did when I came in.

If anything happens send for me at once. If I can't do anything else, I can cheer you up a little.

MARY KYLE DALLAS.

MR. CAUDLE AND HIS SECOND WIFE.

WHEN Harry Prettyman saw the very superb funeral of Mrs. Caudle,—Prettyman attended as mourner, and was particularly jolly in the coach,—he observed that the disconsolate widower showed, that, above all men, he knew how to make the best of a bad bargain. The remark, as the dear deceased would have said, was unmanly, brutal, but quite like *the Prettyman*. The same scoffer, when Caudle declared "he should never cease to weep," replied, "he was very sorry to hear it; for it *must* raise the price of onions." It was not enough to help to break the heart of a wife; no, the savage must joke over its precious pieces.

The funeral we repeat, was remarkably handsome: in Prettyman's words, nothing could be more satisfactory. Caudle spoke of a monument. Whereupon Prettyman suggested "Death gathering a nettle." Caudle—the act did equal honor to his brain and his bosom—rejected it.

Mr. Caudle, attended by many of his friends, returned to his widowed home in tolerable spirits. Prettyman said, jocosely poking his two fingers in Caudle's ribs, that in a week he'd look "quite

like a tulip." Caudle merely replied, he could hardly hope it.

Prettyman's mirth however, communicated itself to the company; and in a very little time the meeting took the air of a very pleasant party. Somehow, Miss Prettyman presided at the table. There was in her manner a charming mixture of grace, dignity and confidence,—a beautiful black swan. Prettyman, by the way, whispered to a friend, that there was just this difference between Mrs. Caudle and his sister,—“Mrs. Caudle was a great goose, whereas Sarah was a little duck.” We will not swear that Caudle did not overhear the words; for, as he resignedly stirred his tea, he looked at the lady at the head of the table, smiled and sighed.

It was odd; but women are so apt! Miss Prettyman seemed as familiar with Caudle's silver tea-pot as with her own silver thimble. With a smile upon her face—like the butter on the muffins—she handed Caudle his tea-cup. Caudle would, now and then, abstractly cast his eyes above the mantle-piece. There was Mrs. Caudle's portrait. Whereupon Miss Prettyman

would say, "You must take comfort, Mr. Caudle, indeed you must." At length Mr. Caudle replied, "I will, Miss Prettyman."

What then passed through Caudle's brain we know not; but this we know: in a twelvemonth and a week from that day, Sarah Prettyman was Caudle's second wife,—Mrs. Caudle number two. Poor thing!

Mr. Caudle begins to "show off the find that's in him."

"It is rather extraordinary, Mrs. Caudle, that we have now been married four weeks,—I don't exactly see what you have to sigh about,—and yet you can't make me a proper cup of tea. However, I don't know how I should expect it. There never was but one woman who could make tea to my taste, and she is now in heaven. Now, Mrs. Caudle, let me hear no crying. I'm not one of the people to be melted by the tears of a woman; for you can all cry—all of you—at a minute's notice. The water's always laid on, and down it comes if a man only holds up his finger.

"*You didn't think I could be so brutal?* That's it. Let a man only speak, and he's brutal. It's a woman's first duty to make a decent cup of tea. What do you think I married you for? It's all very well with your tambour-work and such trumpery. You can make butterflies on kettle-holders; but can you make a pudding, ma'am? I'll be bound not.

"Of course, as usual, you've given me the corner roll, because you know I hate a corner roll. I did think you must have seen that. I *did* hope I should not be obliged to speak on so paltry a subject; but it's no use to hope to be mild with you. I see that's hopeless.

"And what a herring! And you call it a bloater, I suppose? Ha! there *was* a woman who had an eye for a bloater, but—sainted creature!—she's here no longer. You *wish she was*? Oh, I understand that. I'm sure, if anybody should wish her back, it's—but she was too good for me. 'When I'm gone, Caudle,' she used to say, 'then you'll know the wife I was to you.' And now I do know it.

"Here's the eggs boiled to a stone again! Do you think, Mrs. Caudle, I'm a canary-bird, to be fed upon hard eggs? Don't tell me about the *servant*. A wife is answerable to her husband for her servants. It's her business to hire proper people: if she doesn't, she's not fit to be a wife. I find the money, Mrs. Caudle, and I expect you to find the cookery.

"There you are with your pocket-handkerchief again,—the old flag of truce; but it doesn't trick me. *A pretty honeymoon?* Honeymoon? Nonsense! People can't have two honeymoons in their lives. There *are* feelings—I find it now—that we can't have twice in our existence. There's no making honey a second time.

"No: I think I've put up with your neglect long enough: and there's nothing like beginning as we intend to go on. Therefore, Mrs. Caudle, if my tea isn't made a little more to my liking to-morrow—and if you insult me with a herring like that—and boil my eggs that you might fire 'em out of guns—why, perhaps, Mrs. Caudle, you may see a man in a passion. It takes a good deal to rouse me, but when I am up—I say, when I am up—that's all.

"Where did I put my gloves? You *don't know*? Of course not: you know nothing."

DOUGLAS JERROLD. '6

A WOMAN'S POCKET.

THE most difficult thing to reach is a woman's pocket. This is especially the case if the dress is hung up in a closet, and the man is in a hurry. We think we are safe in saying that he always is in a hurry on

such an occasion. The owner of the dress is in the sitting-room serenely engrossed in a book. Having told him that the article which he is in quest of is in her dress pocket in the closet she has discharged her whole duty in the matter,

and can afford to feel serene. He goes at the task with a dim consciousness that he has been there before, but says nothing. On opening the closet door and finding himself confronted with a number of dresses, all turned inside out, and presenting a most formidable front, he hastens back to ask "Which dress?" and being told the brown one, and also asked if *she* has so *many* dresses that there need be any great effort to find the right one, he returns to the closet with alacrity, and soon has his hands on the brown dress. It is inside out like the rest,—a fact he does not notice, however, until he has made several ineffectual attempts to get his hand into it. Then he turns it around very carefully and passes over the pocket several times without knowing it. A nervous movement of his hands, and an appearance of perspiration on his forehead are perceptible. He now dives one hand in at the back, and feeling around, finds a place, and proceeds to explore it, when he discovers that he is following up the inside of a lining.

The nervousness increases, also the perspiration. He twitches the dress on the hook, and suddenly the pocket, white, plump, and exasperating, comes to view. Then he sighs the relief he feels and is mentally grateful he did not allow himself to use any offensive expressions. It is all right now. There is the pocket in plain view—not the inside but the outside—and all he has to do is to put his hand right around in the inside and take out the article. That is all. He can't help but smile to think how near he was to getting mad. Then he puts his hand around to the other side. He does not feel the opening. He pushes a little further—now he has got it; he shoves the hand down, and is very much surprised to see it appear opposite his knees. He had made a mistake.

He tries again; again he feels the entrance and glides down it only to appear again as before. This makes him open his eyes and straighten his face. He feels of the outside of the pocket, pinches it curiously, lifts it up, shakes it, and after peering closely about the roots of it, he says, "By Gracious!" and commences again. He does it calmly this time, because hurrying only makes matters worse. He holds up breadth after breadth, goes over them carefully, gets his hand first into a lining, then into the air again (where it always surprises him when it appears), and finally into a pocket, and is about to cry out with triumph, when he discovers that it is the pocket to another dress.

He is mad now; the closet air almost stifles him; he is so nervous he can hardly contain himself, and the pocket looks at him so exasperatingly that he cannot help but "plug" it with his clenched fist, and immediately does it. Being somewhat relieved by this performance he has a chance to look about him, and sees that he has put his foot through a band-box and into the crown of his wife's bonnet; has broken the brim of his Panama hat which was hanging in the same closet, and torn about a yard of bugle trimming from a new cloak. All this trouble is due directly to his wife's infatuation in hanging up her dresses inside out, so he immediately starts after her, and impetuously urging her to the closet, excitedly and almost profanely intimates his doubts of there being a pocket in the dress, anyway.

The cause of the unhappy disaster quietly inserts her hand inside the robe, and directly brings it forth with the sought for article in its clasp. He doesn't know why, but this makes him madder than anything else.

J. M. BAILEY.

BABY'S SOLILOQUY.

[The following selection can be made very humorous if the person reading it assumes the tones of a very little child, and in appropriate places imitates the cry of a baby.]

I AM here. And if this is what they call the world, I don't think much of it. It's a very flannelly world, and smells of paregoric

awfully. It's a dreadful light world, too, and makes me blink, I tell you. And I don't know what to do with my hands. I think I'll dig my fists in my


eyes. No, I won't. I'll scratch at the corner of my blanket and chew it up, and then I'll holler; whatever happens, I'll holler. And the more paregoric they give me, the louder I'll yell. That old nurse puts the spoon in the corner of my mouth, sidewise like, and keeps tasting my milk herself all the while. She spilt snuff in it last night, and when I hollered, she trotted me. That comes of being a two-days-old baby.

Never mind; when I'm a man, I'll pay her back good. There's a pin sticking in me now, and if I say a word about it, I'll be trotted or fed; and I would rather have catnip-tea. I'll tell you who I am. I found out to-day. I

heard folks say, "Hush! don't wake up Emeline's baby;" and I suppose that pretty, white-faced woman over on the pillow is Emeline.

No, I was mistaken; for a chap was in here just now and wanted to see Bob's baby; and looked at me and said I was a funny little toad, and looked just like Bob. He smelt of cigars. I wonder who else I belong to! Yes, there's another one—that "Gamma." "It was Gamma's baby, so it was." I declare, I do not know who I belong to; but I'll holler, and maybe I'll find out. There comes snuffy with catnip-tea. I'm going to sleep. I wonder why my hands won't go where I want them to!

A DISTURBED REVERIE.

 YING surpine on the soft, matted grasses,
Gazing up lazily into the blue
Of the sky, when the wandering wind as it
passes

Opens the branches for me to look through,

Idly I ponder, and ponder, and ponder,
Thinking of nothing, yet happy and free;
Careless of everything, idly I wonder
At the immensity opened to me.

Looking up listlessly, thoughtlessly dreaming,
Mind a vacuity, life full of joy,
All the dull world seems with happiness teeming,
With nothing to worry, or fret, or annoy.

Earth seems a paradise. Why should I trouble
Or toil to win heaven? Why heaven is here!
Fortune is worthless, and fame but a bubble:

I scorn them both, looking into the clear
Deep blue of the sky, while the wild bees are
humming,


Above and around me, in harmony deep,
And over the meadows the breezes are coming
To fan me, and soothe me, and lull me to sleep.

This, this is happiness, perfect, unmeasured;

Long shall this day, without blemish or fleck
Stay in my memory, lovingly treasured—

GREAT SCOTT! *There's a wasp down the
back of my neck!*

A YANKEE IN LOVE.

 NE day Sall fooled me; she heated the
poker awful hot, then asked me to stir
the fire. I seized hold of it mighty
quick to oblige her, and dropped it quicker to
oblige myself. Well, after the poker scrape, me
and Sall only got on middlin' well for some
time, till I made up my mind to pop the ques-
tion, for I loved her harder every day, and I had
an idea she loved me or had a sneaking kindness
for me. But how to do the thing up nice and
right pestered me awful. I bought some love

books, and read how the fellers get down onter
their knees and talk like poets, and how the
girls would gently-like fall in love with them.
But somehow or other that way didn't kinder
suit my notion. I asked mam how she and dad
courted, but she said it had been so long she
had forgotten all about it. Uncle Jo said mam
did all the courting.

At last I made up my mind to go it blind,
for this thing was fairly consumin' my mind; so
I goes over to her dad's, and when I got there I

sot like a fool, thinkin' how to begin. Sall seed somethin' was troublin' me, so she said, says she, "An't you sick, Peter?" She said this mighty soft-like. "Yes; No!" sez I; "that is, I an't zackly well. I thought I'd come over to-night," sez I. I tho't that was a mighty purty beginnin'; so I tried agin. "Sall," sez I—and by this time I felt kinder fainty about the stommuck and shaky about the knees—"Sall," sez I agin. "What?" sez she. I'll get to it arter awhile at this rate, thinks I. "Peter," says she, "there's suthin' troublin' you; 'tis mighty wrong for you to keep it from a body, for an inard sorer is a consumin' fire." She said this, *she did*, the sly critter. She knowed what was the matter all the time mighty well, and was only tryin' to fish it out, 'but I was so far gone I couldn't see the point.

At last I sorter gulped down the big lump a-risin' in my throat, and sez I, sez I, "Sall, do you love anybody?" "Well," sez she, "there's dad and mam," and a-countin' of her fingers all the time, with her eyes sorter shet like a feller shootin' off a gun, "and there's old Pide (that were their old cow), and I can't think of anybody else just now," says she. Now, this was orful for a feller ded in love; so arter awhile I tried another shute. Sez I, "Sall," sez I, "I'm powerful lonesome at home, and sometimes think if I only had a nice, pretty wife to love and talk to, move, and have my bein' with, I'd be a tremendous feller." Sez I, "Sall," do you know any gal would keer for me?"

With that she begins, and names over all the gals for five miles around, and never once came nigh naming of herself, and sed I oughter git one of them. This sorter got my dander up, so I hitched my cheer up close to her, and shet my eyes and sed, "SALL, you are the VERY gal I've been hankering arter for a long time. I love you all over, from the sole of your head to the crown of your foot, and I don't care who knows

it, and if you say so we'll be jined together in the holy bonds of hemlock, Epluribusunum, world without end, amen!" sez I; and then I felt like I'd throwed up an alligator, I felt so relieved.

With that she fetched a sorter scream, and arter awhile sez, sez she, "PETER!" "What, Sally?" sez I. "YES!" sez she, a-hidin' of her face behind her hands. You bet a heap, I felt good. "Glory! glory!" sez I, "I must holler, Sall, or I shall bust. Hurrah for hooray! I can jump over a ten-rail fence!"

With that I sot right down by her and clinched the bargain with a kiss. Talk about your black-berry jam; talk about your sugar and merlasses; you wouldn't a got me nigh 'em—they would all a been sour arter that. Oh, these gals! how good and bad, how high and low they make a feller feel! If Sall's daddy hadn't sung out 'twas time all honest folks was abed, I'd a sot there two hours longer.

You oughter seed me when I got home! I pulled dad out of bed and hugged him! I pulled mam out of bed and hugged her! I pulled aunt Jane out of bed and hugged her! I larfed and hollered, I crowed like a rooster, I danced round there, and I cut up more capers than you ever heerd tell on, till dad thought I was crazy, and got a rope to tie me with.

"Dad," sez I, "I'm goin' to be married!" "Married!" bawled dad. "Married!" squalled mam. "Married!" screamed aunt Jane. "Yes, married," sez I; "married all over, married for sure, married like a flash—joined in wedlock, hooked on for life, for worser or for better, for life and for death—to SALL. I *am* that very thing—me! Peter Sorghum ESQUIRE!"

With that I ups and tells 'em all about it from Alfer to Ermeger! They was all mighty well pleased, and I went to bed as proud as a young rooster with his first spurs. ALF BURNETT.

DIALOGUES AND TABLEAUX.

YOUNG AMERICA.

FOR FIVE SPEAKERS— THREE MALES AND TWO FEMALES.

(*Enter HARRY and GEORGE.*)

HARRY. Young America, indeed! One would have reason to suppose that phrase to be a term of reproach, by the sneer with which it is spoken. A young fellow can not wear a new hat, handle a whalebone stick, or bow to a pretty girl without encountering a sly glance from some one, accompanied by the whisper of "Young America!"

GEORGE. No; nor give an opinion, nor quote a learned author, nor drive a fast horse, without being dubbed "*Young America.*" I wonder what *old* America was like. I suppose they sat in their mammas' laps until they were twenty-one.

(*Enter AUNT MARY.*)

AUNT MARY. Why, George, what is that you were saying? That you intend to sit in your mother's lap at twenty-one?

GEO. No, indeed, Aunt Mary; but do tell me what boys *were* like when you was a little girl. Did they never have any privileges, at all? and were they never allowed to hold an opinion?

AUNT M. To confess the truth, then, my dear George, a boy *was* rather a different institution in those days. He was always told that "children must be seen and not heard," which meant that he must not talk before his elders. He was not allowed to dine in company with his parents, unless the fare was very plain and wholesome. He was not dressed in the extreme of fashion, nor did he even wear a collar; much less sport a watch and chain, or carry a ratan.

HAR. Glorious! What a pretty set of "Jack Horners" they must have been. But you do not mean to say that my father was such

a stupid, ill-dressed, spooney boy as that, to be led about by an apron string, and fed on bread and milk?

AUNT M. Your father, Harry, was a modest, quiet, obedient boy; very plainly dressed, and plainly fed; accustomed to consult the wishes of his parents, or brothers and sisters, before his own, without thinking it a hardship.

HAR. And now he is a noble and good man; as brave and honorable as any one could ever be. I thought it made people mean-spirited to keep them in restraint.

AUNT M. On the contrary, a proper restraint is the best discipline for young minds. Perhaps too little is quite as injurious as too much.

GEO. Didn't father have spending money, and didn't he wait upon the girls, or go to concerts or parties?

(*Enter GEORGE'S FATHER and sister ELLEN.*)

ELLEN. The way my brother George does. Did you, father?

FATHER. Nonsense, children, do you expect me to recollect such trifles? I presume I did as other boys did; but that was a great while ago.

GEO. But Aunt Mary remembers about it. Come, now, father, tell us about your boy life.

FATH. First let me know what makes you so curious; you may be leading me blindfold into some unsuspected snare of confession.

AUNT M. The boys are only a little vexed at having "Young America" thrown so often in their faces, as I understand it; and are curious to know why.

HAR. Yes, and we want to know what *you* were like when you were a boy.

FATH. And so you think I must have been quite another sort of boy from one of you, do you? Ha! ha! I suspect a boy is a boy in every age of the world pretty much the same. The only difference is in the opportunities of exhibiting the universal spirit of mischief and daring that makes him the notorious bugbear he is.

ELLEN. Oh, papa, you never did any mischief, did you? How funny it is to think of you acting like Harry or George.

HAR. But it is not the mischief that people complain of. It is more because we try to be gentlemen; and they act as if they thought we were out of our places—too forward—or something of that sort.

AUNT M. A little envious, perhaps, that they had not so many advantages in their youth.

FATH. And not without some reason. The boys of this generation are as far advanced at twelve or fifteen in study, manners, and dress, as their fathers were at twenty. But recollect when I say this, I give the boys themselves no special praise; for it is by the efforts of these more slow and sure fathers of theirs that the means has been furnished for putting them forward. Money, schools, every convenience and luxury are furnished them now, from their very birth; and all they are required to do, is to make good use of these gifts.

AUNT M. When your father went to school, he had to get up early and help about the work of a farm; and he could never have time to study during the season of planting or harvest; and in winter had to walk a long way through cold and snow to the academy, and carry his dinner along.

ELLEN. Did the little girls have to walk in the snow, too?

FATH. Certainly they did; but the boys usually made paths for them. Until I saw your dear mamma, I was never more in love than I was with a pretty rosy-cheeked girl, whose dinner-basket I used to carry while I went before and trod down the snow-banks for her. Sometimes I carried her, too, if the path was very bad indeed.

GEO. Ha! ha! I should think that was being gallant. I wonder if it would do for "Young America" to be carrying the girls to school.

ELLEN. Oh, I wish I had been a little girl then, instead of now. It would have been so nice to go to school through the snow.

HAR. And be carried by a boy!

AUNT M. Fie, fie, Harry—you must not tease your sister. You quite mistake her meaning. Little girls always love the beautiful, pure snow; and the country is the place to enjoy it.

HAR. Well, I don't see what can be done to make us like our fathers, unless we are placed in precisely the same circumstances. If I was born in town, instead of country; and with little instead of much to do; and have learned much more in a few years than my father before me, I can not see how I am to blame.

GEO. I suppose the reason why boys did not then dress nicely, smoke cigars, and quote plays, was just because they *could not*.

FATH. Precisely. And now let me give you a little good advice, my sons. Cease to regard the jeers of the less favored; but strive to appreciate the great advantages under which you are growing up. Make the most of all of them without vanity. Avoid any thing that looks like vice; for the temptations to vice are just as much greater than they were in my day, as the opportunities to do well are more convenient. You see I take no credit for not possessing faults which I had no temptation to acquire, but it will be a positive merit in you if you contract no bad habits, where bad habits are so easily contracted; and if you set an example to more thoughtless boys, you will already have commenced to do good in this world. Do not be afraid to show your knowledge modestly; and if somebody should occasionally insinuate that you are "Young America," take it rather as an honor than otherwise, since the very name implies "progress" and an unusual degree of advancement.

GEO. I do not think, however, that is the way in which it is generally used.

ELLEN. And the newspapers have so many pictures and anecdotes, all making sport of the boys.

HAR. Not leaving out the girls altogether, either, if I remember rightly.

AUNT M. From which you may learn that forwardness, vanity, and disrespect of superiors is not thought becoming, and thereby learn to avoid the temptation to commit the same fault.

FATH. Yes, these sarcasms are a little annoying, but rightly construed are often very beneficial, since they help us to see ourselves as others see us, which is always to be desired.

HAR. Well, it is not fair to laugh at a boy before you know whether he deserves it or not. How do these people know but we may become

greater and more useful than any generation before us. Because just now there seems nothing for us to do but what is perfectly easy, it is not to be presumed that we are incapable of any severe duties. The hearts of "Young America" are as strong and brave, their souls as resolute, and their hands as ready as those of their fathers before them. But give us an opportunity to show our spirit, and you will find us no carpet knights, no selfish, dawdling sensuists, but men of nerve and will, who are prepared to meet whatever emergency the future may have in store for us. You see Young America as a boy; by-and-by you shall behold him as a man.

MRS. T. STARR KING.

THE DESTINY OF THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE.

A HISTORICAL DRAMA AND TABLEAU.

FOR FIVE SPEAKERS—FOUR FEMALES AND ONE MALE.

[This exquisite drama and tableau is designed for the parlor or exhibition, and when well produced, cannot fail of producing the most pleasing effect. All that is required is a drop or slide curtain in order to present the tableaux properly to the audience. The dresses may be as the taste dictates, though it would be productive of the best effects if the characters of Josephine and Cleopatra were in appropriate and imperial costumes.]

(*Enter JOSEPHINE.*.)

JOSEPHINE. This is a beautiful world! These verdant hills, this azure heaven, this tranquil sea! Why, then, oh my soul, the feverish unrest? No sorrow ever darkened thy heaven, or stirred thy slumbering depths. The days and nights are filled with the presence of peace—delightful presence, whose power fails me now! Is this a presentiment which haunts me! Are these longings that fill my soul a premonition of that mysterious future whose secrets I so much wish to know? Oh, verdant hills! Oh, azure heaven! Oh, summer sea! have you no answer for me?

(*Enter old PROPHETESS.*)

PROPHETESS. Why tempt thy fate? Evils come soon enough when we can no longer keep in ignorance of them.

JOSE. Is my fate, then, an evil one? You terrify me! Perhaps I have been too importunate with Fate, and she has awarded me evil for my curiosity.

PROPH. Destinies are born with the soul that bears them; we can neither win them by seeking, nor lose them by evading. We may, however, learn them before we are able to meet them with dignity or firmness.

JOSE. Alas! I hope I have not done wrong in coveting a knowledge of the future. Often at night my sleepless eyes have wandered to one bright particular star, and my thoughts have gone unbidden onward into time that is not yet, with an eager inquiry after joys or sorrows that are to be my own, but chiefly I have fancied happiness to be my lot, and have called that star *mine*, because it is peculiarly bright and glorious.

PROPH. (*Taking her hand.*) Thou hast indeed said well. That star is *thine*—the star of destiny. Pure, bright, and constant, it is an emblem of thyself; superior to its fellows, it is again a true type of thy fortunes. That star shall be thy guide—never forsake it; it will lead thee to glory and—

JOSE. To happiness! You do not say to happiness, good mother; can you not add to happiness!

PROPH. I can add nothing, nor take away anything. It is written in the book of fate. Do thy duty, daughter, according to thine own heart; no more *can'st thou* do; nor I.

JOSE. Only an hour ago I was all impatience to know what now I shrink from asking. Good mother, I will not tempt my fate.

PROPH. Nay, now, I have a message to thee. Art thou fond of power?

JOSE. Truly, I think I should love to be an empress. But I may be wrong, for I never saw even a queen or princess, and I know not their real estate.

PROPH. Then I will show it thee. What one of all the hapless daughters of glory wouldst thou question?

JOSE. Can I see whom I will?

PROPH. Yes, whom thou wilt.

JOSE. Then I would question Egypt's glorious queen.

PROPH. Behold, she comes!

(*Enter CLEOPATRA.*)

CLEO. Why am I called?

PROPH. To teach this child of fate the bane of power.

CLEO. And to what purpose? She will learn enough when learn she must. Till then let her soul rest in peace.

PROPH. 'Tis her own will; tell her what she desires to know. If thou canst make her in love with princely fortunes, so much the better.

CLEO. (*Turning to JOSE.*) Fair girl, what can I teach thee?

JOSE. The pleasures of empire, oh most noble queen!

CLEO. What are *they*? PANGS, thou hadst better said. Yet have I not been happy! Egypt, my glorious country, thou wert dearer to me than life; even than such a splendid life as mine. I had all things that mortals can enjoy—youth, beauty, health, genius, wealth, and greatness; more than all these together, I had *love*; and

more than all other loves, I had the love of Antony.

JOSE. Alas, great queen! that enemies should have robbed thee of all these.

CLEO. My queenly station was my greatest enemy. Had I been poor and humble no one had envied me, and I had lived and loved. My greatness was but the means of my humiliation. Envy, ingratitude, and treachery are the constant attendants in palaces; they are the assassins who bear the poisoned cup, or strike with concealed weapons at your reputation, your peace, your life. Oh, my country, my beautiful Egypt, not even among thy sons and daughters could Cleopatra be sure of her friends; how then shall she condemn the haughty, impious Roman, who would have dragged her, chained, through the streets of the all-conquering city? Egypt was lost—liberty—love—everything! but Cleopatra was not degraded by the consummation of that act.

PROPH. Be calm, Cleopatra, and give this maiden counsel for her guidance in the dangerous paths of greatness. Have you nothing to say but vainly to deplore your own misfortunes?

CLEO. It is enough. Whose misfortunes can I testify to, so well as my own? It were as well to teach the maiden nothing, for experience is the only guide ever treated with respect by mortals. Let her learn for herself. Farewell. (*Retreats from stage.*)

PROPH. Art thou content?

JOSE. Alas, there is little contentment in what I have heard; but this queen was unfortunate; let me see one who was happier.

PROPH. Didst ever hear of a happy one? If so, thou shalt speak with her, at the mention of her name.

JOSE. Let ELIZABETH appear.

(*Enter ELIZABETH.*)

ELIZ. Behold, here am I, whom you think fortunate. I ruled a powerful empire; I was a rich and haughty woman—a popular sovereign—a benefactor of my people. I had a long life, full of successes; feared by my enemies, dreaded by my flatterers, worshiped by my friends. Was



THE GODDESS OF LIBERTY
(Suggestion For Tableau)



RECITATION IN COSTUME
WHOEVER WOULD BRING DOWN HER GAME,
MUST STRING HER BOW AND TAKE SURE AIM.

I not happy? Witness my sighs and tears, my groaning and rage, my impotent struggles against my unlovely destiny. Neither wealth, power, nor popularity could keep a lover true. Was I not devoured with envy and jealousy? and did I not at last destroy my fondest friends? Every thing is at enmity with greatness; the world always suspects its designs, and its most abject slaves are its most unconquerable foes.

JOSE. Is all then false and hollow? Is not goodness rewarded in the great as well as in the humble?

ELIZ. Did I not do good? Answer me, thou mighty empire, in which the days of "Good Queen Bess" are yet remembered! Plotted against by enemies and courtiers alike, while I lived; defamed by history now that I can no longer resent accusation; *this* is what has been my reward.

JOSE. Truly, I am put out of love with greatness. I shall be better content with an humble life, from having heard thy sorrows, noble lady. I pray thee, let not my curiosity harrow up thy woes. Peace to thy soul, Elizabeth.

(*ELIZABETH retreats.*)

PROPH. Hast thou lost thy courage, maiden?

JOSE. The innocent are always brave, good mother: I know not what to fear. Come, I will prove my courage by asking of you my fate. You have bidden me trust in my star, and it promises my heart much joy. I can not be unhappy, it being my nature to rejoice; therefore, good mother, tell me what wonderful fortune awaits me.

PROPH. Thus mortals ever trifle with matters of great import. Girl, thou shalt be twice married, twice a widow, and the Empress of France!

JOSE. Heavens! the witch is angry, and is making a jest of me!

PROPH. Thou wilt find it serious jesting in good time.

JOSE. Pardon me, mother, if my too-wonderful fortunes could not at once be believed. I now feel that it may indeed be true; for I remember how often and often I have played at mimic royalty when a child. It was the voice

of my destiny making itself heard in my soul. Farewell, mother, I would take time to pray.

(*Curtain falls.*)

(*Curtain rises, and JOSEPHINE appears upon the stage with EUGENE and HORTENSE, in tears.*)

JOSE. My poor children, you feel my woes too deeply. How can I comfort you? But be not angry with the Emperor; he loves us all. He has wounded us and himself for the welfare of France. My poor, fainting Hortense, let us be as heroic, as our circumstances require that we should be. And you, Eugene, remain faithful to the Emperor.

EUG. Mother, only think of you!

JOSE. Think only of France, and the Emperor.

HORT. Has France or the Emperor a right to demand this sacrifice?

JOSE. It being demanded, I have no power to disobey. I have fulfilled my destiny and now think only of you, my dear children, of France, and of Napoleon. Forget not what is required of you—that you should remember the Emperor's will and your mother's honor.

EUG. It is the blow to our mother's honor which we cannot forget. Oh, France, why have you asked this of Napoleon? Oh, Napoleon, why have you required it of Josephine?

JOSE. Be composed, my son, my honor will not suffer except by your disobedience. Do not feel too bitterly about this matter. I am the child of an unalterable destiny, which now is well-nigh all accomplished. The star of fate which led me on, has never forsaken me, but I feel that its light is withdrawn from the pathway of the Emperor; and henceforth I must pray for him constantly, that he may be sustained in his present position, and that no harm may come to him, either in person or power.

HORT. Alas, I wish we had all died in the Revolution. None of us ever can be happy again.

JOSE. That is a weak and foolish wish, my Hortense. When I was in prison, the other unhappy ladies were astonished at my com-

posure. "To-morrow you will be dragged to the guillotine," they said to me, but I smiled at their apprehensions. The guillotine is not for me, I told them, but the crown of France. When I was married to Napoleon, I knew I must be again a widow. When I became Empress I still remembered my inevitable sorrow, and my prayers followed Napoleon in all his terrible campaigns, as if it were possible to thwart my destiny. When I was asked to consent to be divorced, after the first deep agony was over, I said it is best to be so, for now shall I be the widow while my lord yet lives. Had it been otherwise, Napoleon must have died.

HORT. And you would have been Regent of France.

JOSE. While now, I am still Empress!

EUG. Dear mother, you are indeed Empress of France, though Napoleon were to wed the fairest flower of royalty; and though an heir should be born to his throne, yet nothing can displace you in the hearts of the people, who know your

more than royal virtues. There at least you have an empire, and your title is not an empty one.

JOSE. Then let us be content. Before I had taken my first step toward greatness, I was warned of its price. When I found myself upon the road, I determined never to falter or turn back. Heaven has suffered me to do a little good by first making me great, and has granted me more than a common degree of happiness along with my responsibilities. If now I am deprived of my greatest happiness, while the power to do good is still left to me, shall I lose myself in a hopeless despair? Rather, my children, let us pray for patience.

HORT. It is your heavenly forbearance that is breaking our hearts.

EUG. If our mother were less virtuous, her trial would not appeal to us so tenderly.


JOSE. Oh, Heaven, who hast taken away so much, and left so much untaken, grant us Thy blessed peace!

(*Curtain falls.*)

MRS. FRANCES FULLER BARRITT.

MARY MALONEY'S PHILOSOPHY.

MARY MALONEY *singing at her work.* Enter MISS ALLWORTHY.

ISS ALLWORTHY. What are you singing for?

MARY MALONEY. O, I don't know, ma'am, without it's because my heart feels happy.

MISS A. Happy, are you, Mary Maloney? Let me see; you don't own a foot of land in the world.

MARY. Ha, ha! Foot of land is it? O, what a hand ye be after joking! Why, I haven't a penny, let alone the land.

MISS A. Your mother is dead.

MARY. God rest her soul, yes; may the angels make her bed in heaven!

MISS A. Your brother is still a hard case, I suppose.

MARY. Ah, you may well say that. It's nothing but drink, drink, drink, and beating his poor wife that she is, the creature!

MISS A. You have to pay your little sister's board.

MARY. Sure, the bit creature, and she's a good little girl, is Hinny, willing to do whatever I axes her. I don't grudge the money what goes for that.

MISS A. You haven't many fashionable dresses either, Mary Maloney.

MARY. Fashionable, is it? O yes, I put a green belt around my waist, and me calico gown looks as fine as the great ladies'. But then ye says true, I hasn't but two gowns to me back, two shoes to me feet, and one bonnet to me head, barring the old hood ye gave me.

MISS A. You haven't any lover, Mary Maloney.

MARY. O, be off wid ye! Ketch Mary Maloney getting a lover these days, when the hard times is come. No, no; thank heaven I haven't got that to trouble me yet, nor I don't want it.

MISS A. What on earth, then, have you to make you happy? A worthless brother, a poor

helpless sister, no mother, no father, no lover; why, where do you get all your happiness from?

MARY. The Lord be praised, miss, it growed up in me. Give me a bit of sunshine, a clean flure, plenty of work, and a sup at the right time,


and I'm made. That makes me laugh and sing, and then if deep trouble comes, why, God helpin' me, I'll try to keep my heart up. Sure it would be a sad thing if Patrick McGrue should take it into his head to come an ax me, but, the Lord willin', I'd try to bear up under it.

RECIPE FOR POTATO PUDDING.

MRS. PHILEMON, MRS. DARLING, MRS. MUDLAW, COLONEL PHILEMON.

SCENE, MRS. PHILEMON'S *sitting-room*.

Present, MRS. PHILEMON. *Enter* MRS. DARLING.

RS. PHILEMON. Delighted to see you, Mrs. Darling. Walk into the parlor, if you please.

MRS. DARLING. No, thank you, Mrs. Philemon; I'd as soon sit here. I can only stay a moment. I called to ask a recipe for potato pudding. Mr. Darling tasted one when he dined with Colonel Philemon, and liked it so much that he wished me to get directions for making it.

Mrs. P. Potato pudding? Ah, yes, I recollect. Mudlaw, my cook, does make me a very good plain thing that she calls a potato pudding; but I know nothing about her manner of preparing it. I will call her, however, and she shall tell you herself. (*Steps to the door of the adjoining room.*) Mrs. Mudlaw, step here a moment if you please. (*Enter* MRS. MUDLAW.) What do you think, Mrs. Mudlaw! Mrs. Darling has come to learn how to make potato pudding.

MRS. D. Yes, I would be obliged to you for the directions. (*Takes out of her pocket a pencil and paper to write them down.*)

MRS. MUDLAW. Well, 't is an excellent puddin'; for my part, I like it about as well as any puddin' that I make, and that's sayin', a good deal, I can tell you, for I understand makin' a great variety. 'T ain't so awful rich as some, to be sure. Now, there's the Cardinelle puddin', and the Washington puddin', and the Lay Fayette puddin', and the—

MRS. D. Yes, Mr. Darling liked it very much; how do you make it?

MRS. M. Wal, I peel my potatoes and bile 'em in fair water. I always let the water bile before I put 'em in. Some folks let their potatoes lie and sog in the water ever so long, before it biles; but I think it spiles 'em. I always make it a pint to have the water bile—

MRS. D. How many potatoes?

MRS. M. Wal, I always take about as many potatoes as I think I shall want. I'm generally governed by the size o' the puddin' I want to make. If it's a large puddin', why I take quite a number, but if it's a small one, why, then I don't take as many. As quick as they're done, I take 'em up and mash 'em as fine as I can get 'em. I'm always very partic'lar about *that*,—some folks ain't; they'll let their potatoes be full o' lumps. I never do; if there's anything I hate, it's lumps in potatoes. I *won't* have 'em. Whether I'm mashin' potatoes for puddin's or for vegetable use, I mash it till there ain't the size of a lump in it. If I can't git it fine without sifting, why I *sift* it. Once in a while, when I'm otherways engaged, I set the girl to mashin' on 't. Wal, she'll give it three or four jams, and come along, "Miss Mudlaw, is the potato fine enough?" Jubiter Rammin! that's the time I come as near gittin' mad as I ever allow myself to come, for I make it a pint never to have lumps—

MRS. D. Yes, I know it is very important. What next?

MRS. M. Wal, then I put in my butter; in winter time I melt it a little, not enough to

make it ily, but jest so's to soften it. I always look well to my butter.

MRS. D. How much butter does it require?

MRS. M. Wal, I always take butter accordin' to the size of the puddin'; a large puddin' needs a good-sized lump o' butter, but not *too much*. And I'm always partic'lar to have my butter fresh and sweet. Some folks think it's no matter what sort o' butter they use for cookin', but I don't. Of all things I do despise strong, frowy, rancid butte. For pity's sake, have your butter fresh.

MRS. D. How much butter did you say?

MRS. M. Wal, that depends, as I said before, on what sized puddin' you make. And another thing that regulates the quantity of butter I use is the 'mount o' cream I take. I always put in more or less cream. When I have abundance o' cream, I put in considerable, and when it's scarce, why, I use more butter than I otherways should. But you must be partic'lar not to get in too much cream. There's a great deal in havin' jest the right quantity; and so 't is with all the ingreijences. There ain't a better puddin' in the world than a potatoer puddin' when it's made *right*, but 'taint everybody that makes 'em right. I remember when I lived in Tuckertown, I was a visitin' to Squire Humprey's one time,—I went in the first company in Tuckertown; dear me! this is a changeable world.—Wal, they had what they called a potatoer puddin' for dinner. Good land! Of all the puddin's! I've often occurred to that puddin' since, and wondered what the Squire's wife was a thinkin' of when she made it. I wa'n't obleeged to do no such things in them days, and dident know how to do anything as well as I do now. Necessity's the mother of invention. Experience is the best teacher, after all—

MRS. D. Do you sweeten it?

MRS. M. O yes, to be sure it needs sugar, the best o' sugar too; not this wet, soggy brown sugar. Some folks never think o' usin' good sugar to cook with, but for my part I won't have no other.

MRS. D. How much sugar do you take?

MRS. M. Wal, that depends altogether on whether you calculate to have sass for it,—some like sass, you know, and then some agin don't. So, when I calculate for sass, I don't take so much sugar; and when I don't calculate for sass, I make it sweet enough to eat without sass. Poor Mr. Mudlaw was a great hand for puddin' sass. I always made it for him,—good, rich sass, too. I could afford to have things rich before he was unfortunate in bizness.

MRS. P. (*aside*.) Mudlaw went to State's prison for horse-stealing.

MRS. M. I like sass myself, too; and the curnel and the children are all great sass hands; and so I generally calculate for sass, though Miss Philemon prefers the puddin' without sass, and perhaps *you'd* prefer it without. If so you must put in sugar accordingly. I always make it a pint to have 'em sweet enough when they're to be eat without sass.

MRS. D. And don't you use eggs?

MRS. M. Certainly, eggs is one o' the principal ingreijences.

MRS. D. How many does it require?

MRS. M. Wal, when eggs is plenty, I always use plenty; and when they're scarce, why I can do with less, though I'd ruther have enough; and be sure and beat 'em well. It does distress me, the way some folks beat eggs. I always want to have 'em thoroughly beat for everything I use 'em in. It tries my patience most awfully to have anybody round me that won't beat eggs enough. A spell ago we had a darkey to help in the kitchen. One day I was a makin' sponge cake, and havin' occasion to go up stairs after something, I sot her to beatin' the eggs. Wal, what do you think the critter done? Why, she whisked 'em round a few times, and turned right onto the other ingreijences that I'd got weighed out. When I come back and saw what she'd done, my gracious! I came as nigh to losin' my temper as I ever allowed myself to come. 'Twas awful provokin'! I always want the kitchen help to do things as I want to have 'em done. But I never saw a darkey yet that ever done anything right. They're a lazy, slaughterin' set. To

think o' her spilin' that cake so, when I'd told her over and over agin that I always made it a pint to have my eggs thoroughly beat?

MRS. D. Yes, it was too bad. Do you use fruit in the pudding?

MRS. M. Wal, that's jest as you please. You'd better be governed by your own judgment as to *that*. Some like currants and some like raisins, and then again some don't like nary one. If you use raisins, for pity's sake pick out the stuns. It's awful to have a body's teeth come grindin' onto a raisin stun. I'd rather have my ears boxt any time.

MRS. D. How many raisins must I take?

MRS. M. Wal, not *too* many,—it's apt to make the puddin' heavy, you know; and when it's heavy it ain't so light and good. I'm a great hand—

MRS. D. Yes, what do you use for flavoring?

MRS. M. There agin you'll have to exercise your own judgment. Some likes onc thing and some another, you know. If you go the whole figger on temperance, why some other kind o' 'lavyrin' 'll do as well as wine or brandy, I s'pose. But whatever you make up your mind to use, be particular to git in a sufficiency, or else your puddin' 'll be flat. I always make it a pint—

MRS. D. How long must it bake?

MRS. M. There's the great thing after all. The bakin's the main pint. A potater puddin', of all puddin's, has got to be baked jest right. For if it bakes a leetle too much, it's apt to dry up; and then agin, if it don't bake quite enough, it's sure to taste potatery—and that spiles it, you know.

MRS. D. How long should you think?

MRS. M. Wal, that depends a good deal on the heat o' your oven. If you have a very hot oven, 'twon't do to leave it in too long; and if your oven ain't so very hot, why, you'll be necessiated to leave it in longer.

MRS. D. Well, how can I tell anything about it?

MRS. M. Well, I always let them bake till I think they're done,—that's the safest way. I

make it a pint to have 'em baked exactly right. It's very important in all kinds o' bakin',—cake, pies, bread, puddin's, and everything,—to have 'em baked *precisely* long enough and jest right. Some folks don't seem to have no system at all about their bakin'. One time they'll burn their bread to a crisp, and then agin it'll be so slack 'taint fit to eat. Nothin' hurts my feelin's so much as to see things overdone or slack-baked. Here only t'other day, Lorry, the girl that Miss Philemon dismissed yesterday, come within an ace o' letting my bread burn up. My back was turned for a minnit, and what should she do but go to stuffin' wood into the stove at the awfulest rate? If I hadent a found it out jest when I did, my bread would a ben sp'ilt as sure as I'm a live woman. Jubiter Rammin! I was about as much decomposed as I ever allow myself to git! I told Miss Philemon I wouldn't stan' it no longer,—one of us must quit,—either Lorry or me must walk.

MRS. D. So you've no rule about making this pudding?

MRS. M. (*intensely surprised*.) No rule!

MRS. D. Yes, you seem to have no rule for anything about it.

MRS. M. (*starting up indignantly*). No rule! (*Planting herself in front of Mrs. D. and extending her forefinger very near that lady's nose*.) No rules! do you tell me I've no rules! Me! that's cooked in the first families for fifteen years, and always gin' satisfaction, to be told by such as you that I hain't no rules!

MRS. P. *Mrs. Mudlaw!* Don't be excited. (*A step is heard*). Ah, there comes my husband! He'll put a stop to this.

Enter COLONEL PHILEMON. MRS. M. *casts a look of ineffable disgust at Mrs. D., and retreats from the room.*

COLONEL PHILEMON (*to his wife*). Matilda, my dear, this is quite an unexpected pleasure, for really (*turning to Mrs. D.*), Mrs. Darling, we began to fear that you did not intend to cultivate us.

MRS. D. I cannot say I came for just that

purpose this time. I came on an errand, and your cook has got very angry with me for some reason, I scarcely know what.

MRS. P. Poor Mudlaw! I don't think she intended to be rude.

COL. P. What! has the cook been rude to Mrs. Darling?

MRS. P. Not rude exactly, dear; but you know she is so sensitive about everything connected with her department, and she fancied that Mrs. Darling called her skill into question, and became somewhat excited.

MRS. D. *Quite* excited, I should call it. (*Smiling.*)

COL. P. And she has dared to treat Mrs. Darling rudely! Shameful! disgraceful! the

wretch shall suffer for it! To think that a lady like Mrs. Darling should be insulted by a cook in my house, too! She shall *troop* forthwith! Mrs. Darling, I regret extremely—

MRS. D. O, no apology, Colonel Philemon!

COL. P. Won't you walk into the parlor?

MRS. D. Thank you. I really had but a moment to spare; I must beg you to excuse me. Good morning.

COL. and MRS. P. Good morning.

MRS. D. (*aside*). Well, If I have not learned how to make potato pudding, I have gained something. I shall go home better satisfied than ever with my own cook,—both in her work and her disposition.

F. M. WHICHER.

THE RIVAL ORATORS.

THOMAS TROTTER, *a large boy with a big voice, and* SAMUEL SLY, *a small boy whose vocal organ is pitched on a high key.*

SCENE, *the platform of a School-room.*

THOMAS *enters and makes his bow to the audience, followed by Samuel, who goes through the same ceremony a little in his rear.*

TOM (*turning partially round*). What do you want here?

SAM. I want to speak my piece, to be sure.

T. Well, you will please to wait until I get through; it's my turn now.

S. No, it isn't your turn, either, my learned friend; excuse me for contradicting, but if I don't stand up for my rights, nobody else will. My turn came before that fellow's who said "his voice was still for war;" but I couldn't think how my speech began then, and he got the start of me.

T. Very well; if you were not ready when your turn came, that's your fault, and not mine. Go to your seat, and don't bother me any more.

S. Well, that's cool, I declare,—as cool as a load of ice in February. Can't you ask some other favor, Mr. Trotter?

T. Yes; hold your tongue.

S. Can't do that; I'm bound to get off my speech first. You see it's running over like a

bottle of beer, and I can't keep it in. So here goes:

"My name is Norval; on the Grampian Hills My father feeds—"

T. (*interrupting him, commences his piece in a loud tone.*) "Friends, Romans, countrymen!"

S. Greeks, Irishmen, and fellow-sojers!

T. "Lend me your ears."

S. Don't you do it; he's got ears enough of his own.

T. "I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him."

S. (*minicking his gestures.*) I come to speak my piece, and I'll do it, Cæsar or no Cæsar. "My name is Norval—"

T. (*advancing towards him in a threatening attitude.*) Sam Sly, if you don't stop your fooling I'll put you off the stage.

S. (*retreating.*) Don't, don't you touch me, Tom; you'll joggle my piece all out of me again.

T. Well, then, keep still until I get through.
(*Turns to the audience*).

"Friends, Romans, countrymen! lend me
your ears;

I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him."

S I say, Tommy, what are you bl-a-a-a-r-t-
ing about; have you lost your calf?

T. "The evil that men do lives after them,
The good is oft interred with their bones.
So let it be with Cæsar."

*He is again brought to a stand by SAM, who is
standing behind him, mimicking his gestures in
a ludicrous manner.*

Now, Sam, I tell you to stop your monkey
shines; if you don't, I'll make you!

S. You stop spouting about Cæsar, then, and
let me have my say. You needn't think you
can cheat me out of my rights because you wear
higher-heeled shoes than I do.

T. I can tell you one thing, sir,—nothing
but your size saves you from a good flogging.

S. Well, that is a queer coincidence, for I
can tell you that nothing but *your* size saves *you*
from a good dose of Solomon's panacea. (*To
the audience.*) I don't know what can be done
with such a long legged fellow,—he's too big to
be whipped, and he isn't big enough to behave
himself. Now, all keep still, and let me begin
again: "My name is Norval—"

T. "I come to bury Cæsar—"

S. I thought you'd buried him once, good
deeds, bones, and all; how many more times
are you going to do it?

T. Sam, I'm a peaceable fellow; but if you
go much further I won't be responsible for the
consequences.

S. I'm for *piece*, too, but it's *my* piece, and
not your long rigmarole about Cæsar, that I go
in for. As I said before, "My name is—"

T. "The noble Brutus

Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious;

If it were so, it was a grievous fault,

And grievously hath Cæsar answered it."

S. (*in a low whisper.*) I say, Tom, did you
know you had got a hole in your unwhisperables?

T. "Here, under leave of Brutus, and the
rest,

(For Brutus is an honorable man—

So are they all, all honorable men,)

Come I to speak at Cæsar's funeral."

S. This isn't Cæsar's funeral,—it's the ex-
hibition of the Spankertown Academy, and it's
my turn to officiate, so get out with Cæsar.—
"My name is Nor—"

T. "He was my friend, faithful and just
to me;

But Brutus says he was ambitious;

And Brutus is an honorable man."

S. Brutus be hanged; who cares for what he
said? Come, you've sputtered enough; now
give me a chance to say something. My name
is—"

T. Come, Sammy, *don't* interrupt me again,
that's a clever fellow. Let me finish my piece,
and then you shall have the whole platform to
yourself.

S. You're very kind, Mr. Trotter,—al-
together too kind! Your generosity reminds
me of an Irish gentleman, who couldn't live
peaceably with his wife, and so they agreed to
divide the house between them. "Biddy," says
he, "ye'll jist be afther taking the outside of
the house, and I'll kape the inside."

T. (*to the audience.*) Ladies and gentle-
men, you see it is useless for me to attempt to
proceed, and I trust you will excuse me from
performing my part. (*Bows, and withdraws.*)

S. Yes, I hope you will excuse him, ladies
and gentlemen. The fact is, he means well
enough; but, between you and me, he doesn't
know a wheelwright from a right wheel. I'm
sorry to say his education has been sadly
neglected, as you all perceive. He hasn't
enjoyed the advantages that I have for learning
good manners. And, then, did you ever hear
such a ridiculous spouter! He might make a
decent town-crier, or auctioneer, or something
of that sort,—but to think of Tommy Trotter
pretending to be an orator, and delivering a
funeral oration over Cæsar! O my! it's enough

to make a cat laugh! And now, ladies and gentlemen, as the interruption has ceased, I will proceed with my part:

“My name is Norval; on the Grampian Hills
My father feeds his flocks—”
And—and—and—(*Aside to a boy near him.*)

What is it? (*To the audience*)--“feeds his flocks,”—and—and—and—and—There! I’m stuck a’ready! Just as I expected; that lubber that came to bury Cæsar has bullied all the ideas out of my head! (*Beats an inglorious retreat, scratching his head.*)

**LITTLE RED RIDING-HOOD;
OR, THE WICKED WOLF AND THE WIRTUOUS WOODCUTTER.**

JACK, *the woodcutter, who rescues Red Riding-Hood from the Wolf, quite by axey dent.*

THE WOLF, *a wicked wretch, who pays his devours to Little Red Riding-Hood, but is defeated by his rival.*

DAME MARGERY, *mother of Little Red Riding-Hood, a crusty role, and very ill-bread.*

LITTLE RED RIDING-HOOD, *a fascinating little pet, so lovely that you are not likely to see two such faces under a hood.*

THE FAIRY FELICIA, *a beneficent genius, versed in spells, and quite au fay in magic.*

GRANNY, *an invisible old girl, by kind permission of the Prompter.*

NOTE.—The dresses are easily enough contrived, with the exception of the Wolf. A rough shawl or a fur jacket will answer the purpose, and the head can be made with an animal mask, for sale at costumers’ and other places in most cities.

The Butterfly in Scene II is affixed to wire held at the wings. The Prompter reads the part of Granny, standing close to the bed, in order to assist in getting rid of the Dummy when Wolf is supposed to eat it.

SCENE I.—*The exterior of LITTLE RED RIDING-HOOD’S Cottage. Enter RED RIDING-HOOD’S MOTHER. She runs about the stage looking for her child.*

MOTHER. Red Riding-Hood! Red Riding-Hood, I say!
Where can the little monkey hide away?

Red Riding-Hood! O dreary, dreary me!
Provoking child, where ever can she be! (*Looks off on both sides.*)

She is a shocking disobedient child,
Enough to drive a loving mother wild;
But stay! where are the butter and the cake
That to her grandmother she has to take?

Fetches basket from cottage, and shows cake and butter.

Here is the cake, and here’s the butter, see!
The nicest cake and butter that could be.
These in the basket I will neatly lay,
A present to poor Granny to convey.
They are not tithes, though given to the wicker;
Puts them in basket.

Bless me, I wish the child were only quicker!
Red Riding-Hood, Red Riding-Hood! Dear, dear!

Enter LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD.

R. R. H. Here I am, ma.

MOTHER. You wicked puss, come here!

Take this to Granny! Poor old soul, she’s ill;
Give her my love, and these tidbits.

R. R. H. I will.

Won’t it be nice? Through wood and field I’ll walk,

And have with Jack, perhaps, a little talk.

Dear Jack! At thought of him why quickly beat, heart?

Dear Jack! he’s no Jack-pudding, but a sweet-tart!

Won’t I catch butterflies and gather flowers!

MOTHER. Mind you don’t dawdle and be gone for hours,

But go straight there, and back again with speed,
And do not loiter in lane, wood, or mead,
Or else a great big wolf shall come to eat you;
At any rate your loving mother ’il beat you!



CHERRY RIPE, RIPE, RIPE, I CRY,
FULL AND FAIR ONES—COME AND BUY!



A STUDY IN ATTITUDES

Threatens R. R. H. with stick. Enter JACK, at back.

JACK. Where is Red Riding-Hood, my heart's delight?

La, there's her mother! What a horrid fright!

MOTHER. What are you doing here, you rascal Jack?

Be off, or I will hit your head a crack. (*Strikes at him, but misses.*)

JACK. Before your hits, ma'am, I prefer a miss;

Bows to R. R. H.

So blow for blow, I mean to blow a kiss.

(*Kisses hand to R. R. H.*)

MOTHER. Kisses be blo—

JACK. Hush! don't be coarse and low: if you don't like my company, I'll go; Your words are violent, your temper quick, So this young woodcutter will cut his stick.

He and R. R. H. exchange signs, blow kisses, etc. Exit JACK.

MOTHER. (*to R. R. H.*). That spark is not your match, and you're to blame. To take de-light in such a paltry flame. Now go; and lose no time upon the road, But hasten straight to Grandmother's abode.

R. R. H. I will not loiter, mother, by the way,
No go in search of butterflies astray.
Instead of picking flowers, my steps I'll pick,
And take the things to Granny, who is sick
Good by, dear mother.

MOTHER (*kisses her*). There, my dear, good by.

R. R. H. See how obedient to your word I fly!

MOTHER. A one-horse fly! What nonsense you do talk!
You have no wings, and so of course must walk.
You go afoot. How now, miss? Wherefore smile?

R. R. H. Why go afoot? I've got to go a mile;
That was the reason, mother, why I smiled.
MOTHER. That joke's so far-fetched, that it's very miled. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Forest Glade. Enter RED RIDING-HOOD.*

R. R. H. How nice the wood is, with its cool green shade!

I must sit down and rest here, I'm afraid;
Though mother would declare I'm only lazy.
I'm very tired and weary. (*Yawns, then sees flower and starts.*) Lawk! a daisy!
(*Picks flowers.*)

It can't be wrong some pretty flowers to pull;
With them I'll fill my little apron full,
And take to please my poor old granny's eye.

Butterfly flies across the stage.

O, isn't that a lovely butterfly? (*Runs after it.*)
Stop, little butterfly, a moment, do.

Tries to catch it, and runs into the arms of JACK, who enters.
I've caught it.

JACK. Beg your pardon, I've caught you. (*Kisses her.*)

R. R. H. Don't you be rude, sir! Fie, why treat me thus!

JACK. You thought to take a fly, I took a bus.
I love you, pretty maid! Suppose we say
That we'll be married? Just you fix the day.
(*Embraces her.*)

R. R. H. You're very pressing, sir! Well, let me see;
Next Wednesday a wedding's day shall be.

JACK. An earlier date far better, dear, will do;
Say, why not Toosday as the day for two?
Another kiss!

R. R. H. A kiss! O dear me, no!
Farewell. To poor old Granny's I must go,
For mother has commanded me to take
The poor old soul some butter and a cake.

JACK. I'm off to work, then.

R. R. H. Whither go you, pray?

JACK. I'm not quite sure, but mean to axe my way. [*Exit.*]

R. R. H. Now I must hurry off to Granny.
FAIRY appears.

Law!

How lovely! such a sight I never saw.

FAIRY. I am a fairy, and your friend, my dear;

You'll need my aid, for there is danger near.
Your disobedience to your mother's will
Has given bad fairies power to work you ill.

R. R. H. Thanks, beauteous fairy. But no
harm I meant,
And of my disobedience much repent.

FAIRY. I know it, and will therefore prove
your friend ;
You shall o'ercome your troubles in the end.
Remember when your case my help demands,
You've naught to do save simply clap your
hands. [*Exit* FAIRY.]

R. R. H. How very sorry I am now that I
Was disobedient, let the time slip by :
Neglected Granny and my mother's words,
'To gather flowers and list to singing birds,
'To hunt the butterflies. 'Twas wrong, I fear—
But, goodness gracious me, what have we here?

Enter WOLF.

WOLF. O, what a very pretty little girl !
Such rosy cheeks, such hair, so nice in curl !
(*Aside.*) As tender as a chicken, too, I'll lay ;
One doesn't get such tidbits every day.
(*To* R. R. H.) What brings you wandering in
the wood like this,
And whither are you going, pretty miss?

R. R. H. 'Tis bound for Granny's cottage,
but I fear
I've strayed from the right path in coming here.
I'm taking her a currant-cake and butter ;
So nice, their excellence no tongue can utter.

WOLF (*aside.*) However excellent, I'll bet I
lick it ;
As to the cake, I'll gobble pretty quick it.
(*To* R. R. H.) And where does Granny live ?
R. R. H. Not far from this ;
It's near the river.

WOLF (*pointing off.*) Then, my little miss,
Along that path you have but to repair,
And very shortly you will find you're there.

R. R. H. O, thank you ; now I'll go [*Exit*].

WOLF. And I'll be bound
You'll find that same short cut a long way round.
The nearest road to the cottage take,
And of old Granny I short work will make,
And then I'll gobble you up, little dear.

I didn't like to try and eat you here ;
You might object to it,—some people do, —
And scream and cry, and make a hubbuboo ;
And there's a woodcutter I know, hard by,
From whose quick hatchet quick-catch :
should I !

Here goes to bolt old Granny without flummery.
A spring,—and then one swallow shall be sum-
mery ! [*Exit*].

SCENE III.—*Interior of* GRANDMOTHER'S cottage.

*On the right hand, close to the wing, a bed
with a dummy in it with a large nightcap. WOLF
is heard knocking.*

GRANNY (*spoken from the wing close by the
bed.*) Who's there?

WOLF (*imitating* R. R. H.). Your little
grandchild, Granny dear.

GRANNY. That child has got a shocking cold,
that's clear.

Some carelessness,—she's got her feet wet
through

With running in the rain or heavy dew,
Perhaps without her bonnet ; and of course
The little donkey is a little hoarse.

Her words she used not croakingly to utter—
What do you want?

WOLF. I've brought your cake and
butter,

But can't come in, the door my strength defies.

GRANNY. Pull at the bobbin, and the latch
will rise.

Enter WOLF.

GRANNY. How are you, little darling?

WOLF. Darling ! Pooh !

You didn't bolt your door, so I'll bolt you !

GRANNY. O mercy ! murder ! what is this I
see ?

Some frightful spectre must the monster be !

WOLF. Don't make a noise, for you're a
hopeless hobble in ;
I'm not a ghost, but soon shall be a gobble-in !

WOLF *flings himself on the bed ; shrieks and
growls are heard. The dummy is removed with-
out the audience being able to see it, as WOLF is
in front of it.*

WOLF (*coming down*) Yahen! yahren!
yahren! yahren! yachn!

I've finished her ere she could angry be with me,
I didn't give her time to disagree with me.

Now for a night-gown (*takes one*) and a night-
cap (*takes one*). Good! (*puts them on*.)

How do I look as Grandma Riding-Hood?

*Gets into bed, and covers himself up. A
knock is heard at the door.*

WOLF (*imitating GRANNY'S voice*). Who's
there?

R. R. H. Your little grandchild, Granny
dear;

have a cake and butter for you here.

WOLF. Pull at the bobbin, and the latch will
rise.

Enter R. R. H.

R. R. H. Good morning, Granny! here are
the supplies.

Sets down basket.

WOLF. Good morning, dear, come sit beside
my bed.

I'm very bad indeed, child, in my head.

R. R. H. *sits on the side of bed.*

R. R. H. Why, Granny, what big ears
you've got!

WOLF. My dear,

That is that Granny may the better hear.

R. R. H. And, Granny, what big eyes
you've got!

WOLF. Dear me!

That is that Granny may the better see.

R. R. H. Then, Granny, what big teeth
you've got? O, la!

WOLF. To eat you up with all the better.
(*Springs out of bed and strikes an attitude.*) Ha!

R. R. H. *screams, and runs away*; WOLF
pursues her round the table.

Enter JACK.

JACK. As I was passing by, I just dropt in.
(*To Wolf.*) Shall I drop into you?

WOLF. O, pray begin!

JACK. You hideous brute, your wicked game
I'll stop.

Hits WOLF with axe.

How do you like that, monster?

WOLF. That's first chop!

JACK. That isn't all,—another chop to
follow!

*Strikes him again. They struggle. WOLF
falls with a loud cry.*

Don't holloa, sir!

WOLF. I must,—I'm beaten hollow;
You've felled me to the earth.

JACK. Yes, I'm the feller!
I'll beat you black and blue.

WOLF (*aside*). Then I'll turn yellor!
*Goes into convulsions, shrieks, and feigns to
be dead. JACK flings down axe, and embraces*

R. R. H.

R. R. H. You've saved my life, dear Jack!
What can I do

To show my love and gratitude to you?

JACK. Sweetest Red Riding-Hood, say you'll
be mine,

To jine our hands the parson I'll engine.

WOLF *creeps behind them, and secures the axe.*

WOLF (*leaping up*). That en-gine won't assist
you, tender pair;

*Snatches up R. R. H. with one arm, brandish-
ing axe.*

If that's your line, why I shall raise the fare.

JACK. He's got the axe—O, here's a nice
quandary!

R. R. H. (*claps hands*). You'll raise the
fare? Then I will raise the fairy!

FAIRY *appears at the back. Enter R. R. H.'s
MOTHER.*

MOTHER. You wicked child, where have you
been? Oho!

You're listening to the *shoot* of that young beau!
But I'll forbid it, and I'll have my way. (FAIRY
comes forward.)

FAIRY. Excuse me, but your orders I gainsay.

MOTHER. Who are you, madam, I should
like to ask?

FAIRY. I am the Fairy of the Wood, whose
task

It is to aid the weak against the strong,
And set things right when they are going wrong.
You. Master Wolf, please keep that hatchet
ready;

For that sad jest of eating the old lady,
You shall die, jester, by that very tool!
Dame Margery, you have acted like a fool.

MOTHER. Good Mistress Fairy, why, what
have I done?

FAIRY. Jack is no peasant, but a prince's
son,
Stolen from the crib by an old cribbing gypsy,
When he was little, and his nurse was tipsy.

MOTHER. You don't say!

JACK. I a prince!
R. R. H. Good gracious, mother!
Is he that 'ere?

FAIRY. He's that heir, and no other.
Your mother won't reject his house and lands,
Though she did him; so here I join your hands,
With blessings, from the Fairy of the Wood,
On brave Prince Jack and fair Red Riding-
Hood.

THOMAS HOOD.

FLORAL OFFERINGS.

FOR ONE LARGE GIRL AND THREE SMALLER ONES.

Characters: TEACHER, LILLIE, ANNA, BLANCHE.

SCENE I. *A nicely furnished room. Teacher standing by a small table covered with moss, on which she is arranging shells and geological specimens.*

TEACHER.

HERE I stand awaiting them—
Lonely, sad, and solitary,
Till the little maidens come
From the seaside and the prairie,
From the mountain, steep and high,
Where their little feet are straying,
Gathering blossoms they may spy
Out among the wood-nymphs playing
(*Enter Anna with a basket of flowers*)
O, my little seaside girl,
What is in your garden growing?

ANNA.

Wild rockweeds and tangle-grass
With the slow tide coming, going;
Samphire and marsh-rosemary
All along the wet shore creeping,
Sandwort, beach-peas, pimpernel
Out of nooks and corners peeping.
(*Enter Lillie with basket of flowers.*)

TEACHER.

O, my little prairie girl,
What's in bloom among your grasses?

LILLIE.

Sweet spring-beauties, painted cups
Flushing when the South wind passes

Beds of rose-pink centaury
Compass-flower to northward turning,
Larkspur, orange-gold puccoon,
Leagues of lilies, flame-red burning.
(*Enter Blanche with basket of flowers.*)

TEACHER.

O, my little mountain girl,
Have you anything to gather?

BLANCHE.

Milk-white everlasting bloom,
Not afraid of wind or weather,
Sweet-brier, leaning o'er the crag
That the lady-fern hides under
Harebells, violets white and blue,—
Who has sweeter flowers I wonder?

ANNA.

(*Presenting her flowers.*)

We have gathered them for you.
On the sea-shore these were growing

LILLIE.

(*Presenting her flowers.*)

On the prairies mine were found

BLANCHE.

(*Presenting her flowers.*)

On the mountain mine were blowing.

LILLIE, BLANCHE AND ANNA. (*In Concert.*)

Take them, keep them, pledges fond
Of our friendship and devotion,—

BLANCHE.

Floral offerings from the mount,

LILLIE.

From the prairies—

ANNA.

and the ocean.

TEACHER.

O, my little maidens three,
I will place your pretty posies,
Ocean-nourished, cloud-bedewed,
Prairie grasses, mountain roses,
On a bed of shells and moss.
Come and bend your bright heads nearer,
Though your blossoms are so fair
You three human flowers are dearer.

BROUGHT TO TRIAL FOR "BLOWIN'."

ADAPTED FROM J. G. HOLLAND'S "ARTHUR BONNICASTLE."

NOTE.—The boys of Mr. Bird's school were in the habit of judging any one of their number who had been guilty of misdemeanor. Arthur, a small boy, was in the habit of telling strange and fabulous stories,

SCENE.—*A large number of boys are seated demurely around a room. At one end, a boy sits in a high chair as Judge. Arthur is walking along at another part of building. Two boys, with staffs in their hands taller than themselves, meet him.*

FIRST BOY (*solemnly*). Halt! Arthur Bonnicastle, you are arrested in the name of the High Society of Inquiry, and ordered to appear before that august tribunal to answer for your sins and misdemeanors. Right about face!

[He marches with the two boys, into the room in front of Judge's chair.]

SECOND BOY. We have secured the offender, your honor, and now have the satisfaction of presenting him before this honorable Society.

JUDGE. The prisoner will stand in the middle of the room and look at me.

[The boys march with him to the middle of the room before the Judge.]

JUDGE (*in a slow, solemn tone*). Arthur Bonnicastle, you are brought before The High Society of Inquiry on a charge of telling so many lies, that no dependence whatever can be placed upon your words. What have you to reply to this charge? Are you guilty, or not guilty?

ARTHUR (*indignantly*). I am not guilty. Who says I am?

JUDGE. Henry Hulm, you will advance!

[Henry takes position by the Judge.]

JUDGE. Henry Hulm, you will look upon the prisoner, and tell the Society whether you know him.

HENRY. I know him well. He is my chum.

JUDGE. What is his general character?

HENRY. He is bright and very amiable.

JUDGE. Do you consider him a boy of truth and veracity?

HENRY. I do not.

JUDGE. Has he deceived you? If he has, please state the occasion and circumstances.

HENRY. No, your honor, he has never deceived me. I always know when he speaks the truth.

JUDGE. Have you ever told him of his crimes, and warned him to desist from them?

HENRY. I have, many times.

JUDGE. Has he shown any disposition to amend?

HENRY. None at all, your honor.

JUDGE. What is the character of his falsehood?

HENRY. He tells stunning stories about himself. Great things are always happening to him, and he is always performing the most wonderful deeds.

[Arthur drops his head.]

JUDGE. Will you give us some specimens of his stories?

HENRY. I will, but I can do it best by asking him questions.

JUDGE (*bowing pleasantly to Henry*). Very well. Pursue the course you think best.

HENRY. Arthur, did you ever tell me that, when you and your father were on the way to this school, your horse went so fast that he ran down a black fox in the middle of the road and cut off his tail with the wheel of your chaise, and that you sent that tail home to one of your sisters to wear in her winter hat?

ARTHUR. Yes, I did.

JUDGE (*in a low, grim voice*). And did your said horse really run down said fox in the middle of said road, and cut off said tail; and did you send home said tail to said sister, to be worn in said hat? The prisoner will answer so that all can hear.

ARTHUR (*slowly*). No, but—I—did see a black fox, a real black fox, as plain as day.

ALL THE BOYS (*speaking together in a taunting tone, looking from one to the other*). Oh, oh, oh! He did see a black fox, a real black fox as plain as day!

JUDGE. The witness will pursue his inquiries.

HENRY. Arthur, did you or did you not, tell me that when on the way to this school you overtook Mr. and Mrs. Bird in their wagon, that you were invited into the wagon by Mrs. Bird, and that one of Mr. Bird's horses chased a calf on the road, caught it by the ear and tossed it over the fence and broke its leg?

ARTHUR (*desperately*). I s'pose I did.

JUDGE. And did said horse really chase said calf, and catch him by said ear, and toss him over said fence, and break said leg?

ARTHUR. He didn't catch him by the ear, but he really did chase a calf!

ALL THE BOYS (*together*). Oh, oh, oh! He didn't catch him by the ear, but he really did chase a calf!

JUDGE. Witness, you will pursue your inquiries.

HENRY. Arthur, did you or did you not, tell me that you have an old friend who is soon to go to sea, and that he has promised to bring you a male and female monkey, a male and a female bird of paradise, a barrel of pineapples, and a Shetland pony?

ARTHUR. It doesn't seem as if I told you exactly that.

JUDGE (*severely*). Did you or did you not tell him so?

ARTHUR. Perhaps I did.

JUDGE. And did said friend, who is soon to go to said sea, really promise to bring you said monkeys, said bird of paradise, said pineapples and said pony?

ARTHUR. No, but I really have an old friend who is going to sea, and he'll bring me anything I ask him to.

ALL THE BOYS (*together*). Oh, oh, oh! He really has an old friend who is going to sea, and he'll bring him anything he asks him to!

[The teacher, Mr. Bird, enters. The boys all jump from their seats and hastily disperse. The Judge in his haste tips over his high chair, and prepares to leave with the rest. Mr. Bird beckons him to remain.]

MR. BIRD. What does this mean?

JUDGE (*without his solemn tone*). We have been trying, sir, to break Arthur Bonnicastle of lying, and we were about to order him to report to you, for confession and correction.

[Arthur hastens to Mr. Bird, takes his hand and hides his face on his sleeve.]

MR. BIRD (*looking down on him kindly and leading him away*). Come, Arthur, we will go to my study, and you can tell me all about it.

[Curtain falls.]

HATTIE HERBERT.

COURTSHIP UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

FOR TWO MALES AND ONE FEMALE.

[This may be made almost equally successful as a reading.]

Enter SNOBBLETON.

SNOBBLETON. (*Looking in the direction whence he has just come*). Yes, there is that fellow Jones, again. I declare, the man is ubiquitous. Wherever I go with my cousin Prudence we stumble across him, or he follows her like her shadow. Do we take a boating? So does Jones. Do we wander on the beach? So does Jones. Go where we will, that fellow follows or moves before. Now, that was a cruel practical joke which Jones once played upon me at college. I have never forgiven him. But I would gladly make a pretense of doing so, if I could have my revenge. Let me see. Can't I manage it? He is head over ears in love with Prudence, but too bashful to speak. I half believe she is not indifferent to him, though altogether unacquainted. It may prove a match, if I can not spoil it. Let me think. Ha! I have it! A brilliant idea! Jones, beware! But here he comes.

Enter JONES.

JONES (*Not seeing Snobbleton, and delightfully contemplating a flower, which he holds in his hand*). Oh, rapture! what a prize! It was in her hair—I saw it fall from her queenly head. (*Kisses it every now and then*). How warm are its tender leaves from having touched her neck! How doubly sweet is its perfume—fresh from the fragrance of her glorious locks! How beautiful! how—Bless me! here is Snobbleton. We are enemies!

SNOBBLETON (*Advancing with an air of frankness*). Good-morning, Jones—that is, if you will shake hands.

JONES. What!—you forgive! You really—

SNOBBLETON. Yes, yes, old fellow! All is forgotten. You played me a rough trick; but let bygones be bygones. Will you not bury the hatchet?

JONES. With all my heart, my dear fellow! (*They shake hands.*)

SNOBBLETON. What is the matter with you, Jones? You look quite grumpy—not by any means the same cheerful, dashing, rollicking fellow you were.

JONES. Grumpy—what is that? How do I look, Snobbleton?

SNOBBLETON. Oh, not much out of the way. Only a little shaky in the shanks, blue lips, red nose, cadaverous jaws, bloodshot eyes, yellow—

JONES (*Aghast*). Bless me, you don't say so! (*Aside*.) Confound the man! Here have I been endeavoring to appear romantic for the last month—and now to be called shaky-shanked, cadaverous—it is unbearable!

SNOBBLETON. But never mind. Cheer up, old fellow! I see it all. Egad! I know what it is to be in—

JONES. Ah! You can then sympathize with me! You know what it is to be in—

SNOBBLETON. Of course—I do! Heaven preserve me from the toils! What days of bitterness!

JONES. What nights of bliss!

SNOBBLETON (*Shuddering*). And then the letters—the interminable letters!

JONES (*with rapture*). Oh, yes, the letters! The *billet doux*!

SNOBBLETON. And the bills—the endless bills!

JONES (*in surprise*). The bills!

SNOBBLETON. Yes; and the bailiffs, the lawyers, the judge, and the jury.

JONES. Why, man, what are you talking about? I thought you said you knew what it was to be in—

SNOBBLETON. In debt. *To be sure* I did.

JONES. Bless me! I'm not in debt—never borrowed a dollar in my life. Ah, me! (*sighs*) it's worse than that.

SNOBBLETON. Worse than that! Come, now, Jones, there is only one thing worse. You're surely not in love?

JONES. Yes, I am. (*With sudden feeling.*) Oh, Snobby, help me, help me! Let me confide in you.

SNOBBLETON (*With mock emotion*). Confide in me! Certainly, my dear fellow! See! I do not shrink—I stand firm. (*Folds his arms in a determined posture.*) Blaze away!

JONES. Snobby, I—I love her.

SNOBBLETON. Whom?

JONES. Your cousin, Prudence.

SNOBBLETON. Ha! Prudence Angelina Winterbottom?

JONES. Now, don't be angry, Snobby! I don't mean any harm, you know. I—I—you know how it is.

SNOBBLETON. Harm! my dear fellow. Not a bit of it. Angry! Not at all. You have my consent, old fellow. Take her. She is yours. Heaven bless you both.

JONES. You are very kind, Snobby, but I haven't got *her* consent yet.

SNOBBLETON. Well, that *is* something, to be sure. But, leave it all to me. She may be a little coy, you know; but, considering your generous overlooking of her unfortunate defect—

JONES. Defect! You surprise me.

SNOBBLETON. What! and you did not know of it?

JONES. Not at all. I am astonished! Nothing serious, I hope.

SNOBBLETON. Oh, no, only a little. (*He taps his ear with his finger, knowingly.*) I see you understand it.

JONES. Merciful heaven! can it be? But, really is it serious?

SNOBBLETON. I should think it was.

JONES. What! But is she ever dangerous?

SNOBBLETON. Dangerous! Why should she be?

JONES (*Considerably relieved*). Oh, I perceive! A mere airiness of brain—a gentle aberration—scorning the dull world—a mild—

SNOBBLETON. Zounds, man, she's not crazy!

JONES. My dear Snobby, you relieve me.

SNOBBLETON. Slightly deaf. That's all.

JONES. Deaf!

SNOBBLETON. As a lamp-post. That is, you must elevate your voice to a considerable pitch in speaking to her.

JONES. Is it possible! However, I think I can manage. As, for instance, if it was my intention to make her a floral offering, and I should say (*elevating his voice considerably*), "Miss, will you make me happy by accepting these flowers?" I suppose she could hear me, eh? How would that do?

SNOBBLETON. Pshaw! Do you call that elevated?

JONES. Well, how would this do? (*Speak very loudly.*) "Miss, will you *make* me happy—"

SNOBBLETON. Louder, shriller, man!

JONES. "Miss, will you—"

SNOBBLETON. Louder, louder, or she will only see your lips move.

JONES. (*Almost screaming*). "Miss, will you oblige me by accepting these flowers?"

SNOBBLETON. There, that *may* do. Still you want practice. I perceive the lady herself is approaching. Suppose you retire for a short time, and I will prepare her for the introduction.

JONES. Very good. Meantime, I will go down to the beach and endeavor to acquire the proper pitch. Let me see: "Miss, will you oblige me—"

[*Exit JONES, still speaking.*]

Enter PRUDENCE, from other side.

PRUDENCE. Good morning, cousin. What was that, speaking so loudly!

SNOBBLETON. Only Jones. Poor fellow, he is so deaf that I suppose he fancies his own voice to be a mere whisper.

PRUDENCE. Why, I was no aware of this. Is he *very* deaf!

SNOBBLETON. Deaf as a stone fence. To be sure he does not use an ear-trumpet any more, but, one must speak excessively high. Unfortunate, too, for I believe he is in love.



SHE HAD SO MANY CHILDREN SHE DIDN'T KNOW
WHAT TO DO



THEY TELL ME I MUST DO IT JUST SO,
I WONDER IF THEY THINK THAT I DON'T KNOW.

PRUDENCE (*With one emotion*). In love! with whom?

SNOBBLETON. Can't you guess?

PRUDENCE. Oh, no: I haven't the slightest idea.

SNOBBLETON. With yourself! He has been begging me to obtain him an introduction.

PRUDENCE. Well, I have always thought him a nice-looking young man. I suppose he would hear me if I should say (*speaks loudly*), "Good-morning, Mr. Jones?"

SNOBBLETON (*Compassionately*). Do you think he would hear that?

PRUDENCE. Well, then, how would (*speaks very loudly*) "Good-morning, Mr. Jones!" How would that do?

SNOBBLETON. Tush! he would think you were speaking under your breath.

PRUDENCE (*Almost screaming*). "Good-morning!"

SNOBBLETON. A mere whisper, my dear cousin. But here he comes. Now, do try and make yourself audible.

Enter JONES.

SNOBBLETON (*Speaking in a high voice*). Mr. Jones, cousin. Miss Winterbottom, Jones. You will please excuse me for a short time. (*He retires, but remains in view.*)

JONES (*Speaking shrill and loud, and offering some flowers*). Miss, will you accept these flowers? I plucked them from their slumber on the hill.

PRUDENCE (*In an equally high voice*). Really, sir, I—I—

JONES (*Aside*). She hesitates. It must be that she does not hear me. (*Increasing his tone.*) Miss, will you accept these flowers—FLOWERS? I plucked them sleeping on the hill—HILL.

PRUDENCE (*Also increasing her tone*). Certainly, Mr. Jones. They are beautiful—BEAU-TIFUL.

JONES (*Aside*). How she screams in my ear. (*Aloud.*) Yes, I plucked them from their slumber—SLUMBER, on the hill—HILL.

PRUDENCE (*Aside*). Poor man, what an effort

it seems to him to speak. (*Aloud.*) I perceive you are poetical. Are you fond of poetry? (*Aside*). He hesitates. I must speak louder. (*In a scream.*) Poetry—POETRY—POETRY!

JONES (*Aside*). Bless me, the woman would wake the dead! (*Aloud.*) Yes, Miss, I ad-o-r-e it.

SNOBBLETON (*Solus from behind, rubbing his hands*). Glorious! glorious! I wonder how loud they can scream. Oh, vengeance, thou art sweet!

PRUDENCE. Can you repeat some poetry—POETRY.

JONES. I only know one poem. It is this:

You'd scarce expect one of my age—AGE,
To speak in public on the stage—STAGE.

PRUDENCE (*Putting her lips to his ear and shouting*). Bravo—bravo!

JONES (*In the same way*). Thank you! THANK—

PRUDENCE (*Putting her hands over her ears*). Mercy on us! Do you think I'm DEAF, sir?

JONES (*Also stopping his ears*). And do you fancy me deaf, Miss?

[*They now speak in their natural tones.*]

PRUDENCE. Are you not, sir? You surprise me!

JONES. No, Miss. I was led to believe that you were deaf. Snobbleton told me so.

PRUDENCE. Snobbleton! Why he told me that you were deaf.

JONES. Confound the fellow! he has been making game of us. Here he is. (*Perceiving Snobbleton.*) You shall answer for this, sir.

PRUDENCE. Yes, sir, you shall answer for this, sir.

SNOBBLETON (*Advancing*). Ha! ha! ha! And to whom must I answer?

JONES (*They turn to the audience*). To these, our friends, whose ears are split.

SNOBBLETON. Well then, the answer must be brief.

PRUDENCE (*To Jones*). But they, our friends, are making it.


JONES. I hear them, Miss. I am not deaf.

[*Curtain Falls.*]

HOW SHE CURED HIM.

FOR A GENTLEMAN AND TWO LADIES.

*Characters: UNCLE JOSEPH, THEODORA, MRS. PERKINS, AN INVALID, HIS NIECE, THE HOUSEKEEPER.*SCENE I.—*To represent a kitchen. MRS. PERKINS is washing dishes—THEODORA paring apples.*

RS. PERKINS. It's a burning shame—so it is—the cross old curmudgeon! Nothing ails him but the hypo. He's jest as well as any body if he only thought so. He keeps the house stirred up all the time;—and you, Miss Dora, are just killing yourself waiting on him.

DORA. Uncle is getting very nervous, it is true, but perhaps he is sicker than we think, Mrs. Perkins.

MRS. P. Land sakes! who wouldn't be nervous shet up in the house all the time? The old tyrant managers to keep us hopping and bounding. If he only took half as much exercise as he gives us, he would be well enough, I'll warrant! There it goes again—that old cane thumping on the floor! What now, I wonder?

DORA. Yes, that's uncle calling—I must run up stairs and see what he wants.

MRS. P. (*To herself.*) That girl makes a perfect little ninny of herself, humoring all his whims. I'd like to see myself doing it for anybody.

SCENE II. *The sick room. UNCLE JOSEPH in an easy chair with his feet on a footrest. Enter DORA.*

UNCLE JOSEPH. Well, you have come at last, have you? I've been rapping on the floor till my arms are ready to fall out of their sockets. Are you all deaf down stairs, or has old Perkins forgotten that there is anybody here but herself and her snuff box?

DORA. I'm very sorry, uncle,

UNCLE J. Actions speak louder than words.

DORA. How do you feel now, uncle Joseph?

UNCLE J. I'm worse.

DORA. Are you?

UNCLE J. Flesh hot, pulse high, skin flushed

—of course I'm worse, This confounded hot room is enough to throw anyone into a fever. Open all the doors and windows—quick! (*She obeys and then returns to receive his next orders.*) Uh! do you want to freeze me to death—to blow me away?

DORA. You told me to air the room, uncle.

UNCLE J. Shut the doors—put down the windows—draw the curtains, the sun hurts my eyes.

DORA. Yes, uncle. (*Goes out and returns.*)

UNCLE J. (*Hears a knocking.*) Who's that battering down that door?

DORA. It's only a gentle knocking, uncle.

UNCLE J. Then I'm nervous. Go and see who's there.

DORA. (*Returns.*) It is Major Crowfoot, uncle, he sends his compliments and wants to know how you are.

UNCLE J. Tell him to go to the deuce.

DORA. Yes, uncle. (*Goes out and returns soon.*)

UNCLE J. Well, what did he say?

DORA. He seemed very much offended, uncle.

UNCLE J. Offended? At what, pray?

DORA. At being told to go to the deuce, I suppose.

UNCLE J. Girl, you didn't tell him that?

DORA. Yes I did. You said yourself, "tell him to go to the deuce!"

UNCLE J. Dora, you're a fool.

DORA. I'm very sorry, uncle.

UNCLE J. Get me some water gruel, and be quick about it, too. A man must eat even if he is at death's door. Oh dear! Oh dear! what a senseless pack I've got around me! (*Dora leaves.*) I wonder if that girl is getting crazy. Told Major Crowfoot that stuff. I'll bet he's hopping mad—don't blame him. Dora must

be either a fool or a lunatic. Well, I can't help it now. Here I've got to lie day after day—never'll be any better as long as I must be agitated all the time by such pig-headed people as live under this roof.

DORA. (*Returns with the gruel.*) Here's your gruel, uncle.

UNCLE J. (*Tastes and throws down the spoon.*) Trash! trash! insipid as dishwater! Throw it to the pigs.

DORA. Yes, uncle. (*Starts off with the gruel.*)

UNCLE J. Where are you going, Theodora?

DORA. To the pig pen, uncle.

UNCLE J. Girl, are you an idiot! The gruel is well enough, only Mrs. Perkins forgot the nutmeg.

DORA. (*Tasting.*) But, uncle, it is as insipid as dishwater.

UNCLE J. Will you allow me to have an opinion of my own? It will be all right if that old crone, down stairs, will only add the nutmeg and give it another boil.

SCENE II. DORA enters the kitchen with the gruel.

MRS. P. Well, what's wanted now, Miss Dora?

DORA. Uncle wishes you to boil the gruel a little more and add some nutmeg. His appetite is very poor, you know. He thinks he feels worse to-day.

MRS. P. He does, hey? Wal, hand it here, I'll see if I can fix it to his liking. The fussy old thing; nobody can please him. (*Stirs the gruel over the fire, then hands it to DORA.*) I wonder if it will do now?

DORA. I hope so. Oh dear! (*Leaves the room.*)

MRS. P. (*To herself.*) I should think it was "Oh, dear!" I'd like to know how many times she's run up and down stairs to-day! She will wait on him herself because she thinks, I s'pose, nobody else could stand it with him. Wal, I'm glad of it. I couldn't have the patience that dear child has, I'm sure.

SCENE IV. DORA enters.

DORA. Here's your gruel, uncle.

UNCLE J. Why didn't you stay all day? I never saw such a snail in all my life!

DORA. Indeed, uncle, I hurried just as fast as I could.

UNCLE J. It's too late now. I've lost all my appetite.

DORA. Won't you have the gruel, uncle?

UNCLE J. No, I won't. I can't eat anything now.

[DORA takes the dish from the room and returns without it.]

UNCLE J. Theodora!

DORA. Sir.

UNCLE J. I'll try just a spoonful of that gruel before it gets cold.

DORA. Why, uncle, I threw it away.

UNCLE J. Threw my gruel away?

DORA. Yes, uncle, you told me you didn't want it.

UNCLE J. I told you so? Furies and fiddle strings! You might know by this time that I didn't mean half I say. Get me some more. If I hadn't been bed-ridden for more than a year I could go faster than you do. Oh dear! to think I shall never walk again!

DORA. Uncle Joseph, the doctor said yesterday that he really thought that if you were to try you could walk as well as anybody.

UNCLE J. The doctor's a fool and you may tell him so with my compliments.

DORA. I will, uncle, next time he comes.

UNCLE J. Theodora, if you do I'll disinherit you.

DORA. Very well, uncle. (*Leaves the room.*)

UNCLE J. (*To himself.*) What can ail Dora? I never saw her half as stupid. She'd tell the doctor that. Any half-witted simpleton might know better.

[DORA returns with the gruel.]

DORA. There's your gruel, uncle, all smoking hot.

UNCLE J. Theodora, you'll have to feed me. This annoyance has weakened me dreadfully.

DORA. Yes, uncle. (*Commences to feed him.*)

UNCLE J. Stop! stop! it's hot! You're choking me! Stop, I stay! Didn't I tell you to stop? Do you want to burn me to death? I don't believe there's an inch of skin left in my throat.

DORA. You told me yourself, uncle, that you don't mean half you say. How did I know that the gruel was really burning you?

UNCLE J. What's that smoke?

DORA. I think it is Mrs. Perkins putting some more wood on the kitchen fire.

UNCLE J. No it isn't. The house is on fire.

DORA. (*Rushes from the room screaming.*) Fire! fire! fire! fire! help! murder! thieves! help! help!

UNCLE J. Oh! oh! fire! fire! oh, dear! oh, dear! oh! help! help! Will nobody come to help me out of the burning house? Oh, dear, do help, quick! quick! (*raps with his cane*). Come, come, come, now. Do come. (*Jumps up—curtain falls.*)

SCENE V.

[UNCLE JOSEPH *runs into the kitchen.*]

MRS. P. Goodness! if here isn't master a'most scart to death?

UNCLE J. Where's the fire? Where's the fire?

MRS. P. There isn't any fire that I know of only in the stove here. It always smokes jest so when it is first kindled.

UNCLE J. Where did you see the fire, Dora?

DORA. I didn't see any fire, but you said the house was on fire and I supposed it must be so. Do go back to bed, uncle; it was only a false alarm, you see.

UNCLE J. I won't go back. Theodora, I won't go back *to that bed to-day*.

DORA. But you are very sick, uncle, and this excitement will surely kill you. Do go back.

UNCLE J. No, I'm not so very sick, child.

DORA. Do you really mean it Uncle Joseph? Can you walk as well as ever?

UNCLE J. Yes, I can, Dode, I guess the scare limbered up my old stiffened limbs a little.

DORA. Well, then, uncle, let's go into the sitting-room. You need rest, come. (*They leave the stage.*)

MRS. P. (*Alone*). Didn't I tell her it was only the hypo? It is a good thing something started him. The old man finds he can walk, after all. I b'leve Dora did it a purpose,—the little trollop—I seen her a laughin' to herself. And this is how she coddled him. Wal, wal, she's cute, no mistake.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

A PANTOMIME.

CHARACTERS AND COSTUMES.—Santa Claus, a large boy, with long, white hair and beard, round fur or paper cap, an enormous pack strapped upon his shoulders, from which protrude various toys. A light carriage-cloth may be wrapped about him. George and Fred—Two little boys, one quite small, dressed in short trowsers and pantaloons in Scene I. In Scenes II, III and IV in long, colored dressing-gowns. Nellie—Small girl with short dress and apron in Scene I. In Scenes II, III and IV in long white night-robe. Father and Mother—Large boy and girl in ordinary house dress, except the father, as Santa Claus in Scene III.

SCENE I.

THE children come bounding in, they bow to the audience, glance at the clock, go to a small bureau, and opening a drawer, extract three pairs of colored hose. They pin the tops together, and mounting chairs proceed to hang them carefully upon hooks prepared to receive them. Georgie points to the clock,

expressing that is nearly bed-time. Nellie claps her hands, and Fred jumps about and smiles his joy. Taking hold of hands they bow and go out.

SCENE II.

The mother enters with the children, who are robed for sleep. She leads the two youngest

one by each hand. They pause, pointing to the stockings. The mother smiles, and toys with Fred's curls. She leads them to the couch, over which blankets are spread, and kneels in front of couch, the children follow her example, with clasped hands and bowed heads. They remain in this attitude a short time, then rising, the mother proceeds to assist the two boys into bed, kisses them good-night, looks out of the window, then tucks the covering closer about them. She then leads Nellie to the crib, lifts her in, kisses her, arranges the chairs, closes the drawer that the children left open, takes one more look at the boys and goes out.

SCENE III.

Santa Claus comes creeping cautiously in, makes a profound bow to the audience, then peering at the occupants of couch and crib to be sure they are locked in the arms of Morpheus, he proceeds to fill the stockings. While he is thus engaged, the youngest boy (*who should have piercing eyes*) slowly raises his curly head from the pillow, and recognizing his father in the person of Santa Claus, places a finger signifi-

cantly upon his nose, as much as to say, "You can't fool me!" Of course, his movements are unnoticed by Santa Claus, who fills the stockings to repletion, places sundry other large toys, such as a sled, wax doll, hobby, etc., under each respective stocking, and laying a finger upon his lips, bows and goes out.

SCENE IV.

The father and mother enter, and going up to the children, pantomime that they are asleep, and must not be disturbed. They sit. Children begin to show signs of waking. Fred leaps to the floor with a bound, rubbing his eyes, the others follow in rapid succession, and mounting chairs, wrench the stockings from the hooks, and scatter their contents over the floor.—(*They should contain nothing that would injure by falling.*)—Fred shakes his finger mischievously at his father, then rushes up and kisses him heartily. The children gather up the toys, which they drop again, and finally, with arms full, they all face the audience, bow and go out.

JENNIE JOY.

A SLIGHT MISUNDERSTANDING.

FOR A GENTLEMAN AND LADY.

A LOUD knocking is heard at the door. Deaf old lady, with her knitting, glances at the clock.

OLD LADY. Peers to me that clock ticks louder'n common to-night. (*A Tramp opens the door and walks in.*)

TRAMP Good evening, kind lady.

OLD LADY. How-de-du? What's wantin'?

TRAMP. Please ma'am can you give me some bread?

OLD LADY. Dead? Who's dead.

TRAMP. (*To himself.*) A little hard of hearing I reckon! (*Aloud.*) Can you give me a piece of bread, please?

OLD LADY. Leteesa Pease? Tom Peases oldest darter! That's sorrowful news, to be sure, and they took pains to send word tu me

though I wan't much acquainted with 'em! When did she die? What was the matter on her?

TRAMP. (*To himself.*) I've put my foot in it now! I'll bet she's as deaf as an adder. (*Speaks up louder.*) I asked for something to eat.

OLD LADY. Her feet? Earsiplus? That's tu bad! Didn't take it in time, I s'pose. Wonder if they tried cranberries?—they're powerful good for information!

TRAMP. You don't understand.

OLD L. Oh dear! her hands tu! Poor creature! It made an entire cripple on her—don't 'spose she could help herself one atom. Must a ben a great care tu her folks.

TRAMP. I might as well talk to a grindstone, I suppose.

OLD L. Her nose? Cancer? Oh! that's awful! They say misfortens never come single. Earsiplus and cancer, tu, was enough to break anybody's constitution. Must a suffered everything! Her folks can't wish her back, but it must be a terrible blow to 'em (*Wipes her eyes.*) Excuse me sir, I allus was so sympathetic!

TRAMP. Have you got any cake?

OLD L. She'd shake! Reg'lar ager chills! I guess anybody'd shake ef they had tu bear the pain she did. Quinine is good for chills; but I don't 'spose there was no help for the poor child!

TRAMP. (*Yelling.*) Old Flint Ears, I would like some *pie*—a *piece of*—PIE.

OLD L. Yis that's true, we've all got tu die, but don't get so narvus and go into spasums about it, 'twon't du no good. We mought as well be resigned.

TRAMP. Can't you give me some money? money? MONEY?

OLD L. Honey? No, we don't keep no bees. I don't keer for honey; besides, bee stings is awful pizen tu me. I had one sting me on the nose onse and it made a lump as big as a butnut and shet both eyes.

TRAMP. And ears, too, I reckon! I'll try something else. (*Takes a paper from his pocket and hands it to her.*)

OLD L. (*In disgust.*) I don't want any of your old, greasy papers. I know what you be now. You're one of these ere tramps, 'round beggin' your livin' out'en honest folks—ben burnt out, shipwrecked, and blowed to pieces in a powder mill, hain't ye? Mebbe you're hungry—I allus make it a pint to give stragglers suthin 't'eat, 'cause I never could stand by and see a feller critter a starvin' tu deth afore my face and eyes and not give them nothin' tu squench their hunger. (*Gives him slice of bread.*) There, I guess that'll du without any honey. And now I'd like to give you a leetle piece of advice. I think you'd better go tu work and arn an honest livin' instid of walkin' intu folkses houses, tellin' yarns; and mebbe there ain't a word of truth in anything you've said.

TRAMP. I'd like to give you a little advice. I think you'd better put a pistol to your ears and blow a hole through your head so you can hear something, and I'd like to furnish one to do it.

OLD L. You needn't mutter to yourself. Clear out or I'll set the dog on ye. Here, Tige here Tige! (*Exit tramp.*) I guess I'll fasten the back door afore anybody else cums in without even duin' as much as tu knock. (*Exit Old Lady.*)

MRS. G. S. HALL.

FOUR CELEBRATED CHARACTERS.

A SIMPLE ONE ACT DRAMA FOR FOUR LITTLE GIRLS.

Characters: CINDERELLA, SLEEPING BEAUTY, GOLD SPINNER.

LITTLE RED RIDING-HOOD.—The child who personates this part should be smaller than the others.

COSTUMES.

CINDERELLA.—A ragged calico dress, feet bare, hair flowing, but smooth and tidy.

RED RIDING-HOOD.—Long scarlet cloak, with hood.

SLEEPING BEAUTY.—A handsome costume of white, made with train; hair flowing; a garden hat on her head.

GOLD SPINNER.—White dress, with train; hair done high on the head, in womanish style; wears a hat.

[*Enter RED RIDING-HOOD (R.), CINDERELLA (L.), meet in centre.*]

CINDERELLA. Why, Red Riding-Hood, is that really you? I thought you were dead long ago.

RED RIDING-HOOD. Dead? No, indeed. What would become of all the children if I

were to die? Who else could amuse them so well us little Red Riding-Hood?

CINDERELLA. They might take up with me, I suppose. But, indeed, I cannot understand how you can be alive. I am sure the old wolf ate you up.

RED RIDING-HOOD. Yes, but you forget the rest of the story, —how the hunter chanced to come along and cut the wolf open, so that both my grandmother and I were set free. But where are you going?

CINDERELLA. They have sent for me to come up to the palace and try on a glass slipper.

RED RIDING-HOOD. A glass slipper?

CINDERELLA. Yes, and I don't mind telling you a secret—because you look as if you could keep one. I know the slipper will fit me, because it is mine, and I have the mate to it in my pocket.

RED RIDING-HOOD. But aren't you afraid some one will get there before you do, and put on the slipper, and so claim it?

CINDERELLA. No, indeed. Do you suppose there is another foot like that in all the kingdom?

[*Holding out her foot.*]

RED RIDING-HOOD. It certainly is a pretty foot, but are you going to the palace in that ragged dress, and barefoot, too?

CINDERELLA. Of course. Have you never heard my story? I am Cinderella.

RED RIDING-HOOD (*reflecting.*) It seems as if I have, yet I do not remember any of it now. You know I don't hear much of what is going on in the world. I just go back and forth to my grandmother's every day.

CINDERELLA. Well, my bad stepmother will not give me any decent clothes to wear. So when I wanted to go to the ball at the palace, my god-mother dressed me up very fine indeed; but, as I cannot wear those clothes except at night, in the daytime I go as you now see me.

[*Enter SLEEPING BEAUTY. (R.)*].

CINDERELLA. Why, that is the Sleeping Beauty.

SLEEPING BEAUTY. Good morning. I am so glad to meet some one. I have come a long way alone.

CINDERELLA. But when did you awake?

SLEEPING BEAUTY. Only yesterday.

CINDERELLA. But since you are awake, there must be a Prince. Where is he?

SLEEPING BEAUTY. Oh, he has gone hunting,

and I was tired of staying in the palace alone, so I come out for a walk. But who are you? [*pointing to CINDERELLA*], and you? [*pointing to RED RIDING-HOOD.*]

RED RIDING-HOOD. I am Red Riding-Hood, a very celebrated character.

CINDERELLA. And I am Cinderella.

SLEEPING BEAUTY. I never heard of either of you before.

RED RIDING-HOOD. That's because you have been sleeping so long.

SLEEPING BEAUTY. Well, I shall surely go to sleep again if my Prince does not return pretty soon. I'd rather be asleep than be lonesome. But who is that coming?

[*Enter GOLD SPINNER (R.)*].

CINDERELLA. Oh, that is Gold Spinner. Surely you have heard of her.

SLEEPING BEAUTY. No, I never have.

RED RIDING-HOOD. Well, I'm glad I haven't been asleep so long. That's worse than going back and forth to my grandmother's, because I do hear a little news now and then.

CINDERELLA. And I would rather wear rags all my life than to sleep so many years.

GOLD SPINNER (*sharply*). But why do you stand here, Cinderella, idly chatting? Don't you know you have been sent for? But if there isn't Sleeping Beauty! Good morning to you. I am glad to see you awake.

SLEEPING BEAUTY. I thank you, but why are you hurrying Cinderella away? Surely, nobody wants her, unless it is to clean the pots and kettles.

GOLD SPINNER. Indeed, there you make a very great mistake. My eldest son, who, you remember, is the one that the bad Lumberleg—

SLEEPING BEAUTY. Why no, what is it about Lumberleg? I never heard of him before.

RED RIDING-HOOD. Oh, she doesn't know anything hardly. She hadn't even heard of me!

GOLD SPINNER. Well, I declare, are you there, Little Red Riding-Hood? You do beat all the children I ever saw for getting out of

tight places. Of course, Sleeping Beauty can't be expected to know all about these stirring events, since she has been asleep so long. But come, Cinderella, why don't you hurry along? You know the Prince will marry you, if the slipper fits you, and a prince like him is not to be found every day.

RED RIDING-HOOD. Oh, poor Cinderella, I don't believe that I should want to marry even a prince. That's worse than being eaten by a wolf, because when you're in, you can't get out.

SLEEPING BEAUTY (*sighing*). No, indeed, I wouldn't advise any one to marry a prince.

CINDERELLA. But my Prince is different from all the others—so lovely, so charming.

[*Exit (R.) running.*]

SLEEPING BEAUTY. But what in the world can he want with that little rag-a-muffin?

GOLD SPINNER. Oh, Cinderella is very lovely in spite of her old clothes, and my son is wise

enough to know it. Oh, but it was a happy day for me when I found out old Lumberleg's name.

SLEEPING BEAUTY. Do tell me about old Lumberleg. May be it will drive away my lonesomeness.

GOLD SPINNER. Well, come with me, and I will tell you all about him. Good-bye, Little Red Riding Hood.

SLEEPING BEAUTY. Oh, yes, I almost forgot you. Good-bye. Come up to the palace some day and see me.

[*Exit (R.) SLEEPING BEAUTY and GOLD SPINNER, arm in arm.*]

RED RIDING HOOD (*calling after them*) good-bye (*facing the audience*). And now I must hurry along. I've stood here so long, I'm afraid grand-mother's soup is cold. I hope I shan't meet any wolves to-day.

[*Exit (L.).*]

TABLEAUX.

YOU CAN'T FIND ME.

A CHAIR with a large shawl carelessly arranged over it. A child's smiling face peeping out from behind the drapery, while its body is hidden. One hand holds the drapery aside from the face.

THE MATCH-BOY.

A small boy in ragged jacket, and old hat pushed back from his forehead, holding a large package under his arm, and some boxes of matches in his extended hand. A little girl handsomely dressed, with open pocket-book in hand and a pitying look on her face is holding a coin ready to give to the boy.

DOLLY'S DOCTOR.

A little girl seated with a doll on her lap. A doll's baby-coach or cradle stands beside. A boy with high silk hat and long coat touching the floor, with watch in one hand, is holding the wrist of the doll as if feeling its pulse. A caba stands on the floor beside him.

RAISE THE GATES.

Two small girls with hands joined and raised as in the game. A still smaller child is about passing under the "gates." His hands are clasped behind him, and one foot is raised on tip-toe. His back is toward the audience, and his head stretched a little forward.

TIRED OUT.

A child asleep in a large chair. One arm thrown over the arm of the chair; the other in his lap, having just loosened his hold of a picture-book, which lies open on his knee. His mouth is a little open, and his head drooped carelessly forward.

PUTTING THE CHILDREN TO BED.

A toy bedstead in which are placed two or three dolls. A little girl bending over the bed, with her hand in position for tucking in the bed-clothes.



JOSEPH JEFFERSON and BLANCHE BENDER

in "Rip Van Winkle."

(Suggestion for Tableau.)



INDIAN COSTUME—SUGGESTION FOR A TABLEAU

SUNSHINE OR SHOWER.

Three little girls with laughing faces are huddled closely together under a large dilapidated umbrella. The umbrella, held open behind them, forms the back-ground of the picture.

DRESSED FOR THE PARTY.

Little girl in party dress, with fan partly open in her hand, is looking backward over her shoulder. Little boy, also in party dress, is holding a bouquet toward the girl.

THE YOUNG ARTIST.

A small boy holding a large slate, on which is partly drawn with chalk a ludicrous outline of a little girl. Standing near the boy is a little girl with the solemn look of importance on her face befitting the occasion of having her portrait made. The boy holds his crayon on the unfinished picture, and he is looking intently at the girl as if studying his subject. Card-board can be used when a large figure is wanted, one that can be seen at some distance.

THE TRAIN TO MAURO.

Characters: MRS. BUTTERMILK, an elderly lady from the country; MR. BRIGHT, clerk at a railway station; JOHNNIE BUTTERMILK, a terrible child.

MR. BRIGHT seated at a table, writing. Enter MRS. BUTTERMILK, with a handbox, a carpet-bag, an umbrella and a basket. JOHNNIE, with a satchel, a bundle, a parasol and a fishing-rod.

MRS. BUTTERMILK. Morning, sir!
MR. BRIGHT (*coldly*). Good-morning.

MRS. BUTTERMILK. Fairish day!

MR. BRIGHT (*very stiffly*). Very pleasant, madam.

MRS. BUTTERMILK. Is this the place where you take the train to Mauro?

MR. BRIGHT. You can take a train here to-morrow, or any other day.

MRS. BUTTERMILK. I want to take the train to Mauro.

JOHNNIE. No yo don't, ma. You want the train to take you.

MRS. BUTTERMILK. It's all the same. Are all my things here—bandbox, carpet-bag, umbril, basket—you John, have you got all the things—bag, bundle, parasol?

JOHNNIE. Yes, and my fishing-rod.

MR. BRIGHT. If you don't want to leave to-day, you had better go over the way to a hotel. You cannot stay here all night.

MRS. BUTTERMILK. Stay here all night!

JOHNNIE. Nobody wants to stay here. We're going up to Aunt Susan's.

MR. BRIGHT. You said you wanted to go to-morrow.

MRS. BUTTERMILK. Well, so we do. My old man's sister's son's wife is sick.

MR. BRIGHT. I don't want to hear your family troubles.

MRS. BUTTERMILK. 'Taint my family. It's Buttermilk's sister's son's wife's got some kind o' sickness, come on sudden. She's powerful bad, ain't going to live, I reckon, so they sent for me, cause I'm the best nuss anywhere round, though I say it as shouldn't.

JOHNNIE. You bet!

MRS. BUTTERMILK. Not that I ever go out professional; but if folks sees fit to show their gratitude by a little present, like a dress or the like of that, I don't object to taking it. You see Buttermilk's sister's son's wife is always delicate, and this is a bad spell, I reckon. They wrote as if she was almost dead already.

MR. BRIGHT. I should think you would go to-day. You seem all prepared.

MRS. BUTTERMILK. Ain't I going, as soon as the train comes along to Mauro?

MR. BRIGHT. Why don't you wait till to-morrow? Where are you going?

MRS. BUTTERMILK. Don't I tell you I'm going to Mauro.—Got all the things safe, Johnnie?

JOHNNIE. Yes, ma.

MRS. BUTTERMILK. Bandbox, carpet-bag, umbril, basket, bag, bundle, parasol?

JOHNNIE. And fishing-rod.

MRS. BUTTERMILK. Young man, what are you writing?

MR. BRIGHT (*coldly*). A report of an accident on the road.

MRS. BUTTERMILK. Oh, mercy! Oh! Are we going to have an accident? I won't go! I won't stir a step. Young man, can't you write a line for me to my sister-in-law's son's wife to say I can't come?

MR. BRIGHT. You need not be alarmed. The accident took place a week ago.

MRS. BUTTERMILK. Oh, it's over. When is the next one?

MR. BRIGHT. Pshaw!

JOHNNIE. He don't know, ma! He wouldn't tell if he did, for fear folks would stay to home.

MRS. BUTTERMILK. So they would, Johnnie. Well, I'm glad it is over for this time. What did they do, young man?

MR. BRIGHT. Ran over a cow.

MRS. BUTTERMILK. Dear me! Was she hurt, poor thing?

MR. BRIGHT. She was taken up in three pieces.

MRS. BUTTERMILK. You don't say so!

JOHNNIE. Dear me, what a fuss about a cow! Is all that writing about it?

MR. BRIGHT. Yes, it is. The cow threw the train off the track; thirty people were killed, sixty injured; the locomotive smashed to pieces, and five cars shattered.

MRS. BUTTERMILK. I'm going home!

JOHNNIE. Oh, pshaw, ma! I want to go fishing.

MRS. BUTTERMILK. Fishing! Thirty killed! Young man, did you say *thirty*?

MR. BRIGHT. Yes, ma'am.

JOHNNIE. Never mind, ma! It is all over, and you want to show Aunt Susan your new false front.

MRS. BUTTERMILK. Johnnie! You awful

bad boy! You'll kill your mother, and you'll have a step-mother then, who'll beat you.

JOHNNIE. Don't you worry, ma! I'll *haze* her.

MRS. BUTTERMILK. When'll that train be along, young man?

MR. BRIGHT. What train?

MRS. BUTTERMILK. The ten-forty train.

MR. BRIGHT (*pettishly*). At ten-forty, of course.

MRS. BUTTERMILK. That's the one that goes to Mauro, ain't it?

MR. BRIGHT. Of course it goes to-morrow. It goes every day.

MRS. BUTTERMILK. Oh! You see, young man, it's some way for me to come down here, for I live fifteen miles back in the country.

MR. BRIGHT. I don't want to know where you live

MRS. BUTTERMILK. And Mr. Jenk's uncle's daughter's husband was a coming over with market truck; they've taken the corner farm this season, and are doing pretty well in garden sass and berries.

MR. BRIGHT. I don't want to hear all this.

MRS. BUTTERMILK. As I was saying, Mr. Jenk's uncle's son-in-law was coming over, and he stopped round to our place, and says he—Mrs. Buttermilk, says he, I hear you're going up to town to take the train!

MR. BRIGHT. See here, boy, can't you make your mother be quiet? I want to write.

JOHNNIE (*grinning*). That's a good one. I make her. Suppose *you* try.

MRS. BUTTERMILK. Shut up, John. Well, sir, as I was saying, Mr. Jenk's uncle's daughter's husband brought me over with as fine a lot of early greens as ever grew in our parts. It beats me how they was ever raised on that miserable old place. It must be out of his books and papers. He's a powerful hand for reading, and I must say he's a first-rate hand on a farm. His pigs are pictures! If you want garden sass any time, young man, I'll get him to stop here.

MR. BRIGHT (*crossly*). You needn't trouble yourself.

MRS. BUTTERMILK. 'Tain't a mite o' trouble. I see him every market-day, 'cause he brings my butter.

MR. BRIGHT. I don't want any garden sass.

MRS. BUTTERMILK. Dear me! Now some folks is so fond of it, when it comes in fresh.

MR. BRIGHT. I'm not!

MRS. BUTTERMILK. Powerful stupid, waiting here ain't it? You see I had to come in early to get a seat in the wagon.

JOHNNIE. Ma!

MRS. BUTTERMILK. Well, John, what is it, now? Your tongue's always running. Nobody else gets a chance to put a word in sideways when you get started.

JOHNNIE. Ma, I'm hungry.

MRS. BUTTERMILK. Well, I do believe that's what ails me! I thought I felt faintish. (*Opens her basket.*) Here's the plaster for your Aunt Susan. Ever have the rheumatiz, young man?

MR. BRIGHT. Never!

MRS. BUTTERMILK. I'll send you some of my rheumatiz plasters, if you have. Cure you, sure!

(*Puts the plaster on bench.*)

JOHNNIE. Come, ma, hurry up, and find some gingerbread.

MRS. BUTTERMILK (*taking out a bottle*). Here's the yarb tea for your uncle. Ever have the asthma, young man?

MR. BRIGHT. No!

MRS. BUTTERMILK. I could leave you a little of this tea, if you had. Best thing in the world if you should ever feel wheezy. Bless your heart, they send from all round the country for my yarb tea for asthma.

(*Puts bottle on bench.*)

JOHNNIE. Come, ma!

MRS. BUTTERMILK. Dear me, Johnnie! How came you to put worms in here?

(*Takes out a paper box.*)

JOHNNIE. Well, if I didn't look high and low for that bait. You must have got them off the kitchen table, ma!

MRS. BUTTERMILK. Well, there's lots more

to be had, if those were lost. Ever go fishing, young man?

MR. BRIGHT. Never!

MRS. BUTTERMILK. Might a had some o' John's bait just as well as not. (*Takes out another box.*) Here's the roots for the drink in case of fever. Are you subject to fever, young man!

MR. BRIGHT. Not at all!

MRS. BUTTERMILK. Pity, now, ain't it? Could have left you some of these roots just as well as not.

MR. BRIGHT (*sarcastically*). You are very kind.

MRS. BUTTERMILK. Well, I like to be neighborly when I can. You look sorter peaked, young man! Ain't you sickly? Better come up country for a spell.

JOHNNIE. I say, ma! I'll starve to death before you find that gingerbread.

MRS. BUTTERMILK. Bless my heart, John, I forgot all about it. (*Takes out a roll of white cloth.*) Why, here's my nightcap. I clean forgot I put it in there! Wouldn't I a had a pretty hunt for that, if I had not jest a found it! Wear a nightcap, young man?

MR. BRIGHT. No, I don't.

MRS. BUTTERMILK. There's some of Butter-milk's you might have had just as well as not. They're too big for Johnnie, and the moths likely 'll make an end of them before he grows to them.

JOHNNIE. I'll grow to them before you find that gingerbread, if you don't make haste, ma!

MRS. BUTTERMILK (*putting roll on bench*). Dear me, Johnnie, I wish you had a little patience. (*Takes out a paper bundle.*) Here's my tallow candles, in case there's night-watching, for your Aunt Susan will burn that awful kerosene, and I'm as afraid as death of it, ever since my cousin's neice's husband's first wife's child was burned to death by the explosion of the lamp put side of his bed for him to go to sleep, and he upset it onto the bed-clothes, and was burned to a cinder right in his own night-gown. I've never burned a bit of kerosene

since I heard of it. It gave me such a turn, I was sick for a week. Burn kerosene, young man?

MR. BRIGHT. I'd like to drown you in a barrel of it!

MRS. BUTTERMILK. Now I don't call that neighborly; I wouldn't want to serve you so. (*Puts bundle on the bench.*) I was going to say I *could* spare you one or two of my candles, and they're good, for I made them myself.

MR. BRIGHT. Then you'd better burn them yourself.

JOHNNIE. Found that gingerbread yet, ma?

MRS. BUTTERMILK (*taking out the articles as she names them, and putting them on bench*). Here's the fine-tooth comb, and your tooth-brush, and the hands and face soap from the store—hard yellow soap just as good, to my notion—and the hair brush and comb, and your box of blacking, John, and the hair-ile, and the almanac, and—here's the gingerbread.

(MR. BRIGHT rises.)

MRS. BUTTERMILK. Where are you going, young man?

MR. BRIGHT. Time for the train.

MRS. BUTTERMILK. My train?

MR. BRIGHT. I thought you were not going until to-morrow.

MRS. BUTTERMILK. So I am going to Mauro. That's where my husband's sister's son's wife is sick, at Mauro.

MR. BRIGHT. I do believe you are going to Mauro.

MRS. BUTTERMILK. Haven't I been saying so, all along? Of course I'm going there.

MR. BRIGHT. Well, you'll have to hurry. I hear the train now, and it only stops a minute or two.

MRS. BUTTERMILK. You don't say so. Johnnie, help me put the things in the basket (*Scrambling them all together, dropping them on the floor, trying to cram them in the basket hastily all the time she is talking.*) Dear me. I've busted the candle bag, and my string's off my yarbs. Johnnie, you awful boy, pick up that bottle. Oh, I never was so flustered in my life. I'll miss the train now, John, all for your being so long over that gingerbread. Where's my night-cap? There, it's rolled clear across the floor. Go pick it up, Johnnie. They *won't* go in! They all came out of this basket, and they must go in. Where's the plaster for Aunt Susan's rheumatiz? Oh, young man, don't stand gaping there, but help me, can't you?

MR. BRIGHT. Train's in!

(*Saunters out.*)

MRS. BUTTERMILK. Come, Johnnie! Oh, we'll never git the things.

(*Gathers them all up helter skelter, and runs out, dropping them all along on the floor.*)

JOHNNIE. I'm coming? (*Runs after Mrs. Buttermilk, picking up the articles dropped, and dropping others as fast. Both go off.*)

S. A. FROST.

CONSTITUTION AND BY-LAWS

FOR

ORGANIZING AND CONDUCTING LYCEUMS AND LITERARY SOCIETIES.

IT is necessary for all permanent associations formed for mutual benefit to have a Constitution by which they shall be governed.

Where it is intended to organize a society for the intellectual improvement or social enjoyment of its members, a number of persons meet together and select a name for the organization. The next step is to appoint a committee, whose duty it shall be to prepare a *Constitution* and code of *By-Laws* for the society. These must be reported to the society at its next meeting, and must be adopted by the votes of a majority of that body before they can take effect.

The Constitution consists of the rules which form the foundation upon which the organization is to rest. It should be brief and explicit. It should be considered and adopted section by section; should be recorded in a book for that purpose, and should be signed by all the members of the society.

Amendments to the Constitution should be adopted in the same way, and should be signed by each member of the society.

In the addition to the Constitution it is usual to adopt a series of minor rules, which should be explanatory of the principles of the Constitution. These are termed *By-Laws*, and should be recorded in the same book with the Constitution, and immediately after it. New by-laws may be added from time to time, as the necessity for them may arise. It is best to have as few as possible. They should be brief, and so clear that their meaning may be easily comprehended, and should govern the action of the body.

CONSTITUTION.

As growth and development of mind, together with readiness and fluency of speech, are the result of investigation and free discussion of religious, educational, political, and other topics, the undersigned agree to form an association, and for its government, do hereby adopt the following Constitution:

ARTICLE I.—The name and title of this organization shall be

“The Athenian Literary Association,”

and its objects shall be the free discussion of any subject coming before the meeting for the purpose of diffusing knowledge among its members.

ARTICLE II.—The officers of the Association shall consist of a President, two Vice-Presidents, a Corresponding Secretary, a Recording Secretary, a Treasurer and a Librarian, who shall be elected annually by ballot, on the first Monday in January of each year, said officers to hold their position until their successors are elected.

ARTICLE III.—It shall be the duty of the President to preside at all public meetings of the Society. The first Vice-President shall preside in the absence of the President, and in case of the absence of both President and Vice-President, it shall be the duty of the second Vice-President to preside.

The duty of the Secretary shall be to conduct the correspondence, keep the records of the Society, and read at each meeting a report of the work done at the preceding meeting.

The Treasurer shall keep the funds of the Society, making an annual report of all moneys received, disbursed, and the amount on hand.

It shall be the duty of the Librarian to keep, in a careful manner, all books, records and manuscripts in the possession of the Society.

ARTICLE IV.—There shall be appointed by the President, at the first meeting after his election, the following standing committees, to consist of three members each, namely: On lectures, library, finance, and printing, whose duties shall be designated by the President.

The question for debate at the succeeding meeting shall be determined by a majority vote of the members present.

ARTICLE V.—Any lady or gentleman may become a member of this Society by the consent of the majority of the members present, the signing of the Constitution, and the payment of two dollars as membership fee. It shall be the privilege of the Society to elect any person whose presence may be advantageous to the Society, an honorary member who shall not be required to pay membership fees or dues.

ARTICLE VI.—This association shall meet weekly, and at such other times as a majority, consisting of at least five members of the association, shall determine. The President shall be authorized to call special meetings upon the written request of any five members of the Society, at which meetings one-third of the members shall be sufficient to constitute a quorum for the transaction of business.

ARTICLE VII.—It shall be the duty of the finance committee to determine the amount of dues necessary to be collected from each member, and to inform the Treasurer of the amount, who shall promptly proceed to collect the same at such times as the committee may designate.

ARTICLE VIII.—The parliamentary rules and general form of conducting public meetings, as shown in the "Constitution and By-Laws for Lyceums," shall be the standard authority in governing the deliberations of this association.

ARTICLE IX.—Any member neglecting to pay

dues, or who shall be guilty of improper conduct, calculated to bring this association into disrepute, shall be expelled from the membership of the Society by a two-thirds vote of the members present at any regular meeting. No member shall be expelled, however, until he shall have had notice of such intention on the part of the association, and has been given an opportunity of being heard in his own defense.

ARTICLE X.—By giving written notice of change at any regular meeting, this Constitution may be altered or amended at the next stated meeting by a vote of two-thirds of the members present.

BY-LAWS.

RULE 1.—No question shall be stated unless moved by two members, nor be open for consideration until stated by the chair. When a question is before the society, no motion shall be received, except to lay on the table, the previous question, to postpone, to refer, or to amend; and they shall have precedence in the order in which they are here arranged.

RULE 2.—When a member intends to speak on a question, he shall rise in his place, and respectfully address his remarks to the President, confine himself to the question, and avoid personality. Should more than one member rise to speak at the same time, the President shall determine who is entitled to the floor.

RULE 3.—Every member shall have the privilege of speaking three times on any question under consideration, but not oftener, unless by the consent of the society (determined by vote); and no member shall speak more than once, until every member wishing to speak shall have spoken.

RULE 4.—The President, while presiding, shall state every question coming before the society; and immediately before putting it to vote shall ask: "Are you ready for the question?" Should no member rise to speak, he shall rise to put the question; and after he has risen no member shall speak upon it, unless by permission of the society.

RULE 5.—The affirmative and negative of the question having been both put and answered, the President declares the number of legal votes cast, and whether the affirmative or negative have it.

RULE 6.—All questions, unless otherwise fixed by law, shall be decided by a majority of votes.

RULE 7.—After any question, except one of indefinite postponement, has been decided, any member may move a reconsideration thereof, if done in two weeks after the decision. A motion for reconsideration the second time, of the same question, shall not be in order at any time.

RULE 8.—Any two members may call for a division of a question, when the same will admit of it.

RULE 9.—The President, or any member, may call a member to order while speaking, when the debate must be suspended, and the member take his seat until the question of order is decided.

RULE 10.—The President shall preserve order and decorum; may speak to points of order in preference to other members; and shall decide all questions of order, subject to an appeal to the society by any member, on which appeal no person shall speak but the President and the member called to order.

RULE 11.—No motion or proposition on a subject different from that under consideration shall be admitted under color of an amendment.

RULE 12.—No addition, alteration, or amendment to the Constitution, By-Laws, etc., shall be acted upon, except in accordance with the Constitution.

RULE 13.—No nomination shall be considered as made until seconded.

RULE 14.—The President shall sign all proceedings of the meetings.

RULE 15.—No member shall vote by proxy.

RULE 16.—No motion shall be withdrawn by the mover unless the second withdraw his second.

RULE 17.—No extract from any book shall be read consuming more than five minutes.

RULE 18.—No motion for adjournment shall be in order until after nine o'clock.

RULE 19.—Every motion shall be reduced to writing, should the officers of the society desire it.

RULE 20.—An amendment to an amendment is in order, but not to amend an amendment to an amendment of a main question.

RULE 21.—The previous question shall be put in this form, if seconded by a majority of the members present: "Shall the main question be put?" If decided in the affirmative, the main question is to be put immediately, and all further debate or amendment must be suspended.

RULE 22.—Members not voting shall be considered as voting in the affirmative, unless excused by the society.

RULE 23.—Any member offering a protest against any of the proceedings of this society may have the same, if, in respectful language, entered in full upon the minutes.

RULE 24.—No subject laid on the table shall be taken up again on the same evening.

RULE 25.—No motion shall be debatable until seconded.

RULE 26.—Points of order are debatable to the society.

RULE 27.—Appeals and motions to reconsider or adjourn are not debatable.

RULE 28.—When a very important motion or amendment shall be made and seconded, the mover thereof may be called upon to reduce the same to writing, and hand it in at the table, from which it shall be read, open to the society for debate.

RULE 29.—The mover of a motion shall be at liberty to accept any amendment thereto; but if an amendment be offered and not accepted, yet duly seconded, the society shall pass upon it before voting upon the original motion.

RULE 30.—Every officer, on leaving his office, shall give to his successor all papers, documents, books or money belonging to the society.

RULE 31.—No smoking, and no refreshments, except water, shall be allowed in the society's hall.

RULE 32.—When a motion to adjourn is carried, no member shall leave his seat until the President has left his chair.

RULE 33.—No alteration can be made in these rules of order without a four-fifth vote of the society, and two weeks' notice; neither can they be suspended, but by a like vote, and then for the evening only.

PARLIAMENTARY RULES AND USAGES.

The following are the complete rules, in a plain and compact form, for conducting a public meeting :

Quorum.

A quorum is a sufficient number of the members of an association to legally transact business. Unless a quorum is present no business is in order, except to adjourn. A majority of the members constitutes a natural quorum, but the by-laws of the association may prescribe a smaller number.

The Chairman.

It is the duty of the chairman to open the meeting at the time fixed upon, by taking the chair, calling the house to order, to announce the business before the house in the order in which it is to be acted upon; to receive and submit all motions; to put to vote all questions which are regularly moved, or which necessarily arise in the course of proceedings, and to announce the result; to restrain every one, when engaged in debate, within the rules of order; to enforce the observance of order and decorum; to appoint committees; to authenticate by his signature, when necessary, all the acts and proceedings of the house, and generally to declare its will.

He may speak to points of order in preference to others: shall decide all questions of order, and if the house is evenly divided he may give the casting vote, in doing which, he may, if he pleases, give his reasons.

The Clerk.

It is the duty of the clerk or secretary to keep

correct minutes of the proceedings of the house; to read all papers when ordered, and for this purpose he should always rise; to call the roll, and state the answer when a vote is taken by yeas and nays; to have the custody of all papers and documents, and to authenticate the acts and proceedings of the house by his signature.

Committees.

Standing committees sit permanently; special committees perform only some particular duty, when they are discharged. The person first-named is usually regarded as chairman, but this is only a matter of courtesy; every committee has a right to select its own chairman. Custom, however, has practically taken away this right, and it is considered bad form to elect any other person than the first-named as chairman. The mover of a motion to commit, should be placed on the committee and first-named, except where the matter committed concerns him personally. In the appointment of the committee no person directly opposed to the measure committed should be named, and when any person who is thus opposed to same, hears himself named of its committee he should ask to be excused.

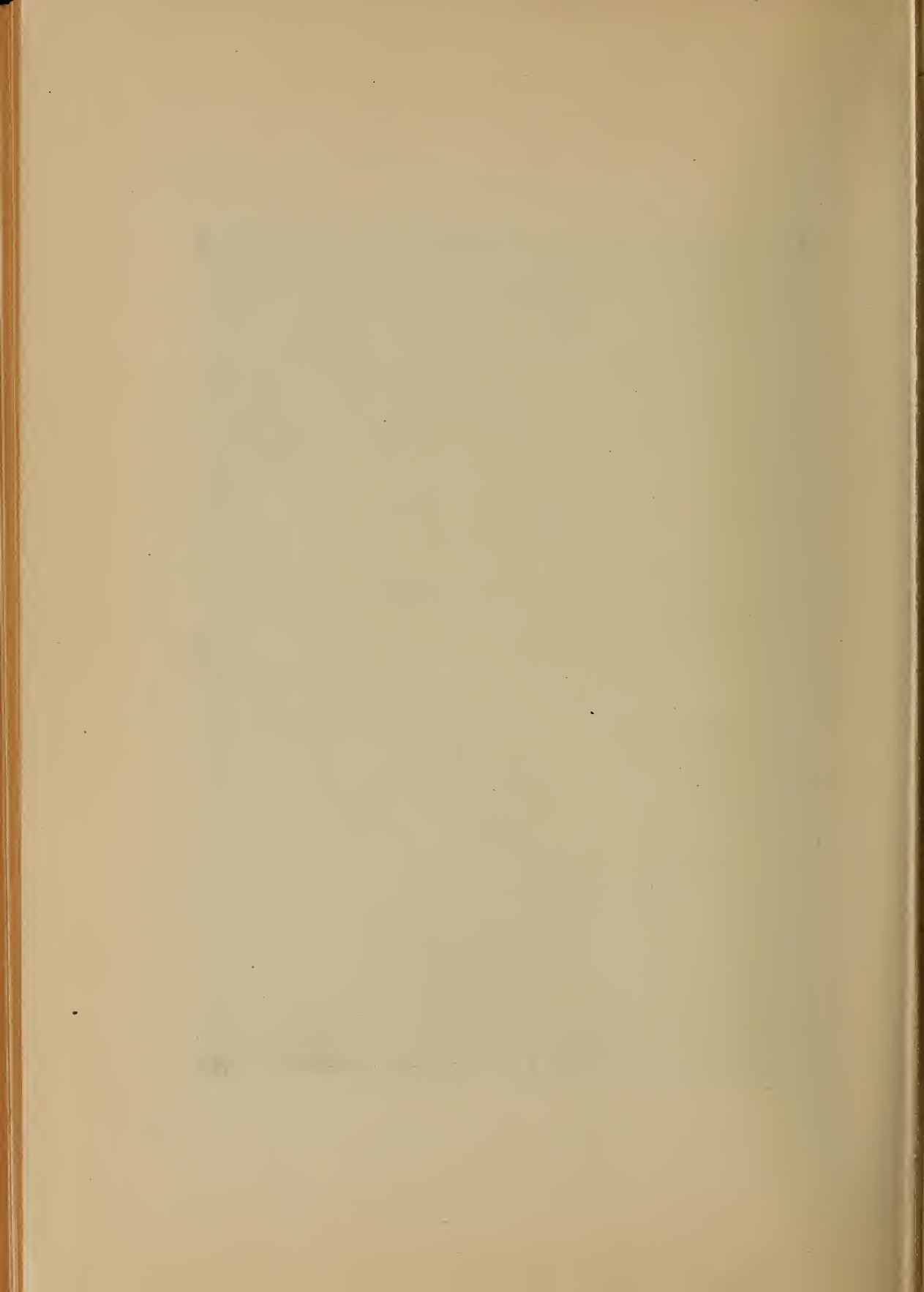
The chair appoints all committees. Committees do not adjourn, but, when they have concluded their deliberations, should rise and report. The report should be presented by the chairman. When the report is received the committee is discharged and cannot act further without new power.

Any committee required or entitled to report upon a subject referred to them may make a majority or minority report, while any member of such committee dissenting in whole or in part, from either the conclusion or the reasoning of both the majority and minority, may also present a statement of his reasons for such dissent, which should be received in connection with the reports.

The committee of the whole is an expedient to simplify the business of legislative bodies. No record is made of its proceedings. The presiding officer puts the question, and, if same is



THE DANCING LESSON



carried, appoints some person as chairman and then vacates the chair.

Motions.

Propositions made to a deliberative assembly are called *motions*; when the proposition is put to vote it is called the *question*. A motion cannot be entertained or the question put, until the same has been seconded. After this it becomes the property of the house, and cannot be withdrawn except by leave. It must be in writing whenever the house or presiding officer requires it, and must be read when any person demands it for information.

An exception to the rule requiring a second to a motion is made in cases when the proposition is to proceed with or to execute an order of the house; as where it is moved to proceed with an order of the day, or where a call is made for the enforcement of some order relating to the observance of decorum.

No motion can be made while a speaker has the floor, nor while another motion is pending, except it be a question of privilege.

Amendments.

A motion may be amended by inserting or adding words, or by striking out words, or by striking out and inserting words. An amendment takes precedence of the original question and must be first decided. So, too, an amendment to an amendment must be decided before the amendment. A motion may be made to amend, after which a motion will be to amend the amendment, but this is the full limit of the rule by which one motion may be put upon another. A motion to amend the second amendment is not in order.

Questions of privilege cannot be amended, except that a motion to postpone can be amended as to time.

The Question.

The question is first to be put on the affirmative and then on the negative side; the vote in most cases being by oral response. If there are

doubts as to the voice of the majority, any one may call for a division. In all cases where the house is equally divided the question is lost, unless the presiding officer affirms it by a casting vote.

When a division is had, those in the affirmative on the question should first rise and be counted, or, if there still be a doubt, or a *count* be called for, the chairman should appoint two tellers, one from each side, to make the count and report the same to the chairman, who should then declare the same to the house.

In small matters of routine business of trifling importance, such as receiving reports, withdrawing motions, etc., the presiding officer may suppose the consent of the house where no objection is expressed, and need not give them the trouble of putting the question formally.

A question should always be stated by the chair before it is put, after which it is open to debate. Questions may be stated by the chair while sitting, but he should always rise to put a question, and should use substantially this form: "As many as are of the opinion that (as the question may be) will say aye;" and after the affirmative voice is expressed, "As many as are of a contrary opinion, will say no." He declares the vote.

After a question has been put it is not debatable, but after the affirmative is put any person who has not spoken before to the question may arise and speak before the negative is put.

Division of Question.

Any person may call for the division of a question if it comprehend propositions, in substance so distinct, that, one being taken away, a substantive proposition shall remain for decision.

When a question is divided, after the question on the first part, the second is open to debate and amendment.

Privileged Questions.

When a question is under debate, no motion shall be received, except to adjourn; to lay on

the table; for the previous question; to postpone to a certain day; to commit; to amend; to postpone indefinitely. These motions have precedence in the order in which they stand arranged, and are called privileged questions.

A motion to adjourn is always in order and takes precedence of all other motions, and an order of the day takes the place of all questions except adjournment.

When a matter has been laid on the table it may be taken up at any time afterward and considered, but not at the same meeting or session at which it was tabled. Frequently this motion is made to finally dispose of the matter, and it always has this effect when no motion is afterward made to take it up. The proper motion for proceeding with a matter that has been ordered to lie on the table, is, that the house do now proceed to consider that matter, although it would be proper to move that the matter be taken up for consideration.

There are several questions which, being incidental to every one, will take the place of every one, privileged or not; as a question of order arising out of any other question must be decided before that question.

A motion for indefinite postponement is generally resorted to in order to suppress a question or prevent its coming to vote.

Previous Question.

When any question is before the house any member may move that the question (called the main question) be now put, or, as it is usually termed, may move the previous question. If it pass in the affirmative, then the main question is to be put immediately, and no further debate is permitted.

The previous question being moved and seconded, the question from the chair should be, "Shall the main question be now put?" If the ayes prevail the main question remains as the question before the house, in the same stage of proceedings as before the previous question was moved.

Equivalent Questions.

Where questions are perfectly equivalent, so that the negative of the one amounts to the affirmative of the other, and leaves no other alternative, the decision of the one necessarily concludes the other. Thus the negative of striking out amounts to the affirmative of agreeing; and, therefore, to put a question on agreeing after that of striking out, would be to put the same question in effect twice over.

Questions of Order.

It is the duty of the chairman to decide all questions of order whenever raised. Upon such questions no debate or discussion is in order, but if the decision is not satisfactory, any one may object to it and appeal to the house. On appeal being taken, the question should be, "Shall the decision of the chair stand as the judgment of the house?" Whereupon the question may be debated and discussed the same as any other question.

Commitment.

Any measure may be referred to a committee on motion. This motion stands in the same degree with the previous question and postponement, and, if first made, takes precedence of them. A motion to commit may be amended by the substitution of one kind of committee for another, or by enlarging or diminishing the number of the members of the committee, as originally proposed, or by instructions to the committee.

After a measure has been committed and reported, it should not, in an ordinary course, be recommitted, but in cases of importance, and for special reasons, it is sometimes recommitted, and usually to the same committee.

Reconsideration.

When a motion or question shall have been determined, either in the affirmative or negative, it is always in order for any one who voted with the majority, or in case the vote was equally

divided, for one who voted in the negative, to move for a reconsideration thereof. Such motion must be made at the same meeting at which the former vote was taken. A motion to reconsider, being put and lost, cannot be renewed.

Undebatable Motions.

A motion to adjourn; to lay on the table, and a call for the previous question, must be decided without debate. And all incidental questions of order, arising after a motion is made for either of the foregoing questions, must be decided, whether on appeal or otherwise, without debate.

Order in Debate.

When a person means to speak, he is to stand up in his place, uncovered, and address himself to the chair, who calls him by name, that all may take notice who it is that speaks. A person who is indisposed may be indulged to speak sitting.

When a person rises to speak, no question is to be put, but he is to be heard undisturbed, unless overruled.

If two or more rise to speak nearly together, the chair determines who was first up and calls him by name, whereupon he proceeds, unless he voluntarily sits down and yields the floor to the other.

No one may speak more than twice to the same question without the consent of the house, except merely to explain himself in some material part of his speech, or to the manner of the words in question, keeping himself to that only and not going into the merits of it.

If the chairman rises to speak, the person standing must sit down, that the chair may be first heard.

No one is to speak impertinently, or beside the question, or to use indecent language against the proceeding of the house. Nor should a person in speaking, mention another then present, by his name, but should describe him by his seat, or as "the gentleman who spoke last," or, "on the other side of the question," etc.

Any one when called to order by another or by the chair, must sit down, and not proceed without leave until the question of order shall have been decided by the chair.

While the presiding officer is addressing the house or putting a question, no one should cross the floor or leave the room; nor while another is speaking, walk between him and the chair.

A motion to adjourn is not susceptible of amendment. If it is desirable to adjourn to any particular place or time, this may be accomplished by a previous resolution to that effect.

SUBJECTS FOR DISCUSSION.

1. Which would be of greater benefit to the country, a Protective Tariff, or a Tariff for Revenue Only?
2. Ought Laws to be Enacted for Restricting Foreign Immigration?
3. Does More Evil than Benefit Result from Laws Permitting Divorce?
4. Prohibition, or High License—Which?
5. Which Was the Greater Orator, Demosthenes or Cicero?

NOTE.—The discussion of this question must include references to style, aim and effect; artistical, mental and moral power.

6. Has the Fear of Punishment or the Hope of Reward, the Greater Influence on Human Conduct?

NOTE.—This question involves considerations of great importance. It has to do with Education, Government and Religion. The fear of punishment is the principle usually supposed to influence us; and upon this principle, for the most part, education, laws, and religious instruction are founded; but many of the wisest men are beginning to doubt this system.

7. Is Corporal Punishment Justifiable?
8. Is a Classical Education a Benefit to a Man in Ordinary Business?
9. Is Labor Justified in Organizing Against Capital?
10. Should there be a Board of Arbitration

Appointed by the Government for Settling Disputes between Employees and Employers?

11. Is England Rising or Falling as a Nation?

NOTE.—Compare the Elements of Modern with the Elements of Ancient Prosperity.

12. Has Nature or Education the Greater Influence in the Formation of Character?

13. From which does the Mind gain the more Knowledge, Reading or Observation?

14. Is the Character of Queen Elizabeth deserving of our Admiration?

15. Is an Advocate Justified in Defending a Man whom he Knows to be Guilty of the Crime with which he is Charged?

16. Which does the most to Produce Crime—Poverty, Wealth, or Ignorance?

17. Is a Limited Monarchy, like that of England, the Best Form of Government?

18. Is not Private Virtue essentially requisite to Greatness of Public Character?

19. Is Eloquence a Gift of Nature, or may it be Acquired?

20. Is Genius an Innate Capacity?

21. Is a Rude or a Refined Age the more Favorable to the Production of Works of Imagination?

22. Is the Shakespearian the Augustan Age of English Literature?

23. Ought Pope to Rank in the First Class of Poets?

24. Has the Introduction of Machinery been Generally Beneficial to Mankind?

25. Which Produce the Greater Happiness, the Pleasures of Hope or of Memory?

26. Is the Existence of Parties in the State Favorable to the Public Welfare?

27. Is there any Ground for Believing in the Ultimate Perfection and Universal Happiness of the Human Race?

28. Is Co-operation more Adapted to Promote the Virtue and Happiness of Mankind than Competition?

29. Was the Banishment of Napoleon to St. Helena a Justifiable Proceeding?

30. Ought Persons to be Excluded from the Civil Offices on Account of their Religious Opinions?

31. Which Exercises the Greater Influence on the Civilization and Happiness of the Human Race, the Male or the Female Mind?

32. Which did the Most to Produce the French Revolution, the Tyranny of the Government, the Excesses of the Higher Orders, or the Writings of Voltaire, Montesquieu and Rousseau?

33. Which was the Greater Poet, Byron or Burns?

34. Is there Reasonable Ground for Believing that the Character of Richard the Third was not so Atrocious as is General^l Supposed?

35. Does Happiness or Misery Preponderate in Life?

36. Should the Press be Totally Free?

37. Do Modern Geological Discoveries Agree with Holy Writ?

38. Did Circumstances Justify the First French Revolution?

39. Could not Arbitration be Made a Substitute for War?

40. Which Character is the More to be Admired, that of Loyola or Luther?

41. Are there Good Grounds for Applying the Term "Dark" to the Middle Ages?

42. Which was the Greater Poet, Chatterton or Cowper?

43. Are Public or Private Schools to be Preferred?

44. Is the System of Education Pursued at our Universities in Accordance with the Requirements of the Age?

45. Which is the More Healthful Exercise, Bicycle Riding or Walking?

46. Does the Game of Foot-Ball Produce more Evil than Beneficial Effects?

PROGRAMS

FOR SPECIAL OCCASIONS

.....Selected from this Volume.....

PERHAPS no form of entertainment is so universally popular, refining, instructive and generally satisfying as those of a literary and musical character. After an evening spent in the parlor of a friend where recitations, readings, music, dialogues and tableaux have been the form of entertainment, with what a healthful feeling of satisfaction one returns to his home. There is no lingering of regrets over time wasted; no stings of conscience over indulgences which one's inner monitor has branded as wrong; no mental debate over the doubtful question—"Was it right?"—None of those uneasinesses and "thorns in the flesh" which disturb the sleep at night, "bob up" the first thing on awaking in the morning, and, perhaps, give one an occasional *prod in the conscience* for days after attending an entertainment of doubtful propriety, or an informal gathering where nothing special is to be done, and "Dame Gossip" is made the mistress of the hour.

Why, then, do we not have more literary and musical programs to brighten and make beneficial our social gatherings? It is not for want of an abundant supply of choice literature to suit the occasion of any meeting, nor is it generally for lack of talent to render the selections; but it is because of the difficulty experienced in selecting appropriate pieces, fitting them to the proper persons, and making up the programs.

For the assistance of those who desire suggestions as to the best forms to be observed and the variety which should characterize the general entertainment, we have arranged the following special programs for such occasions as occur every year in every community.

It would be impossible for us to anticipate and arrange programs for every occasion which society may require; but this book has been designed and compiled with the special object of gathering together the choicest gems of literature in the English language suited to this demand for literary entertainment. It comprises descriptive, patriotic, historic, religious, pathetic, dialectic, dramatic and humorous selections, adapted to almost every class of entertainment.

The following programs will serve as object lessons, or helpful guides, in selecting and arranging material suited to all occasions from the pages of this volume.

Program for Church or Sunday-School Entertainment

- MUSIC—Organ Recital
- WORDS OF WELCOME—By Pastor or Sunday School Superintendent
- MUSIC—Song; sung by audience, led by Church or Sunday-School Choir
- RECITATION—“*Little Christel*” (Poem, page 35)
(Suited to a large girl. Recite in bright, descriptive style. Be careful to change tone and manner to suit characters of Christel and the King.)
- READING OR RECITATION—“*Simon Grubb's Dream*” (Poem, page 150)
(Appropriate for any good reciter.)
- MUSIC—Solo, Vocal or Instrumental.
- RECITATION—“*Miss Maloney on the Chinese Question*” (Prose, page 267)
(Humorous; adapted to a stout woman or girl, who can speak with a strong Irish dialect. The speaker should forget self, and be a straight out Irish “Biddy.”)
- DIALOGUE AND TABLEAU—“*Little Red Riding-Hood*” (Page 300)
(Arranged for six characters. For advice as to costumes, etc., see page 300.)
- MUSIC—Song by Quartette of Voices.
- RECITATION (with music)—“*The Last of the Choir*” (Page 210)
(This pathetic selection is suited to a lady who can sing the verses. The voice should imitate the singing of an old lady. The speaker should impersonate an old woman.)
- RECITATION—“*Shall We Know Each Other There*” (Page 207)
(Short poem; quite an appropriate selection to follow the preceding recitation. If some old lady recite it the effect will be better.)
- MUSIC—Song by the Congregation—“*Shall We Gather at the River*” or “*Over There*”
- READING—“*The Death of Little Joe*” (Page 203)
(Best effect when read by gentleman who can awaken the deepest sympathy of the audience, without himself yielding to the emotion he must manifest. Very effective when well interpreted.)
- RECITATION—“*Reverie in Church*” (Page 271)
(Suited to young lady. The air should be that of a giddy devotee of fashion who attends church to show her dress. To be spoken in a very sarcastic manner.)
- EXPRESSION OF THANKS—By Pastor or Sunday-School Superintendent, hoping that all have enjoyed the evening's entertainment and extending a cordial invitation to friends and strangers to attend the services of the Church and Sunday-School.

OTHER SELECTIONS:

- “*The Deacon Hunting a Wife*” (Page 250) } Humorous; appropriate for big boy or man. Make the deacon's motive plain, but appear as trying to conceal it.
- “*Home*” (Page 150) } Reading; suitable to any good reader.
- “*Baby's Soliloquy*” (Page 286) } Humorous. Lady or girl.
- “*The Cow and the Bishop*” (Page 262)
- “*The Hypochondriac*” (Page 282) } Humorous; should be recited or read by a man in complaining, discontented tone.
- “*Little Dot*” (Page 213) } Short pathetic poem; suited to girl or lady. Beautiful and touching when well rendered.
- “*Sairy Jackson's Baby*” (Page 211) } Pathetic Prose; selection suited to any good reader who can speak the Negro dialect.
- “*Impy Tim*” (Page 200) } Poem; suited to big boy or girl. Pathetic, and teaches a lesson of love and charity.

Program for School Entertainment

- MUSIC—Orchestra, Band or Piano
- SALUTATORY—" *Words of Welcome* " (Poem, page 67)
(Suitable for a child of 6 or 8 years.)
- RECITATION—" *A Boy's Opinion* " (Poem, page 76)
(For small boy.)
- RECITATION IN CONCERT—" *The Farmer* " (Page 71)
(Short piece for several boys. Different attitudes to be acted as indicated on page 71.)
- MUSIC—*Song by the School* (any appropriate selection)
- DECLAMATION—" *Wealth and Work* " (page 70)
(Suited to one of the older boys. Should be spoken in a plain, practical business-like style.)
- RECITATION—" *Grandma's Wedding Day* " (Page 216)
(Suitable for young lady or large girl.)
- DOUBLE DECLAMATION—" *The Rival Orators* " (Page 289)
(Big boy and small boy. Very amusing.)
- MUSIC—Flute, Piano, Violin or Guitar Solo.
- DECLAMATION—" *Defence from the Charge of Tyranny* " (Page 61)
(An impassioned declamation, to be spoken with force and dignity, but with a manifestation of a sense of great injustice done to the speaker.)
- RECITATION—" *Guilty or Not Guilty* " (Page 220)
(Pathetic; suited to a girl of 14 or 15 years. Be careful to impersonate the judge and the prisoner well; the reciter should forget herself and act the two parts naturally to make the piece effective.)
- MUSIC—Solo, with chorus of voices.
- RECITATION—" *The Owl Critic* " (Page 278)
(Humorous; adapted to young lady or large girl.)
- RECITATION—" *Modern Education* " (Page 277)
(Suited to young man or big boy. Must speak it in a bombastic manner, showing great self-conceit and dignity; the speaker must not laugh or appear to know he is making mistakes.)
- MUSIC—By Band or Quartette of Instruments.
- DIALOGUE AND TABLEAU—" *Young America* " (Page 289)
This interesting and instructive dialogue is arranged for five speakers, three children and two grown-up people. The Father and Aunt may be impersonated by two of the older scholars.
- RECITATION—" *The Barons Last Banquet* " (Page 72)
(Dramatic piece; suited to young man capable of acting and giving proper elocutionary effect.)
- RECITATION—" *A Valedictory* " (Page 62)
(If entertainment is at close of session the above selection is suitable and should be recited by a boy or girl of 10 or 12 years.)

OTHER SELECTIONS:

- " *A Junior Partner Wanted* " . . (Page 62) } Suited to practical boy of 15.
- " *Don't* " (Page 26) } Humorous and sarcastic; adapted to plain, positive speaking girl.
- " *Speech of Red Jacket* " . . . (Page 68) } Suited to big boy or young man; might be presented in tableaux with speaker dressed as Indian, and the minister and his friends seated near listening to his speech.
- " *The Lost Penny* " (Page 226) } Suited to a very little girl.
- " *The Gladiator* " (Page 133) " *Pompeii* " (Page 140)
- " *What is a Gentleman* " . . . (Page 144) " *Over the Crossing* " (Page 24)
- " *The Cat's Bath* " (Page 270) " *The Reason Why* " (Page 275)

Program for Washington's Birthday Entertainment

MUSIC---By the Band "Hail to the Chief"

MUSIC--Song--"Columbia the Gem of the Ocean" Sung in Chorus

ORIGINAL ORATION--"Eulogy on Washington"

MILITARY DRILL--By Local Company (band music accompanying).

RECITATION--"Nathan Hale" (Poem, page 22).

(A descriptive poem suitable for young lady to recite.)

MUSIC--By Band or Orchestra.

DECLAMATION--"The Supposed Speech of Regulus" (Prose, page 128).

(A model of patriotism and honor. Should be delivered with great dignity and powerful force, employing an air of conscious superiority. This is a masterpiece of patriotic oratorical literature. The speaker should fully comprehend and interpret it.)

SONG--By the whole company "My Country 'Tis of Thee"

RECITATION--"The Roman Sentinel" (Poem, page 153).

(A blank verse selection, showing a Washingtonian characteristic in choosing death rather than leave a post of duty. Should be recited by lady or gentleman possessing descriptive and dramatic talent.)

A REVERIE--"Supposed Return of George Washington to Earth"

(What would George Washington say if he should arise from the dead and travel over this country? This can be made both humorous and instructive by a bright and witty speaker who imagines himself as awaking Washington from the dead and conducting him over the United States, starting from Mount Vernon and visiting the places Washington formerly knew and surprising him at every turn by the new inventions and wonderful developments since his death. This piece must be original and in length should be suited to the time which may be allowed.)

MUSIC--Male Quartette or Band.

PATRIOTIC TABLEAU--"Washington and His Generals"

- | | |
|-------------------|--------------------|
| 1. Washington, | 4. Horatio Gates, |
| 2. Lafayette, | 5. John Stark, |
| 3. Anthony Wayne, | 6. Francis Marion. |

(Representatives should be chosen who, when made up, uniformed and wigged, will closely resemble the pictures of the generals they represent. In a city where revolutionary uniforms can be had they will enhance the attraction materially. Any school history has prints of accurate and well-known portraits of all these generals. After the tableau, if time permits, the representatives might march, one at a time, to the front of the stage. Some notable event in his life be referred to and the audience invited to guess who he impersonates.)

(The tableau should be presented with the six generals grouped around an American flag of revolutionary times.)



PHOTO BY MORRISON, CHICAGO

SONG OF THE FLOWER GIRL

Program for Decoration Day Entertainment

MUSIC—By the Band One or More Selections

PRAYER—By the Chaplain of some regiment if one is present, otherwise by a Minister.

ORIGINAL ORATION
(The theme should be National, deploring the necessity of war, but speaking of the fruits it has brought. Avoid bitterness toward the opposing section. The olive branch of peace rather than bitterness should characterize all such occasions, whether North or South. Speech should not be over 10 or 15 minutes.)

MUSIC—By the Band
(Let it be a medley, "John Brown's Body," "Dixie," "Yankee Doodle," thus honoring the bravery of both sides and showing a generous spirit.)

DECLAMATION—" *The American Flag*" (Prose, page 85)
(To be spoken with deliberation and a manifestation of patriotic pride. If the speaker stand under the flag or hold the staff in his hand, it will emphasize his patriotic remarks. If the speaker be capable of adding other remarks of a local nature it will enhance the interest.)

SONG—In Chorus—" *My Conuntry 'tis of Thee*," or " *Star Spangled Banner*."

RECITATION—" *A Brother's Tribute*" (Poem, page 99)
(Suitable for lady or gentleman.)

RECITATION AND SONG—" *An Incident of the War*" (Poem, page 114)
(Suited to either male or female. Quite an effective piece when well rendered.)

SOLO—Song with Chorus—" *Battle Hymn of the Republic*"
(Sung to tune of "John Brown's Body," by some good singer, let the school or audience join in the chorus.)

RECITATION—" *After the Battle*" (Poem, page 179)
(Suited to large boy or young man. The speaker should enter fully into the spirit of the piece, and let his actions and his voice interpret the emotions.)

SHORT ORIGINAL ADDRESS
(Speak of the propriety of placing flowers upon the graves of heroes who died for principle and patriotism. If soldiers of both sides lie in proximity the graves of both should be decorated, and the speaker should refer to the beauty of the spirit of forgiveness which scatters flowers over the grave of a fallen foe. The remarks close by dismissing the audience to the cemetery.)

DECORATING THE GRAVES.
(This should be done under the supervision of a committee previously appointed.)

OTHER SELECTIONS:

" *The Soldier's Pardon*" (Poem, page 76).

" *Save the Other Man*" (Poem, page 219).

" *Sentence of Death on the High Seas*" (Poem, page 217).

(The Descriptive and Pathetic divisions of the index will suggest other appropriate pieces.)

Program for 4th of July Entertainment

MUSIC—By the Band

SONG—In Chorus—" *My Country 'Tis of Thee* "

READING THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

(Closing with a roll-call of the signers. These may be had from any U. S. History. The interest would be increased if some one in response to the calling of each name would announce the date of his death or some notable fact of his history.)

MUSIC—By the Band " *Yankee Doodle* "

ORIGINAL ORATION—Eulogy on the Heroes of 1776 (10 or 15 minutes long)

TABLEAU

(Representing Thomas Jefferson, Benjamin Franklin, John Adams and Patrick Henry, dressed in colonial fashion—knickerbockers and powdered wigs—grouped around a table on which is placed large bell made of paper or flowers, marked Liberty Bell, and a flag with thirteen stars. This tableau should immediately follow the oration and last but a few moments.)

SONG—In Chorus, " *The Star Spangled Banner*," or Music by Band

RECITATION—" *Rodney's Ride* " (Poem, page 119)

(An anxious, animated style should be employed by the speaker, and the scenes vividly pictured. May be recited by lady or gentleman.)

SOLO—Any patriotic song; or, QUARTETTE of Voices . . . " *Columbia, Gem of the Ocean* "

RECITATION—" *The Battle of Bunker Hill* " (Poem, page 83)

(Should be spoken by one with good descriptive powers capable of maintaining an interesting description for several minutes.)

MUSIC—By the Band.

OTHER SELECTIONS.


" *Penn's Monument* " (Prose, page 101) } Recitation or reading, suited to any good reader or reciter.

" *Heroism of the Pilgrims* " (" " 124) } Suited to gentleman or large boy. Deliver in patriotic and plain oratorical style.

" *The Indian* " (" " 120) } Suited to boy or man. Deliver in a plain, simple, oratorical and sympathetic manner.

Program for Parlor Entertainment

- MUSIC—On Piano By a Daughter or near friend of the family
- A PLEASANT WORD OF WELCOME By Host or Hostess
(After which the same person announces, in an impromptu manner from a memorandum written on a card, "We will now be entertained by, etc.," giving the name of each contributor as they are called upon.)
- PIANO DUETT By
- READING—" *The Progress of Humanity*" (Prose, page 91)
(Suitable reading for a gentleman of practical, reflective manner.)
- MUSIC—Violin Solo By
- RECITATION—" *Little Mag's Victory*" By Miss or Mrs.
(A dramatic piece, suitable to a miss or lady, should be studied well and the moods and spirit of the piece fully comprehended by the speaker.)
- MUSIC—By Mr. and Miss or Mrs. Flute and Piano
- RECITATION—" *Sal. Parker's Ghost*" (Poem, page 142)
(Suited to gentleman, but often recited by lady. Should be spoken in a swaggering manner as a hackman would talk, all the while manifesting a true honesty and warm big-heartedness.)
- MUSIC—Song—Solo By
- READING—" *Ginevra*" (Poem, blank verse, page 134)
(A charming descriptive selection, suitable for gentleman or lady. Should be recited with an easy, graceful, story-telling air, devoid of apparent effort at elocution, allowing a trace of sympathetic emotion to control and modulate the voice. A beautifully sad piece when well rendered.)
- MUSIC—Quartette of voices, accompanied or not by instruments.
- RECITATION—" *What the Little Girl Said*" (Page 225)
(Very funny when spoken by a young man who can mimic the female voice.
Ladies also recite it with good effect.)
- MUSIC Banjo Club or Guitar and Banjo
- DRAMA AND TABLEAU—" *Destiny of Empress Josephine*" (Page 291)
(For four ladies and one gentleman. See advice as to how it should be presented on page 291.)

 If refreshments are served it may be done at this point, or the program divided, partaking of refreshments after the first half. Where a tea or dinner is given, the program in full should succeed the meal.

OTHER APPROPRIATE SELECTIONS

May be substituted for any of the above or used to make up a second entertainment.

- | | |
|--|--|
| • <i>The Little Hunchback</i> . . . (Poem, page 51) | } Suitable to lady or better to a bright child, who can enter the spirit of the piece and properly impersonate the character. |
| " <i>Hannah Binding Shoes</i> " . . (" " 224) | |
| " <i>The Railroad Crossing</i> " . . (" " 245) | } Humorous. Should be recited with backwoods accent. |
| " <i>The First Client</i> " (" " 246) | } Humorous. Suitable to a gentleman clever at relating a good story. |
| " <i>The Movement Cure for Rheumatism</i> " (Prose, " 247) | } Very humorous. Should be told in a seriously droll way, the speaker never laughing, while the audience will <i>roar</i> . |
| • <i>The Emancipation of Man</i> " . (" " 229) | } Humorous. Suited to one capable of impersonating a double character of man and woman. |
| " <i>The Haunted House</i> " . . . (Poem, page 23) | } This piece is very effective. When well acted affords ample opportunity for employing the aspirated and spectral voice. |
| Dialogue—" <i>Recipe for Potato Pudding</i> " (" " 295) | } For three ladies and one gentleman. |
| • <i>The Blind Poet's Wife</i> " . . . (" " 106) | } Pathetic. The effect is heightened if speaker wear spectacles as the blind do. Let wife and children be introduced in tableau. |

Program for Temperance Entertainment

MUSIC—By Band or Piano

OPENING REMARKS

(The speaker, in well-chosen words, should speak of the curse of intemperance and close by saying this occasion is for the double purpose of entertaining the company and impressing temperance lessons by the selections which shall be rendered.)

RECITATION—“*The Aged Prisoner*” (Poem, page 196)

(This pathetic story is drawn from the life of a man who, through drink, had been led into crime. Should be recited by a gentleman who can fully interpret it.)

MUSIC—Solo or Quartette of Voices (any good Temperance song)

READING—“*The Judge’s Temperance Lecture*” (Prose, page 93)

(This piece will be more effective if the speaker be seated on a platform like a judge, and the three offenders (two men and one woman) stand before him in tableau, while he administers this sarcastic rebuke. The costume of a judge would also help the speaker.)

RECITATION AND SONG—“*The Dying Boy*” (Page 201)

(Adapted to any good reciter. It teaches the double lesson of the curse of rum and the comforts of faith in Jesus under the most terrible circumstances.)

MUSIC—Piano Solo or Piano and Violin

READING—“*A Yankee in Love*” (Prose, page 287)

(Humorous. Must be spoken in the backwoods “swagger.” Before calling this piece the chairman might announce it as a species of intemperance which effects all young people, but is harmless if kept within proper bounds.)

RECITATION—“*There Was Once a Topper*” (Poem, page 280)

(Humorous. Adapted to lady or gentleman.)

MUSIC—Quartette of Voices

READING—“*A Brave Boy*” (Prose, page 189)

(Suited to a gentleman. A plain, interesting story. Teaches the lesson that heroic doing of the right and sticking to principle is the surest road to honor and distinction.)

RECITATION—“*The Widow O’Shane’s Rint*” (Poem, page 258)

(Humorous. Best adapted to lady. The success of this piece consists in speaking the Irish brogue properly and cleverly acting the various scenes. A complete forgetfulness of self is important in all impersonations.)

MUSIC—Vocal Duett



READING—“*Good-Night, Papa*” (Prose, page 206)

(Pathetic selection. May be read by either lady or gentleman. The spirit of the piece should be well interpreted. It shows how deep sorrow—perhaps a sad providence—is often the only means of reclaiming one from the road to ruin.)

RECITATION—“*The Face on the Floor*” (Poem, page 20)

(Dramatic and pathetic. Should be recited by a man who can, by elocution and acting, fully interpret the piece. The effect is remarkable when well rendered. The lesson is a strong one. Sorrow cannot be drowned in liquor.)

SONG BY THE WHOLE COMPANY—“*Where Is My Wandering Boy To-night?*”

 The Descriptive and Pathetic Departments of this Book furnish other Appropriate Selections. 

Program for Lyceum Entertainment

MUSIC—Band or Piano Selection
 Opening Remarks by the President or Chairman.

ADDRESS—"Ancient and Modern Oratory" (Page 117)
 (Suited to be delivered at the opening of a debate or oratorical contest. At the close the speaker
 may add such original remarks as especially fit the occasion.)

SOLO—Song By

DEBATE—Question, "*Resolved, etc.*"

DEBATERS: { *Affirmative.*
 1st Speaker
 2d Speaker
 Negative.
 1st Speaker
 2d Speaker

Music by the Band while judges retire to make up their decision.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF DECISION AND AWARDING OF HONORS.
 (In case the debate is not a feature of the entertainment, or in event of its being short, as **many**
 of the following selections, as time permits, may be introduced.)

RECITATION—"The Engine Driver's Story" (Poem, page 109).
 (This Descriptive and Dramatic selection is suited to one capable of acting,
 and with strong, well modulated voice.)

FLUTE SOLO—Selection By

READING—"Mary, Queen of Scots" (Poem, page 79).
 (Best suited to a lady with good descriptive and elocutionary powers.)

SONG—By Quartette

RECITATION—"The Movement Cure for Rheumatism" (Prose, page 247)
 (This piece is very humorous when read or recited by a droll speaker. It should be told as if
 reciter were not aware he was saying anything funny.)

MUSIC BY BAND.

Expression of Thanks to Audience. Dismissed.

OTHER SELECTIONS } May be substituted for the above or used for second entertainment :

- "The Burning Ship." . . (Poem, page 82.) } Descriptive and Dramatic, suited to lady with talent
 for acting.
- "Bernardo del Carpio." . . (" " 138.) } Suitable for gentleman capable of showing the emotions
 of gladness, surprise, grief and disappointment.
- "Nell." (" " 130.) } Suited to lady of dramatic and emotionall talent.
 When fully comprehended, well interpreted and
 acted, is very effective.
- "Kit Carson's Ride." . . (" " 54.) } Vivid description. Should be recited by a gentleman
 who can impersonate the Western frontiersman and
 speak the provincial Western "swagger," at same
 time manifest a natural big-heartedness.
- "Mat. F. Ward's Trial for
 Murder." (Prose, " 63.) } To be spoken with earnestness, deliberation, and
 manifestation of suppressed or reserve force of con-
 viction for the right.
- "Searching for the Slain." (Poem, " 50.) } Very Dramatic and Pathetic. Should be recited by a
 lady of matronly appearance, with good talent for
 acting.
- "Kate Maloney." . . . (" " 64.) } Descriptive and Dramatic. Lady should recite it. No
 one should attempt this piece who cannot speak with
 decided Irish accent.
- "Daniel Periton's Ride." . (" " 102.) } Descriptive. Suited to any good reciter. lady or
 gentleman.

Program for Christmas Entertainment

- MUSIC—Piano or Band
- MUSIC—Song by Quartette (or Audience, if in Church)
(Let the song be appropriate to the place and occasion.)
- RECITATION—“*Little Rocket's Christmas*” (Poem, page 125)
(Suited to any good reciter. Teaches a good lesson of charity and self-sacrifice.)
- READING—“*He Worried About It*” (Poem, page 256)
(Humorous. To be spoken in a droll manner. Suited to a man who can keep his face straight while others laugh.)
- MUSIC—Solo (By any choice singer, with piano or guitar accompaniment)
- DIALOGUE AND TABLEAU—“*Courting under Difficulties*” (Page 307)
(Arranged for two gentlemen and one lady. Very humorous when well rendered.)
- RECITATION—“*Over the Crossin'*” (Poem, page 24)
(Descriptive and pathetic. Suited to one who can give proper pronunciation to the street gamin's talk.)
- MUSIC—Piano or Organ Recital
- READING—“*Mr. Caudle and His Second Wife*” (Prose, page 284)
(Humorous. Adapted to a middle-aged gentleman. To be recited in full sympathy with the various occasions and moods of Mr. Caudle.)
- RECITATION—“*Not Guilty*” (Poem, page 269)
(To be recited by one who can speak well the Negro dialect and act the characteristic darkey. Some acquaintance with the Southern Negro is necessary to a correct interpretation of this piece.)
- MUSIC—Song by Quartette—Accompanied, or not, by instruments
- A PANTOMIME—“*Christmas Eve*” (Page 312)
(Arranged for several characters. No words are spoken, but the piece should be rehearsed several times and the acting be thoroughly intelligible to the audience.)
- RECITATION—“*A New Year's Deed*” (Poem, page 104)
(A pathetic, descriptive selection. Teaching a lesson of charity to the poor. Effective when well rendered. Suited to male or female.)
- MUSIC—By Band

Dismissed.

OTHER SELECTIONS.

- | | |
|---|---|
| “ <i>Four Celebrated Characters</i> ” . (Page 314) } A beautiful Dialogue and Tableau
for children | |
| “ <i>The Woman Next Door</i> ” . . (Page 259) | “ <i>The Bicycle and the Pup</i> ” . . (Page 235) |
| “ <i>Saved by a Ghost</i> ” (“ 237) | “ <i>On the Other Train</i> ” (“ 223) |
| “ <i>In the Bottom Drawer</i> ” . . (“ 217) | “ <i>The Singer's Climax</i> ” (“ 205) |
| “ <i>A Last Look</i> ” (“ 197) | “ <i>Death of Little Nell</i> ” (“ 194) |
| “ <i>The Glacier Bed</i> ” (“ 181) | “ <i>Two Loves and a Life</i> ” (“ 92) |

MANUAL

OF

PARLIAMENTARY RULES AND PRACTICE,

AS AUTHORIZED AND TAUGHT

BY CUSHING

AND OTHER STANDARD AUTHORITIES.

NOTE.—Charles Sumner declared Luther S. Cushing to be “The most authoritative expounder of American Parliamentary Law.” The justice of Mr. Sumner’s judgment has been thoroughly tested and approved. The remarkable accuracy, extended research, and great ability of the author have been everywhere acknowledged; and by common consent, Cushing’s Manual has become the authoritative guide in nearly all deliberative assemblies and Legislative bodies throughout the United States.

Mr. Cushing’s complete work, entitled “The Law and Practice of Legislative Assemblies,” is a large octavo volume of nearly 1200 pages, and is universally admitted to be the most elaborate, complete, and reliable presentation of Parliamentary Law ever published.

The present manual contains in a compact form all the essential points of this large work, simplified, revised, and adapted for quick and ready reference by a system of paragraphing and indexing, enabling the reader to refer immediately to the point desired.

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INTRODUCTION.

1. For whatever purpose a deliberative assembly or society of any kind be called together, it is necessary, in the first place, that it be properly constituted and organized; and, secondly, that it should conduct all proceedings according to certain rules, and agreeably to certain forms, which experience has shown to be the best adapted to the purpose.

2. Some deliberative assemblies, such as municipal and other corporations, are usually constituted by virtue of certain legal provisions; while others, such as conventions, political meetings, societies, etc., constitute and organize themselves upon their assembling together for the purpose of some definite object.

3. The most usual mode of organizing a deliberative assembly is the following: The members being assembled together, in the place, and at the time, appointed for their meeting, one of them, addressing himself to the others, requests them to come to order; the members thereupon seating themselves, and giving their attention to him, he suggests to the members to nominate some person to act as chairman of the meeting; a name or names being thereupon mentioned, he declares that such a person (whose name was first heard by him) is nominated for chairman, and puts a question that the person so named be requested to take the chair. When a chairman is elected, he takes the chair, and proceeds in the same manner to complete the organization of the assembly, by the choice of a secretary and such other officers, if any, as may be deemed necessary.

4. The presiding officer is usually denominated the *president*, and the recording officer the *secretary*; though sometimes these officers are designated respectively as the *chairman* and *clerk*. It is not unusual, besides a president, to have one or more vice-presidents, who take the chair occasionally, in the absence of the president from the assembly, or when he withdraws from the chair to take part in the proceedings as a member, but who at other times, though occupying seats with the president, act merely as members. It is frequently the case, also, that several persons are

appointed secretaries, in which case the first named is considered as the principal officer. The presiding officer does not usually engage in the debate, and votes only when the assembly is equally divided.

5. In all deliberative assemblies, the members of which are chosen or appointed to represent others, it is necessary, before proceeding to business, to ascertain who are duly elected and returned as members. The proper time for this investigation is after the temporary and before the permanent organization, or when the assembly is permanently organized, in the first instance, before it proceeds to the transaction of any other business; and the most convenient mode of conducting it is by the appointment of a committee to receive and report upon the credentials of the members.

6. When a question arises involving the right of a member to his seat, such member is entitled to be heard on the question, and he is then to withdraw from the assembly until it is decided; but if, by the indulgence of the assembly, he remains in his place during the discussion, he ought neither to take any further part in it, nor to vote when the question is proposed.

7. The place where an assembly is held being in its possession, and rightfully appropriated to its use, no person is entitled to be present therein but by the consent of the assembly.

8. Every deliberative assembly is perfectly competent to adopt, aside from general parliamentary rules, certain special rules for the regulation of its proceedings. Where this is the case, these latter supersede the ordinary parliamentary rules in reference to all points to which they relate, leaving what may be called the common parliamentary law in full force in all other respects.

9. The rules of parliamentary proceedings in this country are derived from, and essentially the same with, those of the British Parliament; though, in order to adapt these rules to the circumstances and wants of our legislative assemblies, they have in some few respects been changed, in others differently applied, and in others, again, extended beyond their original intention. To these rules, each legislative assem-

bly is accustomed to add a code of its own. The result is, that a system of parliamentary rules has been established in each State, different in some particulars from those of every other State, but yet, founded in and embracing all the essential rules of the common parliamentary law.

10. The judgment, opinion, sense, or will of a deliberative assembly, is expressed, according to the nature of the subject, either by a resolution, order, or vote. When it commands, it is by an *order*; but facts, principles, its own opinions or purposes, are most properly expressed in the form of a *resolution*; the term *vote* may be applied to the result of every question decided by the assembly. In whatever form, however, a question is proposed, or by whatever name it may be called, the mode of proceeding is the same.

11. The judgment or will of any number of persons considered as an aggregate body is that which is evidenced by the consent or agreement of the greater number of them; and the only mode by which this can be ascertained, in reference to any particular subject, is for some one of them to begin by submitting to the others a proposition expressed in such a form of words that, if assented to by the requisite number, it will purport to express the judgment or will of the assembly.

12. When a proposition is made, if it be not agreed to or rejected at once, the assembly may be unwilling to consider and act upon it at all; or it may wish to postpone the consideration of the subject to a future time; or it may be willing to adopt the proposition with certain modifications; or, lastly, approving the subject-matter, but finding it presented in so crude, imperfect, or objectionable a form that it cannot, in that state, be considered at all, the assembly may desire to have the proposition further examined and digested before being presented. In order to enable the assembly to take whichever of the courses above indicated it may think proper, and then to dispose of every proposition in a suitable manner, certain motions or forms of question have been invented, which are perfectly adapted for the purpose, and are in common use in all deliberative assemblies.

CHAPTER I.

Preliminary Matters.

SECTION I. QUORUM.

13. In all councils, and other collective bodies of the same kind, it is necessary that a certain number, called a quorum, of the members should meet and be present, in order to the transaction of business.

14. The number necessary to constitute a quorum of any assembly may be fixed by law, as is the case with most of our legislative assemblies; or by usage, as in the English House of Commons; or it may be fixed by the assembly itself: but if no rule is established on the subject, in any of these ways, a majority of the members composing the assembly is the requisite number.

15. No business can regularly be entered upon or transacted without a quorum is present; and if at any time, in the course of the proceedings, notice is taken that a quorum is not present, the assembly must be immediately adjourned.

SECT. II. RULES AND ORDERS.

16. Every deliberative assembly is subject to general rules of proceeding. It may also provide for itself such special rules as it may find necessary.

17. When a code of rules is adopted beforehand, it is usual also to provide therein as to the mode in which they may be amended, repealed, or dispensed with. Where there is no provision, it will be competent for the assembly to act at any time, and in the usual manner, upon questions of amendment or repeal; but in reference to dispensing with a rule or suspending it, in a particular case, if there is no express provision on the subject, it seems that it can only be done by general consent. (General consent usually means unanimous favor.)

18. When any of the rules, relative to the manner of proceeding, is disregarded or infringed, every member has the right to require that the presiding officer, or any other whose duty it is, shall carry such rule into execution; and in that case the rule must be enforced at once, without debate or delay. It is then too late to alter, re-

peal, or suspend the rule: so long as any one member insists upon its execution, it must be enforced.

SECT. III. TIME OF MEETING.

19. Every assembly which is not likely to finish its business at one sitting should come to some order or resolution beforehand, as to the time of re-assembling after an adjournment. Do not wait to arrange this in connection with the motion to adjourn.

SECT. IV. PRINCIPLE OF DECISION.

20. The principle upon which the decisions of all aggregate bodies, such as councils, corporations, and deliberative assemblies, are made, is that of the majority of votes, or suffrages; and this rule holds not only in reference to questions and subjects which admit only of an affirmative on one side and a negative on the other, but also in reference to elections in which more than two persons may receive the suffrages.

21. But this rule may be controlled by a special rule in reference to some particular subject or question, by which any less number than a majority may be admitted, or any greater number required, to express the will of the assembly. Thus it is frequently provided, in legislative assemblies, that one-third or one-fourth only of the members shall be sufficient to require the taking of a question by yeas and nays; and, on the other hand, that no alteration shall take place in any of the rules and orders, without the consent of at least two-thirds, or even a larger number.

CHAPTER II.

Officers.

22. The usual and necessary officers of a deliberative assembly are those already mentioned, namely, a presiding and a recording officer; both of whom are elected or appointed by the assembly itself, and removable at its pleasure. These officers are always to be elected by absolute majorities, even in those States in which elections are usually effected by a plurality.

SECTION I. THE PRESIDING OFFICER.

23. The principal duties of this officer are the following:—

To open the sitting at the time to which the assembly is adjourned, by taking the chair, and calling the members to order;

To announce the business before the assembly, in the order in which it is to be acted upon;

To receive and submit, in the proper manner, all motions and propositions presented by the members;

To put to vote all questions which are regularly moved, or necessarily arise in the course of the proceedings, and to announce the result;

To restrain the members, when engaged in debate, within the rules of order;

To enforce on all occasions the observance of order and decorum among the members;

To receive all messages and other communications, and announce them to the assembly;

To authenticate, by his signature, when necessary, all the acts, orders, and proceedings of the assembly;

To inform the assembly, when necessary or when referred to for the purpose, in a point of order or practice;

To name the members (when directed to do so in a particular case, or when it is made a part of his general duty by a rule) who are to serve on committees; and, in general,

To represent and stand for the assembly, declaring its will, and in all things obeying implicitly its commands.

24. If the assembly is organized by the choice of a president and vice-presidents, it is the duty of one of the latter to take the chair in case of the absence of the president from the assembly, or of his withdrawing from the chair for the purpose of participating in the proceedings.

25. Where but one presiding officer is appointed in the first instance, his place can only be supplied, in case of his absence, by the appointment of a president or chairman *pro tempore*; and in the choice of this officer, who ought to be elected before any other business is done, it is the duty of the secretary to conduct the proceedings.

26. The presiding officer may read sitting, but should rise to state a motion, or put a question to the assembly.

SECT. II. RECORDING OFFICER.

(*Secretary or Clerk.*)

27. The principal duties of this officer consist in taking notes of all the proceedings, and in making true entries in his journal of all "the things done and passed" in the assembly; but he is not, in general, required to take minutes of "particular men's speeches," or to make entries of things merely proposed or moved without coming to a vote. He is to enter what is done and passed, but not what is said or moved. This is the rule in legislative assemblies. In others, though the spirit of the rule ought to be observed, it is generally expected of the secretary that his record shall be both a journal and in some sort a report of the proceedings.

28. It is also the duty of the secretary to read all papers, etc., which may be ordered to be read; to call the roll of the assembly, and take note of those who are absent, when a call is ordered; to call the roll, and note the answers of the members, when a question is taken by yeas and nays; to notify committees of their appointment and of the business referred to them, and to authenticate by his signature (sometimes alone and sometimes in conjunction with the president) all the acts, orders, and proceedings of the assembly.

29. The clerk is also charged with the custody of all the papers and documents of every description, belonging to the assembly, as well as the journal of its proceedings, and is to let none of them be taken from the table by any member or other person, without the leave or order of the assembly.

30. When but a single secretary or clerk is appointed, his place can only be supplied, during his absence, by the appointment of some one to act *pro tempore*. When several persons are appointed, this inconvenience is not likely to occur.

31. The clerk should stand while reading, or calling the assembly.

CHAPTER III.

Rights and Duties of the Members.

32. Every member, however humble he may be, has the same right with every other, to sub-

mit his propositions to the assembly, to explain and recommend them in discussion, and to have them patiently examined and deliberately decided upon by the assembly; and, on the other hand, it is the duty of every one so to conduct himself, both in debate and in his general deportment in the assembly, as not to obstruct any other member in the enjoyment of his equal rights. It may be stated generally, that no member is to disturb another or the assembly itself by hissing, coughing, or spitting; by speaking or whispering to other members; by standing up to the interruption of others; by passing between the presiding officer and a member speaking; going across the assembly-room, or walking up and down in it; taking books or papers from the table, or writing there. Assaults by one member upon another, threats, challenges, affrays, etc., are also high breaches of decorum. It is also a breach of decorum for a member to come into the assembly-room with his head covered

33. In all instances of irregular and disorderly deportment, it is competent for every member, and is the special duty of the presiding officer, to complain to the assembly, or to take notice of the offence and call the attention of the assembly to it. The member who is thus charged with an offence against the assembly is entitled to be heard in his place in exculpation, and is then to withdraw. Being withdrawn, the assembly proceeds to consider of the degree and amount of punishment to be inflicted.

34. No member ought to be present in the assembly when any matter or business concerning himself is debating, and the assembly may compel him to withdraw, if he do not offer to do so of his own accord. If present by the indulgence of the assembly, he should not vote. If, notwithstanding, a member should remain in the assembly and vote, his vote may, and ought to be, disallowed. A man should not sit and act as a judge in his own case.

35. The only punishments which can be inflicted upon its members by a deliberative assembly of the kind now under consideration, consist of reprimanding, exclusion from the assembly, a prohibition to speak or vote for a specified time,

and expulsion; to which are to be added such other forms of punishment—as by apology, begging pardon, etc., as the assembly may see fit to impose, and to require the offender to submit to on pain of expulsion.

CHAPTER IV.

The Introduction of Business.

36. The proceedings of a deliberative assembly, in reference to any particular subject, are ordinarily set in motion, in the first instance, by some one of the members either presenting a communication from persons not members, or himself submitting a proposition to the assembly.

37. Propositions made by members are drawn up and introduced, by motion, in the form which they are intended by the mover to bear, as orders, resolutions, or votes, if they should be adopted by the assembly.

38. When a member has occasion to make any communication, motion, or statement whatever to the assembly, he must, in the first place, “obtain the floor” for the purpose he has in view. In order to do this he must rise in his place and, standing uncovered, address himself to the presiding officer by his title; the latter, on hearing himself thus addressed, calls to the member by his name; and the member may then, but not before, proceed with his business.

39. If two or more members rise and address themselves to the presiding officer at the same time, or nearly so, he should give the floor to the member whose voice he first heard. If his decision should not be satisfactory, any member may call it in question, saying that, in his opinion, such a member (not the one named) was first up; and have the sense of the assembly taken thereon, as to which of the members should be heard. In this case, the question should be first taken upon the name of the member announced by the presiding officer; and, if this question should be decided in the negative, then upon the name of the member for whom the floor was claimed in opposition to him.

40 A petition, in order to be received, should be subscribed by the petitioner himself, with his own hand, either by name or mark, except in

case of inability from sickness, or because the petitioner is attending in person; and should be presented or offered, not by the petitioner himself, but by some member to whom it is intrusted for that purpose.

41. The member who presents a petition should previously have informed himself of its contents, so as to be able to state the substance of it on offering it to the assembly, to answer all questions, and defend it.

42. Being thus prepared, the member rises in his place, with the petition in his hand, and informs the assembly that he has a certain petition, stating the substance of it, which he thereupon presents or offers to the assembly, and at the same time moves (which, however, may be done by any other member) that it be received; this motion being seconded, the question is put, whether the assembly will receive the petition or not.

43. If the question of reception is determined in the affirmative, the petition is brought up to the table by the member presenting it, and is there read, as of course by the clerk. It is then regularly before the assembly, to be dealt with as it thinks proper; the usual course being either to proceed to consider the subject of it immediately, or to assign some future time for its consideration, or to order it to lie on the table for the examination and consideration of the members individually.

44. Whenever a member introduces a proposition of his own, for the consideration of the assembly, he puts it into the form he desires it should have, and then moves that it be adopted as the resolution, order, or vote of the assembly. If this proposition so far meets the approbation of other members that one of them rises in his place and seconds it, it may then be put to the question; and the result, whether affirmative or negative, becomes the judgment of the assembly.

45. A motion must be submitted in writing; otherwise the presiding officer will be justified in refusing to receive it; he may do so, however, if he pleases, and is willing to take the trouble himself to reduce it to writing. This rule extends only to principal motions, which when adopted

by the act, and express the sense, of the assembly; but not to subsidiary or incidental motions,¹ which merely enable the assembly to dispose of the former in the manner it desires, and which are always in the same form. In the case of a motion to amend, which is a subsidiary motion, the rule admits of an exception, so far as regards the insertion of additional words, which, as well as the principal motion, must be in writing.

46. A motion must also be seconded, that is, approved by some one member, at least, expressing his approval by rising, and saying that he seconds the motion; and if a motion be not seconded, no notice whatever is to be taken of it by the presiding officer, though in practice very many motions, particularly those which occur in the ordinary routine of business, are admitted without being seconded. This rule applies as well to subsidiary as principal motions. The seconding of a motion seems to be required, on the ground that the time of the assembly ought not to be taken up by a question which, for anything that appears, has no one in its favor but the mover. There are some apparent exceptions to this rule, which will be stated hereafter, in those cases in which one member alone has the right of instituting or giving direction to a particular proceeding; and an actual exception is sometimes made by a special rule, requiring certain motions to be seconded by more than one member. An exception to the general rule requiring motions to be seconded occurs when it is proposed to proceed with, or to execute, or to enforce, an order of the assembly; as, for example, when it is moved to proceed with an order of the day, or when a member suggests or calls for the enforcement of some order relating to the observance of decorum, or the regularity of proceeding. Thus, in the English House of Commons, a single member may require the enforcement of the standing order for the exclusion of strangers; and so, when the second or other reading of a bill is made the order for a particu-

lar day, a motion on that day to read the bill according to the order need not be seconded.

47. When a motion has been made and seconded, it is then to be stated by the presiding officer to the assembly, and thus becomes a question for its decision; and, until so stated, it is not in order for any other motion to be made, or for any member to speak to it. When moved, seconded, and stated from the chair, a motion is in the possession of the assembly, and cannot be withdrawn by the mover, but by special leave of the assembly, which must be obtained by a motion made and seconded as in other cases, and requires a unanimous vote of the assembly, unless some special rule of the assembly provides to the contrary; but before a motion has been stated by the chair the mover may modify it, or withdraw it altogether, at his pleasure. As a matter of courtesy, he generally asks the consent of his second on doing so.

48. When a motion is regularly before the assembly, it is the duty of the presiding officer to state it, if it be not in writing, or to cause it to be read if it be, as often as any member desires to have it stated or read for his information.

49. When a motion or proposition is regularly before the assembly, no other motion can be received, unless it be one which is previous, in its nature, to the question under consideration, and consequently entitled to take its place for the time being, and be first decided.

CHAPTER V.

Motions in General.

50. When a proposition is made to a deliberative assembly, for its adoption, the assembly may be willing to come to a decision upon it at once; and, when this is the case, nothing more can be necessary than to take the votes of the members, and ascertain the result. But the assembly may prefer some other course of proceeding to an immediate decision of the question in the form in which it is presented. Certain forms of question have from time to time been invented, and are now in general use, for that purpose. These forms of question may properly

¹ Such as, to adjourn, lie on the table, for the previous question, for postponement, commitment, etc.

be called *subsidiary*, in order to distinguish them from the principal motion or question to which they relate.

51. The different states of mind in which a proposition may be received by a deliberative assembly, and the corresponding forms of proceeding, or subsidiary motions to which they give rise, in order to ascertain the sense of the assembly, are the following:—

First. The assembly may look upon the proposition as useless or inexpedient, and may therefore desire to suppress it either for a time or altogether. The subsidiary motions for this purpose are the previous question and indefinite postponement.

Second. The assembly may be willing to entertain and consider a proposition, but not at the time when it is made. The usual motions, under such circumstances, are postponement to some future day or time, and to lie on the table.

Third. The subject-matter of a proposition may be regarded with favor, but the form in which it is introduced may be defective. In this case it is most proper to refer the proposition to a committee.

Fourth. The proposition may be acceptable, but certain alterations and amendments may be thought proper. The motion adapted to this case is to amend.

52. It is not to be supposed that the subsidiary motions above specified are the only ones that have at any time been adopted or used; but they are the forms in most common use, and are entirely sufficient for all practical purposes.

CHAPTER VI.

Motions to Suppress.

53. When a proposition is moved which it is supposed may be regarded by the assembly as useless or inexpedient, and which it may therefore be desirous to get rid of, such proposition may be suppressed for a time by means of the previous question, or altogether by a motion for indefinite postponement.

SECTION I. PREVIOUS QUESTION.

54. The original use of the previous question was the suppression of a main question, but in

this country it has been perverted to a wholly different use, namely, the suppression of debate. When first made use of, in the House of Commons, two centuries ago, the form of the motion was, *Shall the main question be put?* and the effect of a decision of it in the negative was to suppress the main question for the whole session. The form of it was afterwards changed to that which it has at present, namely, *Shall the main question be now put?* and the effect of a negative decision of it now is to suppress the main question for the residue of the day only.

55. But the previous question may be decided in the affirmative, as well as the negative; that is, that the main question shall now be put: in which case, that question is to be put immediately, without any further debate, and in the form in which it then exists. This operation of the previous question, when decided affirmatively, has led to the use of it for the purpose of suppressing debate on a principal question, and coming to a vote upon it immediately; and this is ordinarily the only object of the previous question, as made use of in the legislative assemblies of the United States.

56. In England the previous question is used only for suppressing a main question; the object of the mover is to obtain a decision of it in the negative; and the effect of such a decision is, practically and by parliamentary usage, to dispose of the subject altogether. In this country the previous question is used chiefly for suppressing debate on a main question; the object of the mover is to obtain a decision of it in the affirmative; and the effect of a decision the other way is, in general, merely to suspend the taking of the question for that day. The operation of an affirmative decision is the same in both countries; namely, the putting of the main question immediately, and without further debate, delay, or consideration.

SECT. II. INDEFINITE POSTPONEMENT.

57. In order to suppress a question altogether, without coming to a direct vote upon it, in such a manner that it cannot be renewed, the proper motion is for indefinite postponement; that is, a

postponement or adjournment of the question, without fixing any day for resuming it. The effect of this motion, if decided in the affirmative, is to quash the proposition entirely; as an indefinite adjournment is equivalent to a dissolution, or the continuance of a suit without day is a discontinuance of it. A negative decision has no effect whatever.

CHAPTER VII.

Motions to Postpone.

58. If the assembly is willing to entertain and consider a question, but not at the time when it is moved, the proper course is either to postpone the subject to another day, or to order it to lie on the table.

59. When the members individually want more information than they possess at the time a question is moved, or desire further time for reflection and examination, the proper motion is, to postpone the subject to such future day as will answer the views of the assembly.

60. If the assembly has something else before it, which claims its present attention, and is therefore desirous to postpone a particular proposition until that subject is disposed of, such postponement may be effected by means of a motion that the matter in question lie on the table until the other topic or subject is disposed of. The proper motion for proceeding with a matter that has been ordered to lie on the table is, that the assembly do now proceed to consider that matter or subject, or that the subject be taken up for consideration.

61. A motion to lay on the table is sometimes made use of for the final disposition of a subject; and it always has that effect, when no motion is afterwards made to take it up.

CHAPTER VIII.

Motions to Commit.

62. When the subject-matter of a proposition is regarded with favor; but revision or consideration is necessary that cannot conveniently be given to it in the assembly itself, the course of proceeding then is, to refer the subject to a committee.

63. If there is a standing committee of the assembly, whose functions embrace the subject in question, the motion should be to refer it to that committee; if there is no such committee, then the motion should be to refer to a select committee.

64. When a subject is referred or recommended, the committee may be instructed or ordered by the assembly, as to any part or the whole of the duties assigned them; or the subject may be left with them without instructions. The committee can only consider the matter referred to it; and consequently is not at liberty, like the assembly itself, to change the subject under consideration by means of an amendment. This rule is equally applicable to committees of the whole.

65. A part only of a subject may be committed, without the residue; or different parts may be committed to different committees.

66. A commitment with instructions is sometimes made use of, as a convenient mode of procuring further information, and, at the same time, of postponing the consideration of a subject to a future though uncertain day.

CHAPTER IX.

Motions to Amend.

67. When the assembly is satisfied with the subject-matter of a proposition, but desires to make some addition to it, or change in its form, the course of proceeding then is to make its details satisfactory by means of amendments having the same general purpose in view. The amendment will be first considered when taking the vote.

SECTION I. DIVISION OF A QUESTION.

68. When a proposition or motion is complicated, that is, composed of two or more parts which are so far independent of each other as to be susceptible of division into several questions, and it is supposed that the assembly may approve of some, but not of all these parts, it is a compendious mode of amendment to divide the motion into separate questions, to be separately voted upon and decided by the assembly. This

division may take place by the order of the assembly, or a motion regularly made and seconded for the purpose.

69. When a motion is thus divided, it becomes a series of questions to be considered and treated each by itself, as an independent proposition in the order in which they stand. A complicated question can only be separated by moving amendments to it in the usual manner, or by moving to a division of it in the manner above stated.

70. It is usually the province of the presiding officer (subject, of course, to the revision of the assembly) to decide, when the division of a motion is demanded, first, whether the proposition is susceptible of division; and, secondly, into how many and what parts it may be divided.

71. A proposition, in order to be divisible, must comprehend points so distinct and entire that if one or more of them be taken away, the others may stand entire and by themselves.

SECT. II. FILLING BLANKS.

72. It often happens that a proposition is introduced with blanks purposely left by the mover to be filled by the assembly, either with times and numbers, or with provisions analogous to those of the proposition itself. In the latter case, blanks are filled in the same way that other amendments by the insertion of words are made. In the former, propositions to fill blanks are not considered as amendments to the question, but as original motions, to be made and decided before the principal question.

73. In determining upon the order to be adopted, the object is not to begin at that extreme, which and more, being within every man's wish, no one can vote against it, and yet, if it should be carried in the affirmative, every question for more would be precluded; but at that extreme which will be likely to unite the fewest, and then to advance or recede until a number or time is reached which will unite a majority.

SECT. III. ADDITION, SEPARATION, TRANSPOSITION.

74. When the matters contained in two separate propositions might be better put into one,

the mode of proceeding is to reject one of them, and then to incorporate the substance of it with the other by way of amendment. A better mode, however, if the business of the assembly will admit of its being adopted, is to refer both propositions to a committee, with instructions to incorporate them together in one.

75. If the matter of one proposition would be more properly distributed into two, any part of it may be struck out by way of amendment, and put into the form of a new and distinct proposition. But in this, as in the former case, a better mode would generally be to refer the subject to a committee.

76. In like manner, if a paragraph or section requires to be transposed, a question must be put on striking it out where it stands, and another for inserting it in the place desired.

SECT. IV. WITHDRAWAL, MODIFICATION OR AMENDMENT BY THE MOVER.

77. The mover of a proposition, after it has been stated as a question by the presiding officer, must obtain the permission of the assembly, by a motion and question for the purpose, in order to enable him to modify or withdraw his proposition. A withdrawal requires unanimous consent of the members present.

78. So, too, when an amendment has been regularly moved, seconded and stated, its relation is the same with that described in the preceding paragraph, it of course rests upon the same foundation, and is subject to the same rule.

Before a motion has been stated, the mover may modify or withdraw it at his pleasure; after it has been stated, he can only withdraw or modify it by general consent; he may, however, like any other member, move to amend.

SECTION V. GENERAL RULES RELATING TO AMENDMENTS.

79. All amendments of which a proposition is susceptible, so far as form is concerned, may be effected in one of three ways, namely: either by inserting or adding certain words; or by striking out certain words; or by striking out certain words and inserting or adding others. These

several forms of amendment are subject to certain general rules, which, being equally applicable to them all, require to be stated beforehand.

80. First Rule. When a proposition consists of several sections, paragraphs, or resolutions, the natural order of considering and amending it is to begin at the beginning, and to proceed through it in course by paragraphs; and, when a latter part has been amended, it is not in order to recur back, and make any alteration or amendment of a former part.

81. Second Rule. Every amendment which can be proposed, whether by striking out, or inserting, or striking out and inserting, is itself susceptible of amendment; but there can be no amendment of an amendment to an amendment.

82. Thus, if a proposition consist of A B, and it is proposed to amend by inserting C D, it may be moved to amend the amendment by inserting E F; but it cannot be moved to amend this amendment, as, for example, by inserting G. The only mode by which this can be reached is to reject the amendment in the form in which it is presented, namely, to insert E F, and to move it in the form in which it is desired to be amended, namely, to insert E F G.

83. Third Rule. Whatever is agreed to by the assembly, on a vote, either adopting or rejecting a proposed amendment, cannot be afterwards altered or amended.

Thus, if a proposition consist of A B, and it is moved to insert C, if the amendment prevail, C cannot be afterwards amended, because it has been agreed to in that form; and so, if it is moved to strike out B, and the amendment is rejected, B cannot afterwards be amended, because a vote against striking it out is equivalent to a vote agreeing to it as it stands.

84. Fourth Rule. Whatever is disagreed to by the assembly, on a vote, cannot be afterwards moved again. This rule is the converse of the preceding, and may be illustrated in the same manner.

85. Fifth Rule. The inconsistency or incompatibility of a proposed amendment with one which has already been adopted is a fit ground for its rejection by the assembly, but not for the

suppression of it by the presiding officer, as against order.

SECTION VI. AMENDMENTS BY STRIKING OUT.

86. If an amendment is proposed by striking out a particular paragraph or certain words, and the amendment is rejected, it cannot be again moved to strike out the same words or a part of them; but it may be moved to strike out the same words with others, or to strike out a part of the same words with others, provided the coherence to be struck out be so substantial as to make these, in fact, different propositions from the former.

87. If an amendment by striking out is agreed to, it cannot be afterwards moved to insert the same words struck out, or a part of them; but it may be moved to insert the same words with others, or a part of the same words with others, provided the coherence to be inserted make these propositions substantially different from the first.

88. When it is proposed to amend by striking out a particular paragraph, it may be moved to amend this amendment in three different ways, namely: either by striking out a part only of the paragraph, or by inserting or adding words, or by striking out and inserting.

89. As an amendment must necessarily be put to the question before the principal motion, so the question must be put on an amendment to an amendment before it is put on the amendment.

90. When a motion for striking out words is put to the question, the parliamentary form always is, whether the words *shall stand as part* of the principal motion, and not whether they *shall be struck out*.

91. On a motion to amend by striking out certain words, the manner of stating the question is, first to read the passage proposed to be amended, as it stands; then the words proposed to be struck out; and, lastly, the whole passage as it will stand if the amendment is adopted.

SECT. VII. AMENDMENTS BY INSERTING.

92. If an amendment is proposed by inserting or adding a paragraph or words, and the amend-

ment is rejected, it cannot be moved again to insert the same words or a part of them; but it may be moved to insert the same words with others or a part of the same words with others, provided the coherence really make them different propositions.

93. If it is proposed to amend by inserting a paragraph, and the amendment prevails, it cannot be afterwards moved to strike out the same words or a part of them; but it may be moved to strike out the same words with others,¹ or a part of the same words with others, provided the coherence be such as make the proposition really different from the first.

94. When it is proposed to amend by inserting a paragraph, this amendment may be amended in three different ways; namely, either by striking out a part of the paragraph, or by inserting something into it, or by striking out and inserting.

95. When it is proposed to amend by inserting a paragraph, those who are in favor of the amendment should amend it, if necessary, before the question is taken; because, if it is rejected, it cannot be moved again, and if received, it cannot be amended.

96. On a motion to amend by inserting a paragraph, the manner of stating the question is first to read the passage to be amended, as it stands; then the words proposed to be inserted; and lastly, the whole passage as it will stand if the amendment prevails.

SECT. VIII. AMENDMENT BY STRIKING OUT AND INSERTING.

97. The third form of amending a proposition, namely, by striking out certain words and inserting others in their place, is, in fact, a combination of the other two forms, and may accordingly be divided into those two forms, either by a vote of the assembly, or on the demand of a member under a special rule to that effect. When the parliamentary form of putting the question, on a motion to strike or leave out words, is adopted, the question is first stated that

¹ This is the common case of striking out a paragraph, after having amended it by inserting words.

the words proposed to be struck out stand as part of the motion. If this question passes in the negative, a question is then to be stated on inserting the words proposed, which may be amended like any other motion to insert or add words. If the question on the standing of the words passes in the affirmative, the residue of the motion to strike out and insert falls without a question. According to the parliamentary form, therefore, a motion to strike out and insert is necessarily divided.

98. When the motion is divided, the question is first to be taken on striking out, and if that is decided in the affirmative, then on inserting; but if the former is decided in the negative, the latter falls, of course. On a division, the proceedings are the same in reference to each branch of the question, beginning with the striking out, as if each branch had been moved by itself.

99. If the motion to strike out and insert is put to the question undivided, and is decided in the negative, the same motion cannot be made again: but it may be moved to strike out the same words, and, 1, insert nothing; 2, insert other words; 3, insert the same words with others; 4, insert a part of the same words with others; 5, strike out the same words with others, and insert the same; 6, strike out a part of the same words with others, and insert the same; 7, strike out other words, and insert the same; and, 8, insert the same words, without striking out anything.

100. If the motion to strike out and insert is decided in the affirmative, it cannot be then moved to insert the words struck out or a part of them, or to strike out the words inserted or a part of them: but it may be moved, 1, to insert the same words with others; 2, to insert a part of the same words with others; 3, to strike out the same words with others; or, 4, to strike out a part of the same words with others.

101. When it is proposed to amend by striking out and inserting, this amendment may be amended in three different ways in the paragraph proposed to be struck out, and also in the paragraph proposed to be inserted; namely, by striking out, or inserting, or striking out and

inserting. And those who are in favor of either paragraph must amend it before the question is taken, for the reasons that, if decided in the affirmative, the part struck out cannot be restored, nor can the part inserted be amended; and, if decided in the negative, the part proposed to be struck out cannot be amended, nor can the paragraph proposed to be inserted be moved again.

102. On a motion to amend by striking out certain words and inserting others, the manner of stating the question is, first to read the whole passage to be amended, as it stands; then the words proposed to be struck out; next, those to be inserted; and, lastly, the whole passage as it will stand when amended.

[NOTE.—It is essential to any tolerably rapid transaction of business, that no proposition should by a simple change of form be brought twice before the assembly. If it desires further to consider the matter, it can always do so by a vote to reconsider, although it might be necessary in some cases to suspend a general rule for that purpose.]

SEC. IX. AMENDMENTS CHANGING THE NATURE OF A QUESTION.

103. The term “amendment” is in strictness applicable only to those changes of a proposition by which it is improved. Hence it seems proper, that those only should undertake to amend a proposition who are friendly to it; but this is by no means the rule: when a proposition is regularly moved, seconded and stated, it is in the possession of the assembly, and may be put into any shape, and turned to any purpose, that the assembly may think proper.

104. It is consequently allowable to amend a proposition in such a manner as entirely to alter its nature, and to make it bear a sense different from what it was originally intended to bear; so that the friends of it, as it was first introduced, may themselves be forced to vote against it in its amended form.

105. This mode of proceeding is sometimes adopted for the purpose of defeating a proposition, by compelling its original friends to unite with those who are opposed to it, in voting for

its rejection. But sometimes the nature of a proposition is changed by means of amendments, with a view to its adoption in a sense the very opposite of what it was originally intended to bear.

106. Another mode of defeating a proposition is to carry out or extend the principle of it, by means of amendments, so as to show the inconvenience, absurdity, or danger of its adoption, with such evident clearness that it becomes impossible for the assembly to agree to it. Thus, a motion having been made in the House of Commons, “for copies of all the letters written by the lords of the admiralty to a certain officer in the navy,” it was moved to amend the motion by adding these words: “which letters may contain orders, or be relative to orders not executed and still subsisting.” This amendment being adopted, the motion as amended was unanimously rejected.

107. It will be seen, from the foregoing, that, as the mover of a proposition is under no restriction as to embracing incongruous matters under the same motion, so, on the other hand, the assembly may ingraft upon a motion, by way of amendment, matter which is not only incongruous with, but entirely opposed to, the motion as originally introduced; and in legislative assemblies it is not unusual to amend a bill by striking out all after the enacting clause, and inserting an entirely new bill; or, to amend a resolution by striking out all after the words, “Resolved that,” and inserting a proposition of a wholly different tenor.

CHAPTER X.

The Order and Succession of Questions.

108. It is a general rule that when a proposition is regularly before a deliberative assembly, for its consideration, no other proposition or motion can regularly be made or arise so as to take the place of the former, and be first acted upon, unless it be either, *first*, a privileged question; *secondly*, a subsidiary question; or, *thirdly*, an incidental question or motion.

109. All these motions take the place of the principal motion or main question, as it is usually

called, and are to be first put to the question; and among themselves, also, there are some which, in like manner, take the place of all the others. Some of these questions merely supersede the principal question, until they have been decided, and when decided, whether affirmatively or negatively, leave that question as before. Others of them also supersede the principal question until they are decided; and, when decided one way, dispose of the principal question, but, if decided the other way, leave it as before.

SECTION I. PRIVILEGED QUESTIONS.

110. There are certain motions or questions which, on account of the superior importance attributed to them, either in consequence of a vote of the assembly, or in themselves considered, or of the necessity of the proceedings to which they lead, are entitled to take the place of any other subject or proposition which may then be under consideration, and to be first acted upon and decided by the assembly. These are called privileged questions, because they are entitled to precedence over other questions, though they are of different degrees among themselves. Questions of this nature are of three kinds: namely, *first*, motions to adjourn; *secondly*, motions or questions relating to the rights and privileges of the assembly, or of its members individually; and, *thirdly*, motions for the orders of the day.

ADJOURNMENT.

111. A motion to adjourn takes the place of all other questions whatsoever (but it may not immediately follow a motion to adjourn, before another motion or business has been considered); for otherwise the assembly might be kept sitting against its will, and for an indefinite time, but, in order to entitle this motion to precedence, it must be simply to "adjourn," without the addition of any particular day or time; though, if a motion to adjourn is made when no other business is before the assembly, it may be amended like other questions.

112. A motion to adjourn is merely, "that this assembly do now adjourn;" and, if it is carried in the affirmative, the assembly is adjourned to

the next sitting day; unless it has previously come to a resolution, that, on rising, it will adjourn to a particular day; in which case, it is adjourned to that day.

113. An adjournment without day, that is, without any time being fixed for re-assembling, would, in the case of any other than a legislative assembly, be equivalent to a dissolution. A better form would be a motion to dissolve, where the organization is not to meet again.

114. When a question is interrupted by an adjournment before any vote or question has been taken upon it, it is thereby removed from before the assembly, and will not stand before it, as a matter of course, at its next meeting, but must be brought forward in the usual way.

QUESTIONS OF PRIVILEGE.

115. The questions next in relative importance, and which supersede all others for the time being, except that of adjournment, are those which concern the rights and privileges of the assembly or of its individual members; as, for example, when the proceedings of the assembly are disturbed or interrupted, whether by strangers or members, or where a quarrel arises between two members; and, in these cases, the matter of privilege supersedes the question pending at the time, together with all subsidiary and incidental ones, and must be first disposed of. When settled, the question interrupted by it is to be resumed at the point where it was suspended.

ORDERS OF THE DAY.

116. When the consideration of a subject has been assigned for a particular day, by an order of the assembly, the matter so assigned is called the order of the day for that day. If, in the course of business, as commonly happens in legislative assemblies, there are several subjects assigned for the same day, they are called the orders of the day.

117. A question which is thus made the subject of an order for its consideration on a particular day is thereby made a privileged question for that day; the order being a repeal, as to this special case, of the general rule as to business.

If, therefore, any other proposition (with the exception of the two preceding) is moved, or arises, on the day assigned for the consideration of a particular subject, a motion for the order of the day will supersede the question first made, together with all subsidiary and incidental questions connected with it, and must be first put and decided; for, if the debate or consideration of that subject were allowed to proceed, it might continue through the day, and thus defeat the order.

118. But this motion, to entitle it to precedence, must be for the orders generally, if there is more than one, and not for any particular one; and if decided in the affirmative, that is, that the assembly will now proceed to the orders of the day, they must then be read and gone through with in the order in which they stand; priority of order being considered to give priority of right.

119. If the consideration of a subject is assigned for a particular hour on the day named, a motion to proceed to it is not a privileged motion, until that hour has arrived; but, if no hour is fixed, the order is for the entire day and every part of it.

120. Where there are several orders of the day, and one of them is fixed for a particular hour, if the orders are taken up before that hour, they are to be proceeded with as they stand, until that hour, and then the subject assigned for that hour is the next in order; but, if the orders are taken up at that time or afterwards, that particular subject must be considered as the first in order.

121. If the motion for the orders of the day is decided in the affirmative, the original question is removed from before the assembly, in the same manner as if it had been interrupted by an adjournment, and does not stand before the assembly, as a matter of course, at its next meeting, but must be renewed in the usual way.

122. If the motion is decided in the negative, the vote of the assembly is a discharge of the orders, so far as they interfere with the consideration of the subject then before it, and entitles that subject to be first disposed of.

123. Orders of the day, unless proceeded in and disposed of on the day assigned, fall, of course, and must be renewed for some other day. It may be provided, however, by a special rule, as in the legislative assemblies of Massachusetts, that the orders for a particular day shall hold for every succeeding day, until disposed of.

SECT. II. INCIDENTAL QUESTIONS.

124. Incidental questions are such as arise out of other questions, and are consequently to be decided before the questions which give rise to them. Of this nature are, *first*, questions of order; *second*, motions for the reading of papers, etc.; *third*, leave to withdraw a motion; *fourth*, suspension of a rule; and, *fifth*, amendment of an amendment.

QUESTIONS OF ORDER.

125. It is the duty of the presiding officer of a deliberative assembly to enforce the rules and orders of the body over which he presides, in all its proceedings; and this without question, debate, or delay, in all cases in which the breach of order, or the departure from rule, is manifest. It is also the right of every member, taking notice of the breach of a rule, to insist upon the enforcement of it in the same manner.

126. But though no question can be made as to the enforcement of the rules, when there is a breach or manifest departure from them, so long as any member insists upon their enforcement, yet questions may and do frequently arise as to the fact of their being a breach of order, or a violation of the rules, in a particular proceeding; and these questions must be decided before a case can arise for the enforcement of the rules. Questions of this kind are denominated questions of order.

127. When any question of this nature arises in the course of any other proceeding, it necessarily supersedes the further consideration of the subject out of which it arises, until that question is disposed of; then the original motion or proceeding revives, and resumes its former position, unless it has been itself disposed of by the question of order.

128. When a question of order is raised, it is decided, in the first instance, by the presiding officer, without any previous debate or discussion by the assembly. The presiding officer may, before giving his opinion, if he pleases, ask the opinions of others, but when he is ready to give his opinion he may do so at once without hearing further from any member. If the decision of the presiding officer is not satisfactory, any one member may object to it, and have the question decided by the assembly. This is called *appealing* from the decision of the chair. The question is then stated by the presiding officer, on the appeal; namely, *Shall the decision of the chair stand as the decision of the assembly?* and it is thereupon debated and decided by the assembly in the same manner as any other question; except that the presiding officer is allowed to take a part in the debate, which, on ordinary occasions, he is prohibited from doing.

READING PAPERS.

129. It is, for obvious reasons, a general rule, that where papers are laid before a deliberative assembly for its action, every member has a right to have them once read at the table, before he can be compelled to vote on them; and consequently, when the reading of any paper relative to a question before the assembly is called for under this rule, no question need be made as to the reading: the paper is read by the clerk, under the direction of the presiding officer, as a matter of course.

130. But, with the exception of papers coming under this rule, it is not the right of any member to read himself, or to have read, any paper, book, or document whatever, without the leave of the assembly, upon a motion made and a question put for the purpose. The delay and interruption which would otherwise ensue from reading every paper that might be called for show the absolute necessity of restricting the rule within the narrowest possible limits, consistently with permitting every member to have as much information as possible on the subjects in reference to which he is about to vote.

131. When, therefore, a member desires that

any paper, book, or document, on the table, whether printed or written (except as above mentioned), should be read for his own information, or that of the assembly; or desires to read any such paper, book, or document, in his place, in the course of a debate or otherwise, or even to read his own speech which he has prepared beforehand, and committed to writing,—in all these cases, if any objection is made, he must obtain leave of the assembly for the reading, by a motion and vote for the purpose.

132. When the reading of a paper is evidently for information, and not for delay, it is the usual practice for the presiding officer to allow it, unless objection is made, in which case leave must be asked; and this is seldom refused, where there is no intentional or gross abuse of the time and patience of the assembly.

133. It is not now the practice, as it once was, in legislative assemblies, to read all papers that are presented, especially when they are referred to committees immediately on their presentation; though the right of every member to insist upon one reading is still admitted. It would be impossible, with the amount of business done by legislative bodies at the present day, to devote much of their time to the reading of papers.

134. When, in the course of a debate or other proceeding, the reading of a paper is called for, and a question is made upon it, this question is incidental to the former, and must be first decided.

SUSPENSION OF A RULE.

135. When any contemplated motion or proceeding is rendered impracticable, by reason of the existence of some special rule by which it is prohibited, it has become an established practice in this country, to suspend or dispense with the rule, for the purpose of admitting the proceeding or motion which is desired. This can only be done by a motion and question; usually requiring, by special rule, a majority of two-thirds to three-fourths to carry; where this is not provided, there is no other mode of suspending or dispensing with a rule than by general consent. A motion to suspend the rule supersedes the orig-

inal question for the time being, and is first to be decided.

SECTION III. SUBSIDIARY QUESTIONS.

136. Subsidiary or secondary questions or motions are those which relate to a principal motion, and are made use of to enable the assembly to dispose of it in the most appropriate manner. These motions have the effect to supersede, and in some cases, when decided one way, to dispose of, the principal question.

137. The subsidiary motions in common use are the following, namely: lie on the table, the previous question, postponement either indefinite or to a day certain, commitment, and amendment. All of which have already been considered, consequently are but briefly treated here.

LIE ON THE TABLE.

138. The motion to lay on the table takes precedence of and supersedes all other subsidiary motions. If decided in the affirmative, the principal motion, together with all the other motions, subsidiary and incidental, connected with it, is removed from before the assembly, until it is again taken up; which it may be by motion and vote, at any time when the assembly pleases. If decided in the negative, the business proceeds in the same manner as if the motion had never been made.

PREVIOUS QUESTION.

139. This motion stands in an equal degree with all the other subsidiary motions, except the motion to lie on the table; and consequently, if first moved, is not subject to be superseded by a motion to postpone, commit, or amend.

140. If the previous question is moved before the others above mentioned, and put to the question, it has the effect to prevent those motions from being made at all. The same rule holds good for motions to postpone, commit, or amend. The motion first made takes precedence of all other subsidiary motions, except to lie on the table.

POSTPONEMENT.

141. The motion to postpone is either indefinite or to a day certain, and, in both these forms.

may be amended,—in the former, by making it to a day certain; in the latter, by substituting one day for another.

142. If, therefore, a motion is made for an indefinite postponement, it may be moved to amend the motion by making it to a day certain. If a motion is made for a postponement to a day certain, it may be amended by the substitution of a different day.

143. If a motion for postponement is decided affirmatively, the proposition to which it is applied is removed from before the assembly, with all its appendages and incidents, and consequently there is no ground for either of the other subsidiary motions; if decided negatively, that the proposition shall not be postponed, that question may then be suppressed by the previous question, or committed, or amended.

COMMITMENT.

144. A motion to commit, or recommit (which is the term used when the proposition has already been once committed), may be amended by the substitution of one kind of committee for another, or by enlarging or diminishing the number of the members of the committee as originally proposed, or by instructions to the committee.

145. If decided affirmatively, the proposition is removed from before the assembly, and consequently there is no ground for the previous question or for postponement or amendment; if negatively, to wit, that the principal question shall not be committed, that question may then be suppressed by the previous question, or postponed, or amended.

AMENDMENT.

146. A motion to amend, as has been seen, may be itself amended. This motion is liable to be superseded by a motion to postpone to a day certain; so that, amendment and postponement competing, the latter is to be first put. The reason is, that a question for amendment is not suppressed by postponing or adjourning the principal question, but remains before the assembly whenever the main question is resumed.

147. A motion to amend may also be superseded by a motion to commit; so that the latter, though subsequently moved, is to be first put, because, "in truth, it facilitates and befriends the motion to amend."

148. The effect of both a negative and an affirmative decision of amendments has already been considered. (79 to 102.)

CHAPTER XI.

The Order of Proceeding.

149. When several subjects are before the assembly, that is, on their table for consideration (for there can be but a single subject *under* consideration at any one time), and no priority has been given to any one over another, the presiding officer is not precisely bound to any order as to what matters shall be first taken up; but is left to his own discretion, unless the assembly on a question decide to take up a particular subject.

150. A settled order of business, however, is useful if not necessary for the government of the presiding officer, and to restrain individual members from calling up favorite measures. The order of business may be established in virtue of some general rule, or by special orders relating to each particular subject, and must, of course, necessarily depend upon the nature and amount of the matters before the assembly.

151. The natural order in considering and amending any paper which consists of several distinct propositions is, to begin at the beginning, and proceed through it by paragraphs. To this natural order of beginning at the beginning, there is one exception according to parliamentary usage, where a resolution or series of resolutions, or other paper, has a preamble or title; in which case, the preamble or title is postponed until the residue of the paper is gone through with.

152. In considering a proposition consisting of several paragraphs, the course is, for the whole paper to be read entirely through, in the first place, by the clerk; then a second time, by the presiding officer, by paragraphs; pausing at the end of each, and putting questions for amending, if amendments are proposed; and, when the whole paper has been gone through with in this

manner, the presiding officer puts the final question on agreeing to or adopting the whole paper, as amended or unamended.

153. When a paper which has been referred to a committee, and reported back to the assembly, is taken up for consideration, the amendments only are first read, in course, by the clerk. The presiding officer then reads the first, and puts it to the question, and so on until the whole are adopted or rejected, before any other amendment is admitted, with the exception of an amendment to an amendment, afterwards giving opportunity for the assembly to offer amendments; and, when through the whole, he puts the question on agreeing to or adopting the paper, as the resolution, order, etc., of the assembly. If carried, the resolution or order is then to be entered in the journal as the resolution, etc., of the assembly, and not as the report of the committee accepted.

154. When the paper referred to a committee is reported back, as amended, in a new draft (which may be and often is done, where the amendments are numerous and comparatively unimportant), the new draft is to be considered as an amendment, and it is to be first amended, if necessary, and then put to the question as an amendment reported by the committee; or, the course may be first to accept the new draft as a substitute for the original paper, and then to treat it as such.

155. It often happens, that, besides a principal question, there are several others connected with it, pending at the same time, which are to be taken in their order: as, for example, suppose, *first*, a principal motion; *second*, a motion to amend; *third*, a motion to commit; *fourth*, the preceding motions being pending, a question of order arises in the debate, which gives occasion, *fifth*, to a question of privilege; and this leads, *sixth*, to a subsidiary motion, as, to lie on the table. The regular course of proceeding requires the motion to lie on the table to be first put; if this is negatived, the question of privilege is then settled; after that comes the question of order; then the question of commitment; if that is negatived, the question of amendment is

taken; and, lastly, the main question. This example will sufficiently illustrate the manner in which questions may grow out of one another, and in what order they are to be decided.¹

156. It is a most unparliamentary and abusive proceeding to allow a principal motion, and a subsidiary one relating to it, to be proposed and stated together, and to be put to the question in their order; as is done when a member moves a principal question—a resolution, for example—and, at the same time, the previous question, or that the resolution lie on the table. In such a case the presiding officer should take no notice whatever of the subsidiary motion, but should propose the principal one by itself in the usual manner, before allowing any other to be made. Other members then would not be deprived of their rights in debate, etc., in relation to the subject moved.

157. When a member has obtained the floor, he cannot be cut off from addressing the assembly on the one question before it; nor, when speaking, can he be interrupted in his speech by any other member rising, and moving an adjournment, or for the orders of the day, or by making any other privileged motion of the same kind: it being a general rule that a member in possession of the floor, or proceeding with his speech, cannot be taken down or interrupted but by a call to order; and the question of order being decided, he is still to be heard through. A call for an adjournment, or for the orders of the day, or for the question, by gentlemen in their seats, is not a motion; as no motion can be made without rising and addressing the chair, and being called to by the presiding officer. Such calls for the question are themselves breaches of order, which, though the member who has risen may respect them as an expression of the impatience of the assembly at further debate, do not prevent him from going on if he pleases. When, therefore, a member rises whilst another is speaking, and addresses the chair, he should inform the presiding officer that he rises to a point of order, or to the orders of the assembly, or to a matter of

privilege. It will then be the duty of the presiding officer to direct the member speaking to suspend his remarks, or to resume his seat, and the member rising to proceed with the statement of his point or other matter of order or of privilege. If the latter, on proceeding, discloses matter which shows that the interruption was proper, the subject so introduced must first be disposed of; and then the member who was interrupted is to be directed to proceed with his speech. If it appears that there was no sufficient ground for the interruption, the member rising is to be directed to resume his seat; and the member interrupted to proceed with his speech. Any matter of privilege affecting the assembly itself, or any of its members, of which the assembly ought to have instant information, furnishes an occasion for interruption; as, for example, where access to the place of sitting of the assembly is obstructed, or the person of a member is attacked; or where something connected with the proceeding of the assembly requires instant attention, as where it becomes necessary to have lights; or where something occurs relative to the member himself who is speaking, as where he is annoyed and disturbed by noise and disorder, or where, in consequence of his strength failing him, it becomes necessary that he should finish his speech sitting.

CHAPTER XII.

Order in Debate.

158. It is a general rule, in all deliberative assemblies, that the presiding officer shall not participate in the debate or other proceedings, in any other capacity than as such officer. He is only allowed, therefore, to state matters of fact within his knowledge; to inform the assembly on points of order or the course of proceeding, when called upon for that purpose, or when he finds it necessary to do so; and, on appeals from his decision on questions of order, to address the assembly in debate.

SECTION I. AS TO THE MANNER OF SPEAKING.

159. When a member desires to address the assembly on any subject before it (as well as to make a motion), he is to rise and stand up in his

¹ The order of motions, for the disposal of any question, is usually fixed by a special rule, in legislative assemblies.

place, uncovered, and to address himself not to the assembly or any particular member, but to the presiding officer, who, on hearing him, calls to him by his name, that the assembly may take notice who it is that speaks, and give their attention accordingly. If any question arises, as to who shall be entitled to the floor where several members rise at or nearly at the same time, it is decided in the manner already described (38), as to obtaining the floor to make a motion.

160. It is customary, indeed, for the presiding officer, after a motion has been made, seconded, and proposed, to give the floor to the mover,¹ in preference to others, if he rises to speak; or, on resuming a debate after an adjournment, to give the floor, if he desires it, to the mover of the adjournment, in preference to other members; or, where two or more members claim the floor, to prefer him who is opposed to the measure in question; but, in all these cases, the determination of the presiding officer may be overruled by the assembly.

161. No person, in speaking, is to mention a member then present by his name; but to describe him by his seat in the assembly, or as the member who spoke last, or last but one, or on the other side of the question, or by some other equivalent expression. The purpose of this rule is to guard as much as possible against the excitement of all personal feeling, by separating, as it were, the official from the personal character of each member.

162. If the presiding officer rises up to speak, any other member who may have risen for the same purpose ought to sit down, in order that the former may be first heard; but this rule does not authorize the presiding officer to interrupt a member whilst speaking, or to cut off one to whom he has given the floor; he must wait like other members, until such member has done speaking,

¹ Sometimes a member, instead of proposing his motion at first, proceeds with his speech; but in such a case he is liable to be taken down to order, unless he states that he intends to conclude with a motion, and informs the assembly what that motion is; and then he may be allowed to proceed.

except when the member himself is guilty of a breach of order.

163. A member, whilst speaking, must remain standing in his place, uncovered; and, when he has finished his speech, he ought to resume his seat; but if unable to stand without pain or inconvenience, in consequence of age, sickness, or other infirmity, he may be indulged to speak sitting.

SECT. II. AS TO THE MATTER IN SPEAKING.

164. Every question that can be made in a deliberative assembly is susceptible of being debated,² according to its nature; that is, every member has the right of expressing his opinion upon it. Hence it is a general rule, and the principal one relating to this matter, that, in debate, those who speak are to confine themselves to the question, and not to speak impertinently or beside the subject. So long as a member has the floor, and keeps within the rule, he may speak for as long a time as he pleases.

165. It is also a rule, that no person, in speaking, is to use indecent language against the proceedings of the assembly, or to reflect upon any of its prior determinations, unless he means to conclude his remarks with a motion to rescind such determination; but while a proposition under consideration is still pending, and not adopted, though it may have been reported by a committee, reflections on it are no reflections on the assembly. The rule applies equally to the proceedings of committees; which are, indeed, the proceedings of the assembly.

166. Another rule in speaking is, that no member is at liberty to digress from the matter of the question, to fall upon the person of another, and to speak reviling, nipping, or unmannerly words of or to him. The nature or consequences of a measure may be reprobated in strong terms; but to arraign the motives of those who advocate it, is a personality and against order.

² In legislative bodies, it is usual to provide that certain questions, as, for example, to adjourn, to lie on the table, for the previous question, or as to the order of business, shall be decided without debate.

167. It often happens, in the consideration of a subject, that, whilst the general question remains the same, the particular question before the assembly is constantly changing: thus while, for example, the general question is on the adoption of a series of resolutions, the particular question may, at one moment, be on an amendment; at another, on postponement; and, again, on the previous question. In all these cases, the particular question supersedes, for the time, the main question; and those who speak to it must confine their remarks accordingly. The enforcement of order in this respect requires the closest attention on the part of the presiding officer.

168. When a member is interrupted by the presiding officer, or called to order by a member, for irrelevancy or departing from the question, he is still to be allowed to proceed in order, that is, abandoning the objectionable course of remark.

SECT. III. AS TO TIMES OF SPEAKING.

169. The general rule in all deliberative assemblies, unless it is otherwise specially provided, is, that no member shall speak more than once to the same question;¹ but when all members who desire to speak have spoken, a member may speak a second time by leave of the assembly.

170. If a resolution is moved and debated, and then referred to a committee, those who speak on the introduction of the motion may speak again on the question presented by the report of the committee, though it is substantially the same question with the former; and so a member who has spoken on the principal or main question may speak again on all the subsidiary or incidental questions arising in the course of the debate. That is, he may speak to the same subject as often as it is presented in the form of a different question.

171. A member may also be permitted to speak a second time in the same debate, in order to clear a matter of fact, or merely to explain himself in some material part of his speech; or

¹ The mover and seconder, if they do not speak to the question at the time when the motion is made and seconded, have the same right with other members to address the assembly.

to the orders of the assembly, if they be transgressed (although no question may be made), but carefully keeping within that line, and not falling into the matter itself.

172. It is sometimes supposed that because a member has a right to explain himself, he therefore has a right to interrupt another member whilst speaking, in order to make the explanation, but this is a mistake; he should wait until the member speaking has finished; and if a member, on being requested, yields the floor for an explanation, he relinquishes it altogether.

SECT. IV. AS TO STOPPING DEBATE.

173. The only mode in use in this country, until recently, for the purpose of putting an end to an unprofitable or tiresome debate, was by moving the previous question; the effect of which motion has already been explained.

174. The other mode of putting an end to debate, which has recently been introduced into use, is for the assembly to adopt beforehand, a special order in reference to a particular subject, that at such a time specified, all debate upon it shall cease, and all motions or questions pending in relation to it shall be decided.

175. Another rule, which has lately been introduced for the purpose of shortening rather than stopping debate, is that no member shall be permitted to speak more than a certain specified time on any question; so that when the time allotted has expired, the presiding officer announces the fact, and the member speaking resumes his seat.

SECT. V. AS TO DECORUM IN DEBATE.

176. Every member having the right to be heard, every other member is bound to conduct himself in such a manner that this right may be effectual. Hence it is a rule of order, as well as of decency, that no member is to disturb another in his speech by any disorderly deportment which tends to disturb or disconcert a member who is speaking. (See 32.)

177. But if a member speaking finds that he is not regarded with that respectful attention which his equal right demands,—that it is not the

inclination of the assembly to hear him, and that by conversation or any other noise they endeavor to drown his voice,—it is his most prudent course to submit himself to the pleasure of the assembly, and to sit down.

178. It is the duty of the presiding officer, in such a case, to endeavor to reduce the assembly to order and decorum; but if his repeated calls to order, and his appeals to the good sense and decency of the members prove ineffectual, it then becomes his duty to call by name any member who obstinately persists in irregularity and to try him before the assembly as already provided. (33 and 34.)

179. If, on repeated trials, the presiding officer finds that the assembly will not support him in the exercise of his authority, he will then be justified, but not till then, in permitting without censure every kind of disorder.

SECT VI. AS TO DISORDERLY WORDS.

180. If a member, in speaking, makes use of language which is personally offensive to another or insulting to the assembly, and the member offended, or any other, thinks proper to complain of it to the assembly, the course of proceeding is as follows:

181. The member speaking is immediately interrupted in the course of his speech, by another or several members rising and calling to order; and the member who objects or complains of the words is then called upon by the presiding officer to state the words which he complains of, repeating them exactly as he conceives them to have been spoken, in order that they may be reduced to writing by the clerk; or the member complaining, without being so called upon, may proceed at once to state the words either verbally or in writing and desire that the clerk may take them down at the table. The presiding officer may then direct the clerk to take them down; but if he sees the objection to be a trivial one, and thinks there is no foundation for their being thought disorderly, he will prudently delay giving any such directions, in order not unnecessarily to interrupt the proceedings; though if the members generally seem to be in favor of having

the words taken down, by calling out to that effect, or by a vote which the assembly may doubtless pass, the presiding officer should certainly order the clerk to take them down in the form and manner in which they are stated by the member who objects.

182. The words objected to being thus written down, and forming a part of the minutes in the clerk's book, they are next to be read to the member who was speaking, who may deny that those are the words which he spoke; in which case the assembly must decide by a question, whether they are the words or not.¹ If he does not deny that he spoke those words, or when the assembly has itself determined what the words are, then the member may either justify them, or explain the sense in which he used them, so as to remove the objection to their being disorderly; or he may make an apology for them.

183. If the justification or explanation or apology of the member is thought sufficient by the assembly, no further proceeding is necessary; the member may resume and go on with his speech, the assembly being presumed, unless some further motion is made, to be satisfied; but if any two members think it necessary, then the sense of the assembly must be taken by vote, the member withdrawing, and such further proceedings had in relation to punishing the member, as may be thought necessary and proper.

184. If offensive words are not taken notice of at the time they are spoken, but the member is allowed to finish his speech, and then any other person speaks, or any other matter of business intervenes, before notice is taken of the words which gave offense, the words are not to be written down, or the member using them censured.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Question.

185. When any proposition is made to a deliberative assembly, it is called a *motion*; when it is stated or propounded to the assembly for their acceptance or rejection, it is denominated a *ques-*

¹ The words, as written down, may be amended so as to conform to what the assembly thinks to be the truth.

tion; and, when adopted, it becomes the *order*, *resolution*, or *vote*, of the assembly.

186. When any proposition, whether principal, subsidiary, or incidental, or of whatever nature it may be, is made, seconded, and stated, if no alteration is proposed, or if it admits of none, or if it is amended, and the debate upon it, if any, appears to be brought to a close, the presiding officer then inquires whether the assembly is ready for the question; and, if no person rises, the question is then stated, and the votes of the assembly taken upon it. Strictly speaking, no question can arise in a deliberative assembly without a motion being first made and seconded.

187. The question is not always stated to the assembly in the precise form in which it arises or is introduced; thus, for example, when a member presents a petition, or the chairman of a committee offers a report, the question which arises, if no motion is made, is, *Shall the petition or the report be received?* and so, when the previous question is moved, it is stated in this form, *Shall the main question be now put?* the question being stated, in all cases, in the form in which it will appear on the journal, if it passes in the affirmative.

188. In matters of trifling importance, or which are generally of course, such as receiving petitions and reports, withdrawing motions, reading papers, etc., the presiding officer most commonly supposes or takes for granted the consent of the assembly, where no objection is expressed, and does not go through the formality of taking the question by a vote. But if, after a vote has been taken in this informal way and declared, any member rises to object, the presiding officer should consider everything that has passed as nothing, and at once go back and pursue the regular course of proceeding.

189. The question being stated by the presiding officer, he first puts it in the affirmative, namely: *As many as are of the opinion that* [repeating the words of the question] *say Aye*; and immediately all the members who are of that opinion answer *Aye*. The presiding officer then puts the question negatively: *As many as are of a different opinion, say No*; and thereupon all

the members who are of that opinion answer *No*. The presiding officer judges by his ear which side has "the more voices," and decides accordingly that *the ayes have it*, or *the noes have it*, as the case may be. If the presiding officer is doubtful as to the majority of voices, he may put the question a second time; and if he is still unable to decide, or if, having decided according to his judgment, any member rises and declares that he believes the *ayes* or the *noes* (whichever it may be) *have it*, contrary to the declaration of the presiding officer,¹ then the presiding officer directs the assembly to divide, in order that the members on the one side and the other may be counted. All divisions, if called at all, must be called and taken immediately after the announcement from the chair.

190. In some of our legislative assemblies, and especially in those of the New England States, the votes are given by the members holding up their right hands, first those in the affirmative, and then those in the negative, of the question.

191. When a division of the assembly takes place, the presiding officer sometimes directs the members to range themselves on different sides of the assembly-room, and either counts them himself, or they are counted by tellers appointed by him for the purpose, or by monitors permanently appointed for that and other purposes; or the members rise in their seats, first on the affirmative and then on the negative, and (standing uncovered) are counted in the same manner. When the members are counted by the presiding officer, he announces the numbers, and declares the result. When they are counted by tellers or monitors, the tellers must first agree among themselves, and then the one who has told for the majority reports the numbers to the presiding officer, who thereupon declares the result.

192. If the members are equally divided, it then becomes the duty of the presiding officer to give the casting vote; in doing which he may, if he pleases, give his reasons.

193. It is a general rule, that every member who is in the assembly-room at the time when

¹ The most common expression is, "I doubt the vote;" or, "That vote is doubted."

the question is stated has not only the right, but is bound, to vote; and, on the other hand, that no member can vote who was not in the room at that time.

194. Another form of taking the question, which is peculiar to the legislative bodies of the United States, is called taking the question by yeas and nays. In order to take a question in this manner, it is stated on both sides at once: namely, *As many as are of opinion that, etc., will, when their names are called, answer Yes; and, As many as are of a different opinion will, when their names are called, answer No.* The roll of the assembly is then called over by the clerk; and each member, as his name is called, rises in his place, and answers *yes* or *no*, and the clerk notes the answer as the roll is called.¹ When the roll has been gone through, the clerk reads over first the names of those who have answered in the affirmative, and then the names of those who have answered in the negative, in order that if he has made any mistake in noting the answer, or if any member has made a mistake in his answer, the mistake of either may be corrected. The names having been thus read over, and the mistakes, if any, corrected, the clerk counts the numbers on each side or announces the last figures representing them, and reports them to the presiding officer, who declares the result to the assembly.

195. In any of the modes of taking a question, in which it is first put on one side and then on the other, it is no full question until the negative as well as the affirmative has been put. Consequently, until the negative has been put, it is in order for any member, in the same manner as if the division had not commenced, to rise and speak, make motions for amendment or otherwise, and thus renew the debate; and this whether such member was in the assembly-room, or not, when the question was put and partly taken. In such a case, the question must be put over again on the affirmative, as well as the nega-

tive side; but when a question is taken by yeas and nays, and the negative as well as the affirmative of the question is stated, and the voting on each side begins and proceeds at the same time, the question cannot be opened and the debate renewed after the voting has commenced.

196. If any question arises in a point of order, as, for example, as to the right or the duty of a member to vote during a division, the presiding officer must decide it peremptorily, subject to the revision and correction of the assembly after the division is over. In a case of this kind, there can be no debate, though the presiding officer may if he pleases receive the assistance of members with their advice, which they are to give sitting, in order to avoid even the appearance of a debate; but this can only be with the leave of the presiding officer, as otherwise the division might be prolonged to an inconvenient length; nor can any question be taken, for otherwise there might be division upon division without end.

197. When, from counting the assembly on a division, it appears that there is not a quorum present, there is no decision; but the matter in question continues in the same state in which it was before the division; and when afterwards resumed, whether on the same or on some future day, it must be taken up at that precise point.

CHAPTER XIV.

Reconsideration.

198. It is a principle of parliamentary law, upon which many of the rules and proceedings previously stated are founded, that when a question has been once put to a deliberative assembly and decided, whether in the affirmative or negative, that decision is the judgment of the assembly, and cannot again be brought into question.

199. This principle holds equally, although the question proposed is not the identical question which has already been decided, but only its equivalent; as, for example, where the negative of one question amounts to the affirmative of the other, and leaves no other alternative, these questions are the equivalent of one another, and a

¹ Sometimes the clerk places a figure in pencil opposite the name, at left or right according as the answer is *yes* or *no*. The last two numbers or figures represent the respective number of affirmative and negative votes.

decision of the one necessarily concludes the other.

200. The inconvenience of this rule, which is still maintained in all its strictness in the British Parliament (though divers expedients are there resorted to, to counteract or evade it), has led to the introduction into the parliamentary practice of this country of the motion for *reconsideration*; which, while it recognizes and upholds the rule in all its ancient strictness, yet allows a deliberative assembly, for sufficient reasons, to relieve itself from the embarrassment and inconvenience which would occasionally result from a strict enforcement of the rule in a particular case.

201. It has now come to be a common practice in all our deliberative assemblies, and may consequently be considered as a principle of the common parliamentary law of this country, to reconsider a vote already passed, whether affirmatively or negatively, when so desired.

202. For this purpose a motion is made and seconded, in the usual manner, that such a vote be reconsidered; and if this motion prevails, the matter stands before the assembly in precisely the same state and condition, and the same questions are to be put in relation to it, as if the vote reconsidered had never been passed. Thus, if an amendment by inserting words is moved and rejected, the same amendment cannot be moved again, but the assembly may reconsider the vote by which it was rejected; and then the question will recur on the amendment, precisely as if the former vote had never been passed.

203. It is usual in legislative bodies to regulate by a special rule the time, manner, and by whom a motion to reconsider may be made; but where there is no special rule on the subject, a motion to reconsider must be considered in the same light as any other motion, and as subject to no other rules. On the motion to reconsider, the whole subject is as much open for debate as if it had not been discussed at all; and, if the motion prevail, the subject is again open for debate on the original motion, in the same manner as if that motion had never been put to the question.

CHAPTER XV.

Committees.

SECTION I. THEIR NATURE AND FUNCTIONS.

204. It is usual in all deliberative assemblies to prepare matters to be acted upon in the assembly, by means of committees composed either of members specially selected for the particular occasion, or appointed beforehand for all matters of the same nature. Committees of the first kind are usually called *select*, the others *standing committees*. A committee which is composed of all the members of the assembly is denominated a *committee of the whole*.

205. The advantages of proceeding in this mode are manifold. It enables a deliberative assembly to do many things which, from its numbers, it would otherwise be unable to do; to accomplish a much greater quantity of business, by dividing it among the members, than could possibly be accomplished if the whole body were obliged to devote itself to each particular subject.

206. The powers and functions of committees depend chiefly upon the general authority and particular instructions given them by the assembly at the time of their appointment; but they may also be, and very often are, further instructed whilst they are in the exercise of their functions; and sometimes it even happens that these additional instructions wholly change the nature of a committee, by charging it with inquiries quite different from those for which it was originally established.

SECT. II. THEIR APPOINTMENT.

207. In the appointment of select committees, the first thing to be done is to fix upon the number. This is usually effected in the same manner that blanks are filled; namely, by members proposing, without the formality of a motion, such numbers as they please, which are then separately put to the question, beginning with the largest, and going regularly through to the smallest, until the assembly comes to a vote.

208. The number being settled, there are three modes of selecting the members; to wit, by the appointment of the presiding officer, by

ballot, and by nomination and vote of the assembly.

209. In deliberative assemblies whose sittings are of considerable length, as legislative bodies, it is usual to provide by a standing rule, that, unless otherwise ordered in a particular case, all committees shall be named by the presiding officer. Sometimes also the rule fixes the number of which, unless otherwise ordered, committees shall consist.

210. When a committee is ordered to be appointed by ballot, the members are chosen by the assembly, either singly or all together, as may be ordered, in the same manner that other elections are made.

211. When a committee is directed to be appointed by nomination and vote, the names of the members proposed are put to the question singly, and approved or rejected by the assembly by a vote taken in the usual manner. When the nomination is directed to be made at large, the presiding officer calls upon the assembly to nominate; and, names being mentioned accordingly, he puts to vote the first name he hears.

212. It is also a compendious mode of appointing a committee, to revive one which has already discharged itself by a report; or by charging a committee appointed for one purpose, with some additional duty of the same or a different character.

213. In regard to the appointment of committees, so far as the selection of the members is concerned, it is a general rule in legislative bodies, when a bill is to be referred, that none who speak directly against the body of it are to be of the committee, for the reason that he who would totally destroy will not amend; but that, for the opposite reason, those who only take exceptions to some particulars in the bill are to be of the committee.

214. It is customary, in all deliberative assemblies, to constitute a committee of such persons (the mover and seconder of a measure being of course appointed), a majority of whom, at least, are favorably inclined to the measure proposed.

215. When a committee has been appointed in reference to a particular subject, it is the duty

of the secretary of the assembly to make out a list of the members, together with a certified copy of the authority or instructions under which they are to act, and to give the papers to the member first named on the list of the committee, if convenient; but, otherwise, to any other member of the committee.

SECT. III. THEIR ORGANIZATION AND MANNER OF PROCEEDING.

216. The person first named on a committee acts as its chairman, or presiding officer, so far as relates to the preliminary steps to be taken, and is usually permitted to do so through the whole proceedings; but this is a matter of courtesy, every committee having a right to elect its own chairman, who presides over it, and makes the report of its proceedings to the assembly.

217. A committee is properly to receive directions from the assembly, as to the time and place of its meeting, and cannot regularly sit at any other time or place; and it may be ordered to sit immediately, whilst the assembly is sitting, and make its report forthwith.

218. When no directions are given, a committee may select its own time and place of meeting; but, without a special order to that effect, it is not at liberty to sit whilst the assembly sits; and, if a committee is sitting when the assembly comes to order after an adjournment, it is the duty of the chairman to rise instantly, on being certified of it, and, with the other members, to attend the service of the assembly.

219. In regard to its forms of proceeding, a committee is essentially a miniature assembly: a majority of the members is necessary to constitute a quorum for business, unless a larger or smaller number has been fixed by the assembly itself; and a committee has full power over whatever may be committed to it, except that it is not at liberty to change the title or subject.

220. When a committee is ordered to meet at a particular time, and it fails of doing so for any cause, the committee is closed, and cannot act without being newly directed to sit.

221. Disorderly words spoken in a committee must be written down in the same manner as in

the assembly; but the committee, as such, can do nothing more than report them to the assembly for its animadversion; neither can a committee punish disorderly conduct of any other kind, but must report it to the assembly.

222. When any paper is before a committee to be considered, the course for it is the same as if it were before the assembly; but the same strictness in adhering to rules does not seem so necessary in a committee as in the assembly.

223. If the paper before a committee is one which has originated with the committee; questions are put on amendments proposed, but not on agreeing to the several paragraphs of which it is composed, separately, as they are gone through with; this being reserved for the close, when a question is to be put on the whole, for agreeing to the paper as amended or unamended.

224. If the paper be one which has been referred to the committee, they proceed as in the other case to put questions of amendment, if proposed, but no final question on the whole; because all parts of the paper, having been passed upon if not adopted by the assembly as the basis of its action, stand of course, unless altered or struck out by a vote of the assembly.

225. In the case of a paper originating with a committee, they may erase or interline it as much as they please; though, when finally agreed to, it ought to be reported in a clear draft, fairly written, without erasure or interlineation.

226. But, in the case of a paper referred to a committee, they are not at liberty to erase, interline, blot, disfigure, or tear it in any manner; but they must in a separate paper set down the amendments they have agreed to report, stating the words which are to be inserted or omitted, and the places where the amendments are to be made, by references to the paragraph or section, line, and word.

227. If the amendments agreed to are very numerous and minute, the committee may report them altogether, in the form of a new and amended draft.

228. When a committee has gone through the paper, or agreed upon a report on the subject which has been referred to them, it is then moved

by some member, and thereupon voted, that the committee rise, and that the chairman or some other member make their report to the assembly

SECT. IV. THEIR REPORT.

229. When the report of a committee is to be made, the chairman, or member appointed to make the report, standing in his place, informs the assembly that the committee to whom was referred such a subject or paper have, according to order, had the same under consideration, and have directed him to make a report thereon, or to report the same with sundry amendments, or without amendment, as the case may be, which he is ready to do when the assembly shall please; and he or any other member may then move that the report be now received. On this motion being made, the question is put whether the assembly will receive the report at that time; and a vote passes accordingly, either to receive it then, or fixing upon some future time for its reception.

230. A minority report is not recognized as a report of the committee, or acted upon as such: it is received by courtesy, and allowed to accompany the report, as representing the opinions of the minority; and, in order to its being adopted by the assembly, it must be moved as an amendment to the report, when that comes to be considered.

231. At the time the report is to be received, the chairman reads it in his place, and then delivers it, together with all the papers connected with it, to the clerk at the table; where it is again read, and then lies on the table until the time assigned, or until it suits the convenience of the assembly to take it up for consideration. In practice, however, a report, if of any considerable length, is seldom read, either by the chairman in his place or by the clerk at the table, until it is taken up for consideration. In legislative assemblies, the printing of reports generally renders the reading of them unnecessary.

232. The report of a committee being made and received, the committee is dissolved, and can act no more without a new power, and the report becomes the basis of future proceedings of the assembly; but their authority may be revived

by a vote, and the same matter recommitted to them. If a report, when offered to the assembly, is not received, the committee is not thereby discharged, but may be ordered to sit again, and a time and place appointed accordingly; or the assembly may recommit to a different committee.

233. At the time assigned for the consideration of a report, it may be treated and disposed of precisely like any other proposition (48 to 66); and may be amended in the same manner (67 to 107), both in the preliminary statement, reasoning, or opinion, if it contain any, and in the resolutions or other propositions with which it concludes.

234. The final question on a report, whatever form it may have, is usually stated on its acceptance; and, when accepted, the whole report is adopted by the assembly, becoming the act of the assembly, in the same manner as if done originally by the assembly itself, without the intervention of a committee.

SECT. V. COMMITTEE OF THE WHOLE.

235. When a subject has been ordered to be referred to a committee of the whole, the form of going from the assembly into committee is, for the presiding officer, at the time appointed for the committee to sit, on motion made and seconded for the purpose, to put the question that the assembly do now resolve itself into a committee of the whole, to take under consideration such a matter, naming it. If this question is determined in the affirmative, the result is declared by the presiding officer, who, naming some member to act as chairman of the committee, then leaves the chair, and takes a seat elsewhere like any other member; and the person appointed chairman seats himself, not in the chair of the assembly, but at the clerk's table.

236. The chairman named by the presiding officer is generally acquiesced in by the committee; though, like all other committees, a committee of the whole have a right to elect a chairman for themselves; some member, by general consent, putting the question.

237. The same number of members is neces-

sary to constitute a quorum of a committee of the whole, as of the assembly; and, if the members present fall below a quorum at any time in the course of the proceedings, the chairman on a motion and question rises; the presiding officer thereupon resumes the chair; and the chairman informs the assembly (he can make no other report) of the cause of the dissolution of the committee.

238. When the assembly is in committee of the whole, it is the duty of the presiding officer to remain in the assembly-room, in order to be at hand to resume the chair in case the committee should be broken up by some disorder or for want of a quorum, or should rise, either to report progress, or to make their final report upon the matter committed to them.

239. The clerk of the assembly does not act as clerk of the committee (this is the duty of the assistant clerk in legislative bodies), or record in his journal any of the proceedings or votes of the committee, but only their report as made to the assembly.

240. The proceedings in a committee of the whole, though in general similar to those in the assembly itself and in other committees, are yet different in some respects, the principal of which are the following:—

241. First. The previous question cannot be moved in a committee of the whole. The only means of avoiding an improper discussion is, to move that the committee rise; and, if it is apprehended that the same discussion will be attempted on returning again into committee, the assembly can discharge the committee, and proceed itself with the business, keeping down any improper discussion by means of the previous question.

242. Second. A committee of the whole can not adjourn, like other committees, to some other time or place, for the purpose of going on with and completing the consideration of the subject referred to them; but, if their business is unfinished at the usual time for the assembly to adjourn, or for any other reason they wish to proceed no further at a particular time, the form of proceeding is, for some member to move that the committee rise, report progress, and ask leave to

sit again. If leave to sit again is not granted, the committee is of course dissolved.

243. *Third.* In a committee of the whole, every member may speak as often as he pleases, provided he can obtain the floor; whereas, in the assembly itself, no member can speak more than once on the same question.

244. *Fourth.* A committee of the whole cannot refer any matter to another committee; but other committees may and do frequently exercise their functions, and expedite their business, by means of sub-committees of their own members.

245. *Fifth.* In a committee of the whole, the presiding officer of the assembly has a right to take a part in the debate and proceedings in the same manner as any other member.

246. *Sixth.* A committee of the whole, like a select committee, has no authority to punish a breach of order, whether of a member or stranger; but can only rise and report the matter to the

assembly, who may proceed to punish the offender.

247. When a committee of the whole have gone through with the matter referred to them, a member moves that the committee rise, and that the chairman (or some other member) report their proceedings to the assembly; which being resolved, the chairman rises and goes to his place, the presiding officer resumes the chair of the assembly, and the chairman informs him that the committee have gone through with the business referred to them, and that he is ready to make their report when the assembly shall think proper to receive it.

248. If the assembly are ready to receive it at the time, they cry out, "Now, now," whereupon the chairman proceeds; if not then ready, some other time is mentioned, as "to-morrow" or "Monday," and that time is fixed by vote or by general consent.

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